LOG BOOK

OF

Brig 38 Almore

Brig [illegible]

Brig Almore

David

o/c
6/6

81
4/5

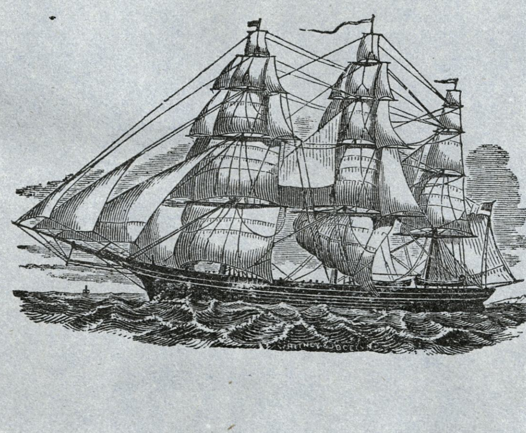
Miss Isabel J. Winchenbaugh
So. Waldoboro
Maine

LOG BOOK.

VOYAGES OF THE

Brig Almore

Commanded by Capt David Maffses



J. BAKER & CO.

DEALERS IN

Ship Chandlery and Ship Stores,

No. 79 COMMERCIAL STREET,

JOSHUA BAKER,
JOHN W. BAKER,
JOSEPH A. DAVIS.

BOSTON.

Patent Cordage by the Gang or Retail, Chain Cables, Anchors, Patent Windlass Gear, Duck, Sheathing Paper, Oakum, Cambooses and Stoves, Paints, Oil, Varnish, Naval Stores, together with a full assortment of Provisions and Ship Stores.

Thalmessinger & Cahn, Stationers, 310 Broadway, N. Y.

Our Earthly Friends in Heaven.

Is it wrong to wish to see them,
  Who were dear to us on earth,
Who have gone to heavenly mansions,
  Who surround a brighter hearth ?

Is it wrong to mourn their absence
  From the parted household band ?
Should we check the sigh of sadness,
  Though they're in a better land ?

Is it wrong to hope to meet them
  Yet upon the blessed shore,
And with songs of joy to greet them,
  When this toil of life is o'er ?

Is it wrong to think them dearer
  Than the many of the blest,
Who to us on earth were strangers ?
  Must we love them like the rest ?

I've a mother up in heaven,
  And, oh ! tell me, if ye will,
Will that mother know her children ?
  Will she recollect them still ?

Can she look down from those windows,
  To this dark and distant shore ?
Will she know when I am coming ?
  Will she meet me at the door ?

Will she clasp me to her bosom
  In her ecstacy of joy ?
Will she ever be my mother ?
  Shall I ever be her boy ?

And thou, loved one, who did'st leave us—
  In the morning of thy bloom—
Dearest sister, shall I meet thee
  When I go beyond the tomb ?

Shall I see thy lovely features ?
  Shall I hear thy pleasant words
Sounding o'er my spirit's heart-strings,
  Like the melody of birds ?

And I think me of another—
  Of a darling little one—
Who went up among the angels,
  Ere his life had scarce begun.

Oh ! I long once more to see him,
  And to fold him in my arms !
As I did when he was with us,
  With his thousand budding charms.

For the Christian Mirror.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE;

OR A LEAF FROM A CITY MISSIONARY'S JOURNAL.

To day I have visited Mrs. S. an American woman and formerly a member of Dr. B.'s Church: but by the delusive and destructive habit of intemperance long since an outcast. Without detailing the successive steps of her degredation I will throw into verse a description of the closing scene. Let him who reads inquire "*who is to blame?*

'Twas Sabbath evening, calm and beautiful !
From the western sky the hallowed light
Was fading fast, and nature seemed to rest.
The heavens grew bright with stars, that cast
    abroad
Their pure effulgence on the tranquil night.
At length the moon the glimmering landscape
Did illume with her celestial brightness,
Telling of purer worlds above the sky.

          I stood beside the dying !
O, 'twas a fearful sight, to see the exit
Of the ruined soul ! The half-raised curtain
Opened a scene unlike to that without.
There tossing on a lowly bed, I saw
A female form, in agony intense.

Up rolled her glassy eyes with meanless glare,
While with extended arms, she strove in vain
To drive away the hovering demons,
That were haunting her delirious brain.
Then ever and anon she shrieked aloud,
Ah ! see—they come—O, drive them hence away !
nd then she raved and tore her matted hair,
ill nature sunk and back again upon
Her pillow, panting, she lay.

'Twas then, close to her bed, her little ones,
Mute with astonishment drew near and gazed
Upon her. There had been a time when she
With fondest care had taught their lips to pray,
And with them to the house of God had gone.
Ah ! what had wrought this change ? Rum ! by
    licensed
Vender sold !

An hour passed on. Then came the messenger
Of death. He set his seal ! She gave one throe
Of mortal agony and all was o'er !

E. P. T.

To My Departing Mother.

BY OITHONA.

Mother, you are going from us
  To the regions of the dead ;
Walking down the narrow pathway
  Which your children yet must tread.
You will soon throw off the vestment
  You have worn through earthly strife—
Leave behind you pain and sickness,
  And commence the better life.

There's a glorious land, my mother,
  Just beyond your closing eyes,
To which Jesus waits to bear you,
  When you've broken earthly ties.
He has trod the lonely valley,
  And will help his children through,
'Tis a momentary darkness,
  And Mount Zion is in view.

You've been long a weary pilgrim,
  And full many an earthly storm
Has blown coldly o'er your pathway,
  But the heart within was warm.
Love to God and to your neighbor
  Has directed all your way,
And the God of love will lead you
  To the glorious world of day.

Mother, in your lengthened journey,
  Oh, how oft your heart has bled
O'er the loved who dropped beside you,
  And were gathered to the dead !
Jesus has them in his keeping,
  You will see them now ere long ;
And your joyful hearts will mingle
  As you swell the holy song.

Not for you, our blessed Mother,
  Ought your children now to weep :—
Heaven has much to draw you thither,
  Earth has little left to keep.
Yet how painfully we view you,
  As your loving eye grows dim,
And we know that God is calling
  Our last parent back to Him.

When your heart has ceased its beating,
  And the deathly strife has past,
Who is left to love us always
  As you loved us to the last ?
Who will watch, and pray and labor
  For our good as you have done—
Never tiring in the service
  'Till the race of life is run ?

Yet we would not keep you, Mother,
  From your glorious home on high—
When the heart and frame are weary
  'Tis a privilege to die:
Heaven grant that we, your children,
  Whom your love has always blest,
May on earth partake your spirit,
  And in Heaven share your rest.

A STORY FOR A CHILD.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Little one, come to my knee!
  Hark, how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
  And the wind in the woods a-roaring !

Hush, my darling, and listen,
  Then pay for the story with kisses :
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
  In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,
  Where the wild men watched and waited ;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
  And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
  Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
  And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
  Stunned, and bruised and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
  And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
  Crouching, I sought to hide me :
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
  And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened :
  I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
  Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me ;
  Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
  That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
  No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding place
  Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me payment!
  Hark how the wind is roaring :
Father's house is a better place
  When the stormy rain is pouring !

For the Times.

A visit to the Home and Grave of WEBSTER.

AN ELEGY.

I've been in sunny lands where flowers
  And songsters never fail;
I've seen cold skies and pathless snows
  And felt the northern gale:—
I've trusted to the treach'rous wave,
  And, 'mid its stormy roar,
Have felt that shortly I might be
  A wreck upon its shore.

I've been upon the mountain's top,
  High and alone with God;
And in the deep, damp shadowy cave
  My wayward feet have trod;—
I've seen and heard Niagara,—
  Eternal and sublime,—
The wonder of all wondrous things
  To men of every clime.

And where the weary sun finds rest,
  Amid a thousand lakes,
I've heard the matchless melody
  That Minne-ha-ha makes;—
But now I think how weeks ago,
  With friends who love to roam,
I went one sweet September day
  To visit Webster's home.

Webster ! the gifted and the great.
  Whose name, though dead, can thrill;
Who is in all America
  The noblest statesman still;—
In Marshfield, quiet and alone,
  We found the hallowed spot;
Our hearts beat quick, and what we felt
  Will never be forgot.

We crossed the threshold and we found
  A portrait of the man,
Which gave to us a life-like look
  As far as artist can;—
And then the parlor full of gifts,
  The dining-room and hall,
The chamber where he went to die;—
  We wandered through them all.

But, Oh ! his library was more,
  Far more than all the rest;
It was the place where we could feel
  His living presence best:—
There hung the cane he leaned upon,
  The hat he used to wear,
His chair, his desk, his books he loved:—
  His own great thoughts were there.

And where was he who dignified
  That place in years gone by ?
He, with his majesty of mein,
  His penetrating eye—
He, who to rural scenes and sports
  Was constantly inclined,
And loved the quiet of his farm,
  Although a master mind.

He who for years in Senate hall
  Had wrought our country's good,
Who 'mid the fiercest storms of strife,
  Invincible had stood—
He who could so reply to Hayne,
  So plead for Dartmouth's weal,
So win the wills of mighty men
  And make the people feel :—

Where, where was he, that mighty man ?
  Alas, that such men die !—
Then silently we sought the spot
  Where Webster's ashes lie;—
A lonely mound upon the hill,
  With granite at its head,
Was all that marked the last, long home
  Of the illustrious dead.

At first we grieved to find no proofs
  Of kind and tearful care,
No flowers to show that hearts still mourned
  The precious sleeper there;
We thought there should be something too
  To tell a nation's tears;
Something to bear his glories on
  To men of future years.

But, thinking on it as it was,
  We grew the more content,
For mind, immortal mind like his
  Builds its own monument.
And as in twilight's stilly hour
  We took our homeward way,
We thought if it were given us,
  For some great thing to pray,

Not wealth, nor beauty, nor applause,
  Should be our heart's desire,
But that in us well-ordered minds
  Our Father should inspire;—
Minds quick and strong, to think and do,
  To grasp at what is great;
Minds that shall live and evermore
  On heavenly Wisdom wait.

Emma Linda.

St. Paul, Minnesota, Oct. 26th, 1858.

SEED-WORDS.

'T was nothing—a mere idle word
  From careless lips that fell,
Forgot, perhaps, as soon as said,
  And purposeless as well.

But yet, as on the passing wind
  Is borne the little seed,
Which blooms unheeded, as a flower,
  Or as a noisome weed—

So often will a single word,
Unknown, its end fulfil,
And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit
  Of actions good or ill.

Philadelphia

d with

Eastward

onboard

the North

Lon. by Ob.

1862

with light

and clouds

Anchor and

at 5 P.M

lights bore

eezes from

fair weathe

May

Henlopen

th Bay wind North

Course. Distance. Diff. of Lat.

Lon. by Ob.

Journal from New York towards Philadelphia D Hoffses

H	K	F.	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. 2d day of July 1862
1						This day commenced with light
2						winds from the Northward and
3						plesent weather
4						At 2 P M came to Anchor with
5						a head Tide
6						At 6 P M wind breezed up from
7						the South Westward hove up the
8						Anchor and proceded up the bay
9						
10						
11						middle part light winds and
12						fine weather
1						
2						
3						
4						At 4 A M came at Anchor at
5						Newcastle with a head Tide and
6						Calm
7						
8						
9						latter part light breezes from
10						the Eastward and thick weather
11						At 11 A M hove up the Anchor
12						and commenced beating up the Rive

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. 3d day of July 186
1						This day commenced with fresh
2						breezes from the North Eastward
3						and Rainy weather
4						
5						At 5 P M came to Anchor at
6						Chester blowing Fresh
7						
8						
9						
10						
11						middle part fresh breezes from
12						the N E and Rainy
1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						latter part moderate breezes from
10						the North and cloudy weather
11						
12						

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

MARY FULLER;

—OR—

THE MEETING IN A CONNECTICUT STAGE-COACH.

BY AN AMATEUR.

When I speak of kissing, I don't include kissing mother, sister, or aunt, grandma, or the little people; that's all in the family, and a matter of course. I mean one's wife, sweetheart, and other feminines, that are not kin or blood connection. "That's the sort to call kissing," and that's the sort I am going to describe.

There is a beautiful village about twenty-four miles north of New Haven, called in the Indian tongue Pomperaug. What it means in Indian, I don't know. It was not taught us in the district school up there where we learned our A B C's, and afterwards progressed as far as B-A, BA, K-E-R, KER, BAKER; when I was allowed to graduate and enter the "Youths' Seminary," under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Fuller. One of my schoolmates in the latter place was a bright, intelligent boy of the name of Walter Marshall. I loved him; so did everybody else in the old village love him. He grew up to manhood, but not there. No, New England boys don't grow up at home; before they reach manhood they are transplanted, and are flourishing in all parts of the known world, wherever a Yankee craft has been, or the ars and stripes.

Walter Marshall, when he reached the age of urteen, arrived in New York from his native illage, in the destitute situation that is frequent among New England boys; that is to say, he had only the usual accompaniments of the unfledged chips, who afterward make the merchants and great men of this country, and not unfrequently of other lands. He had a little wooden trunk pretty well stocked with "*hummades*," a sixty-eight cent Bible his mother packed in for him, fearful that he might forget it, a three-dollar New Haven City Bank bill, and any quantity of energy, patience, perseverance and ambition.

He entered the counting-room of a large mercantile house in South Street. His honesty, activity and industry won for him many friends. Among them was an English merchant who had a large commercial house in Calcutta, and a branch at Bombay. He was in this country on business connected with his commercial firm in Calcutta, and did his business with the firm Walter clerked it with; and here the latter attracted his notice. He was sixteen years of age only, yet the Bombay gentleman fancied him, made him a liberal offer to go to India with him, which, after very little palaver among his friends, Walter accepted.

New England boys don't often start off on unusually long, wandering excursions, without first getting leave of absence for a few days' preparatory exercise, which they spend in going where they originally came from, and then having a few good looks at the weather-beaten old village church, the high old steeple, which was wonderfully reduced in size and elevation since they first aw it, to notice it, in school-boy days; then they must hear the old bell ring once more, even if hey have to take a spell at the rope; then take turn among the white grave-stones, see if there re any very green mounds, fresh made, and if so, ask who, among old friends, has gone to his ast resting-place; then to kiss mother and sister, shake hands with father—and the stage is at the door of the tavern, and they are ready for a start to go "*anywhere.*"

Walter went up to do, and did do all this; but he did not go into the stage at the tavern. He walked down the road ahead of the coach toward the old bridge, and told the stage-driver to stop and let him in at the minister's house—at Parson Fuller's. Mary Fuller lived there too, for she happened to be the parson's only daughter. She was the merriest, loveliest little witch that ever wore long, loose tresses of auburn hair, and had blue eyes. She was only twelve years old, and Walter was nearly seventeen. She *did* love him, though; he was all in all to her; he had fought all her battles through her childish campaign, and she had no brother. She was Walter's cousin, too, a sort of half first cousin, for her mother had been the half-sister of Walter's mother. They were not *too* near related for purposes hereafter to be named.

Poor Molly! she would have cried her eyes out on this occasion, had it not been that Walter's solemn phiz set her ideas of the ridiculous in mo-ion; and she made a merry ten minutes as a id-up to their parting scene.

Three days afterwards Walter was in New York, d just four months and twenty days farther on n Time's almanac, he was making out invoices and acting as corresponding clerk to the firm in Bombay.

I shall not stop long enough to relate how many times he went to the exhibition of venomous looking cobra de capellos biting Sepoys, just for fun, and to show how innocent the beauties were, and easy their bite was cured; how often he visited the far-famed Elephant Caves; how many times e dined with good Sir Robert Grant, the Governor of Bombay, and how he was with him, and what he said, the very morning of the day the old courge, the cholera, made the excellent Sir Robert its victim—all these things I shall leave to nother time, and a more appropriate heading. I kip over all these, and six years of time beside, nd land Master Walter at Staten Island, bring him up to the city in a steamboat, and leave him at a respectable hotel, and there let him sleep all night, and take a good "shore rest" after a tedious voyage of four months and more.

The next morning we awaken him, make him get up, pay his bill, ta

to th

is 7

re

...consequence whether medical ethics and ... so long as it is known
...Dr. GOODALE a quack or not, ...
...mitted that he is the only one that ever gave the tru...
...y of Catarrh, and that he *cures* it. Office for consultatio...
...ale of remedy, 13 Tremont Row, Boston. Price of remedy
...bottle, and can be sent by express.
R. GOODALE, M. D.

dering abo New Haven town, picking up passengers who have sent their names to the stage-office. The stage Jehu pulls up at the door of a neat little cottage in Chapel Street. A passenger, a young lady of sweet seventeen, or thereabout. Before she has fairly got inside, Walter has noticed her, and she has noticed him, too. He gazes in astonishment at the perfect vision of loveliness before him; he hasn't seen anything of the kind for some years. There is not a particle of *copper* about her. She, on her part, half-laughing, has regarded him *very* attentively; pushes back the golden ringlets that almost shut in her face, and takes another look, as if to be certain that she has made no mistake.

"Here is a seat, miss, beside me," said the Gospel preacher.

"Thank you, sir, but I prefer sitting on the back seat with *that* gentleman, if he will let me," said the most electrical voice that Walter had listened to, in some time.

"Certainly, miss," said the delighted Bombayite; and when she seated herself by him, she gazed into his face with such a queer kind of a mixed-up delight and astonishment, that Walter actually took a look down upon himself to ascertain what there was about his person that appeared to be so pleasing to the fair maiden; but he discovered nothing unusual. The stage rolled on toward Derby, at its usual rapid rate of five miles an hour, and Walter and the merry maid seemed as chatty and cozy together, as though they had known each other for years, instead of minutes. The minister tried to engage the ringlets in conversation, but he soon found himself "nowhere." She had neither eyes nor ears for anybody else but Walter; and he had told her more about his own travels and Bombay scenery, than he ever told anybody else before or since.

At last they came to Derby. Their horses had to be changed, and four fresh skeletons were harnessed up, and tackled on to the old stage. Walter handed the gentle girl back to her old seat as gracefully as he could have done, had he never lived in Bombay, but always stopped in New York. They were alone, now; the minister and the old woman had got out at Derby.

"Well, we are off once more; how far are you going?" said Walter, as the stage went off.

"Not quite so far as Litchfield. You say that your friends reside at Pomperaug? How glad they will be to see you."

"Very probably, unless they have forgotten me, which is likely, for I suppose I have altered some in six years."

"Not a particle, I——"

The pretty maid forgot what she was going to say, but at last remembered, and continued—

"I should suppose you had not altered, for you said you were seventeen when you were last at your home, and now you are only twenty-three. You must have grown nearly as large as you are now."

"Perhaps so; but still I am somewhat tanned by exposure in an East India climate."

"Yet I think you will be recognized by everybody in the village. Do you not know a young lady in Pomperaug, of the name of Mary Fuller?"

"What? little Mary? my 'little wife,' as I used to call her? Why, Lord love you, do you know her? Bless her heart! My trunk is filled with knick-knacks for her especial use. Do I *know* her? Why, I have thought of her ever since I went away. Young lady? why, she is a little bit of a girl; she is only ten years old. No, she must be older than that *now*. I suppose I shall find her grown considerably. By the way, are you not cold? It is getting chilly."

The delighted young lady was trying to conceal her face, which had called forth Walter's exclamation.

"Yes, it is getting colder—it is nearly dark."

And so it was. Walter had a boat-cloak, and after a very little trouble, he was permitted to wrap it around her lovely form; and somehow or other his arm went with it, and in the confusion he was very close to her, and his arm was around her waist, outside the cloak, though; then he had to put his face down to hear what she said, and somehow those long ringlets of soft, silky hair were playing across his cheek. Human nature could not, and would not stand it any longer, and Walter, the modest Walter, drew his arm closer than ever, and pressed upon the warm, rosy lips of his beautiful fellow-traveller a glowing, burning, regular East India, Bombay kiss, and then blushed himself at the mischief he had done, and waited for the stage to upset, or something else to happen; but no, she had not made any resistance; on the contrary, he felt distinctly that *she* had returned the kiss; the very first kiss, too, he had ever pressed upon a woman's lips since he gave a parting kiss to little Mary Fuller; and he would have sworn he heard her say something (about the very moment he had given that first long kiss of youth and love) that sounded like "Dear, dear Walter." He tried the experiment again, and before the stage had fairly reached the village, he had kissed and re-kissed her, and she had paid him back kiss for kiss at least a hundred times.

The stage was now entering the village. In a few minutes he would be at Mary Fuller's house. He thought of her, and he felt ashamed and downright guilty. What *would* Mary, his "little wife," that was to be, say, if she knew he had been acting so? As these things passed rapidly through his mind, he began to study how to get out of the affair quietly and decently.

"You go on in the next stage, I suppose, to the next town, or perhaps still farther?"

"O, no, not *me*."

What could *she* mean? But he had no time to indulge in conjecture; the stage drove up slap in front of Parson Fuller's door, and there was the venerable parson and his good lady in the doorway; he with a lamp in his hand, all ready to receive—Walter, as he supposed.

will you stop in the village? I will

"I shall stop where *you* stop. I won't leave you. Here you have been kissing me this last half hour, and now you want to run away and leave me. I am determined to expose you to that old clergyman and his wife in the doorway yonder. More than that, your 'darling little wife' that is to be, as you called her in the stage, shall know all about it."

What a situation for a modest, moral man! It was awful. To be laughed at—exposed; and who was she? Could it be possible! He had heard of such characters. It must be; but she was very pretty, and he to be the means of bringing such a creature into the very house of the good and pious old clergyman, and his sweet old pet and playmate—his Mary Fuller. He saw it all. It was a judgment upon him. What business had he to be kissing a strange girl, if she *was* pretty? His uncle and aunt had come down the stone walk to the dooryard gate, almost to the stage door, which the driver had opened. Walter felt that he was doomed, but he had to get out.

"Don't, for God's sake, expose me, young woman!"

"I will—get out."

"O," thought Walter, "it's all over with me," and now he shakes hands with the clergyman, and flings his arms around the aunt.

"Mary!" exclaimed the mother, "our Mary in the stage, as I live! So you would come up with your cousin, eh?"

"Yes, mother; and what do you think the impudent East Indian has been doing? He has kissed me at least a hundred times, and that isn't all; he tried to persuade me to keep on in the stage, and not get out at all."

"Ah, no wonder he kissed you; he hasn't seen you for some years. How glad you must have been when you met! But what is the matter with *you*, Walter? Let the driver stop and leave your trunk at your father's, as he goes by, and do you come into the house. Why, what's the matter? Are you dumb?"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Walter, not to speak to my mother when she is talking to you?" chimed in Miss Molly.

Walter now found his voice, and before he got fairly inside, Miss Mary was his debtor for a round dozen of kisses, which she took very kindly. But as for Walter, his mind was made up. He had turned over the subject during the last three minutes. He would marry that strange girl. He was grateful she had saved him from degradation, loss of character, and everything else. But would she forgive him for being so free with a strange girl in a stage-coach? Doubtful; but she should have the chance, at any rate.

The wanderer received a glad welcome from his family and friends in his native village; and Mary Fuller was his travelling companion about the place; and together they crossed the door-sill of every old farm-house within a circle of five miles round. Walter had seen enough of the outside of the great world. He had made some money, too—enough for his modest wants; he was old enough to marry—and so was Mary Fuller; and before three months more had rolled over their heads, the venerable old father made them one, in the front parlor of the old glebe. When the vows had been spoken and the blessing pronounced, Walter clasped Mary to his breast and imprinted on her sweet lips another first kiss; but *now* it was the first thrilling kiss of married love; and as he held her for a moment in his ardent embrace, she whispered in his ear—"Walter, dear, it's understood in the vow, no more kissing strange girls in the stage-coach!"

Years have flown by since then, and now Walter Marshall and his gentle wife, and the little people they call their "stock in trade," are livin pleasantly and happily somewhere on the other side of the Alleghanies, near a place called Pittsburg, where he owns large tracts of mines—not humbug, wishy-washy, shining gold, but real hard, substantial coal mines, productive to himself and the country he lives in.

"YOUR TICKET, SIR."—On one of the Northern railroads there is a conductor named S——, a very clever, sociable, gentlemanly man, a great favorite with the company he is connected with, and the travelling public in general, fond of a joke, quick at repartee, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. During the past year, as his train, well filled with passengers, was crossing a bridge over a wide stream some seven or eight feet deep, the bridge broke down, precipitating the two passenger carriages into the stream. As the passengers emerged from the wreck, they were borne away by the force of the current. Our friend S——had succeeded in catching hold of some bushes that grew near the stream, to which he held for dear life. A passenger, less fortunate, came rushing by. S——extended one hand, saying: "Your ticket, sir; give me your ticket." You can imagine the effect of such a dry joke in the midst of the water.

GEN. GRANT BUYS HIS OWN LIFE.—General Grant, on a recent journey in a railroad train, displayed, as usual, none of the insignia of his rank. A youthful book-peddler traversed the cars, crying, "Life of General Grant." A mischievous aid pointed to the General's seat, suggesting to the boy that "that man might like a copy." General Grant turned over the pages of the book, and casually asked, "Who is this all about?" The boy giving him a look of indignation and disgust, replied, "You must be a greeny not to know, General Grant!" After this volley, the Lieutenant General of course surrendered and bought his own biography.

AT REST.

BY ALICE CARY

Her head was toward the West,
And her baby on her breast,
And all wide
Her black hair fell apart,
From her forehead cold and white
Like a shadow from the light,
Or the madness from her heart,
When she died.

From her icy little hands
I untied the silken bands,—
On her feet,
Drew I slippers soft as wool;
And I sewed a cap of lace
With a lily next her face,
And strewed elm-leaves over all,
Very sweet.

Shall I tell you I was glad?
For the dead are never mad,—
Now no more
Would the phantoms of her brain,
That were only made of lies
Look out darkly from her eyes;
And the pining and the pain,
All were o'er.

AFFINITY.

BY MARY FORREST.

"Number thy lamps of love, and tell me now
How many canst thou re-light at the stars,
And blush not at their burning?"

Be noble in your friendships;
Gather a chosen few
Around the spirit's chancel,
Where drops the heavenly dew;
Let them be rich in wisdom—
Let them be great and true,
With a strong and holy purpose,
Who take of the feast with you.

Be guarded in your friendships,
For the love you bear to those,
Who, like a living chaplet,
Your highest life enclose;
Link not a mere pretender
To the jewelled chain you hold,
Nor stain your spirit's tablet
With a worthless name enrolled.

A peerless gem united
To the coronal you wear,
Reflects its blended graces
And stamps new beauty there;
While the glare of paste and tinsel
Outshines the purer rays,
And o'er your proud tiara
An envious mockery plays.

Be *reverent* in your friendships;
Approach with holy care
Each hushed and guarded temple,
And the mysteries shrined there;
And never a word ungentle—
Never a thought unkind,
For the beloved and loving—
The beautiful soul-affined!

Be royal in your friendships;
Gather a noble few
Around the inner immortal,
To drink of the heavenly dew;
For out of the ashes of earth-loves
Springs the Phœnix divine—
The golden loves of the angels,
Which round the Eternal entwine.

ew York, 1857.

---

d Clear

in to the dock

ne all

ships duty

Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Port Richmond towards Boston Mass
David Hoffses Master

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 4th day of September 1862
1						this day light winds from
2						the south & fine throughout
3						
4						at 11 Ock AM finished loading
5						hauled in to the stream
6						
7						
8						at 12 Ock noon took steam
9						down to Navy Yard made
10						sail and proceeded down
11						the river
12						
1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						at 5 Ock PM head tide came
7						to Anchor of chester
8						
9						
10						Latter part calm pumps well
11						attended to
12						Ends this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Friday 5th day of September 1862
1						this day light winds from
2						the South West & clear through
3						out
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						
11						at 11 Ock AM got under way
12						set all sail & proceeded down
1						the river
2						
3						
4						
5						at 5 Ock PM came to anchor with
6						a head tide
7						
8						
9						
10						at 11 Ock PM fair tide got under
11						way again pumps well attended
12						to Ends this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

LITTLE MARY.

Away in the West lived a Catholic family, in which lived a little girl, seven years old. She was induced to go to a Protestant Sunday-school. The father became very anxious about his soul. His distress increased daily; and one night at the midnight hour he arose from his bed in agony. He begged his wife to pray for him, as he said he did not know how himself. She told him she could not pray any better than he could.

"What shall I do then?"

"Perhaps," said she, "our little Mary can pray?"

So the father went up to her chamber where she was fast asleep, and took her up from her bed in his arms and bore her down stairs, and putting her down gently, he said to her, with great earnestness:

"Mary, can you pray?"

"O, yes father, I can pray."

"Will you kneel down and pray for your poor father?"

"Yes, I will pray for you."

So she kneeled, put up her little hands, and said:

"Our Father, who art in heaven," going through with the Lord's Prayer. Then she prayed for her father in her own language, asking God to love him and have mercy on him, and to pardon all his sins, for Jesus Christ's sake.

When she had finished her prayer her father said to her:

"Mary, can you read in your Bible?"

"O, yes, father, I can read. Shall I read to you in my Bible?"

"Yes, read to me."

So she began at the third chapter of the Gospel according to John. She read along until she came to that verse:

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"O, Mary," said he, "is that there?"

"Yes, father, it is here. Jesus Christ said so."

"Well, that is just what I need—what your poor father needs."

"Yes, father; and hear the rest of it:

For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

"O, that is for me—for just such as me; 'whosoever believeth in him;' I can believe in him; I do believe in him."

And from that hour the father went on his way rejoicing in Christ Jesus with great joy.

So gather in the children—all children—into the Sabbath-school, of all classes, from all conditions.

☞Thanksgiving in New-York State is fixed for Thursday, November 24th.

☞The ball in the emblem says, "The harder you beat me down, the higher I shall bound toward Heaven;" so afflictions do but elevate and raise a saint's affections to Heaven and heavenly things.

The Tax of Letter-writing. — *Jones* (busy scribbling:)—"I say, how do *you* escape so easily from the bore of correspondence?" *Brown* (busy smoking:)—"Why, you see, I am a very lucky fellow. I have the gift of a confoundedly bad handwriting. My friends, when they get one of my letters, don't forget it in a hurry, I can tell you. They have so much difficulty in reading it, that they never think of asking me for a second.

☞A good steward is known by his stews.

☞Ask a full-hooped lady to take a seat in an arm-chair. It can't be done.

☞Society, like silk, must be viewed in all its situations, or its colors will deceive us.

☞When you receive a note from your ladye-love, and kiss it, (as, of course, you are expected to do,) why is it like the nightmare? Because it is the ink-you-buss.

A Good Reason.—"Why don't you mount a clean collar, Brown? I mount one three times a day." "Yes," replied Brown to the swaggering Jones, "but every one's mother isn't a washer-woman!"

NEVER TELL A LIE.

How simply and beautifully has Abdel Kader, of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood.—After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then, taking out eighty dinars, she told me, as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it to me, *never to tell a lie*, and afterward bade me farewell, exclaiming, "Go, my son, I consign you to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment."

I went on well till I came near Hamandai, when our kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me "what I had got?"

"Forty dinars," said I, "are sewed under my garments."

The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him.

"What have you got?" said another

I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

"What property have you got, my little fellow?" said he.

"I have told two of your people already," said I. "I have forty dinars sewed in my garments."

He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

"And how came you?" said he, in surprise, "to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?"

'Because," I replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I promised *I never will tell a lie.*"

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it."

He did so. His followers were alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, "be the same in the path to virtue."

And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of the spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand.

Mind the P——'s.

TWENTY years ago a young man called upon a minister and said:

"I am going out as a commercial man, sir,—what advice would you give me?"

"Mind the P——'s," was the reply.

"Please explain yourself, sir," said the young man.

"P., Piety, P., Patience, P., Politeness, P., Punctuality, and P., Perseverance.—These five P——'s will make a man of you," said the minister.

The young man went forth, and the minister did not see him again for seven years.—One day, the minister traveled some distance to preach a special sermon, when a well-dressed man accosted him:

"Do you know me, sir? Do you remember the P——'s? I have minded them, and now I am married, have got a good business and hold offices in the Church—and as you are coming to preach in this town, I shall be glad to have you for my guest."

Some put the first P *last*—this young man kept it in its right place, the *first*. Reader, hast thou? If not, begin now, and resolve to mind through life

THE FIVE P——'S.

—*Selected.*

The New Key.

"AUNT," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them so willing."

"What is the key?" asked her aunt.

"It is only one little word: guess what?" But aunt was no guesser.

"It is *please*," said the child: "aunt, it is *please*. If I ask one of the great girls in school, '*Please* show me my parsing lesson,' she says, 'O, yes!' and helps me. If I ask Sarah, '*Please* do this for me;' no matter, she'll take her hands out of the suds and do it. If I ask uncle, '*Please*,' he says, 'Yes, puss, if I can;' and then if I say, '*Please*, aunt'"—

"What does aunt do?" said aunt herself.

"O! you look and smile just like mother; and that is the best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms round her aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye.—*Myrtle.*

Stranger you kin kum in.—A worthy friend from the farming districts, who occasionally drops in upon us, to get the latest news, narrates the following:

A traveller, passing through his neighborhood on horseback, stopped at a modest cottage on the road side, and asked for shelter, as it was quite dark and raining. The "head of the family" came to the door and accosted the traveller with—

"What do you want?"

"I want to stay all night," was the reply.

"What are yer?"

This interrogatory was not fully understood by the traveller, and he asked an explanation.

'I mean what's yer politics?" rejoined the former. "Air yer *fur* this Union, or *agin* it?"

This was a poser, as the traveller was not certain whether "the man of the house" was a Union man or secessionist, and he was anxious to "tie up" for the night—so he made up his mind and said:

"My friend, I am for the Union and Consti——"

"Stranger, *y-e-o-u* kin kum in!',

It is needless to remark that the traveller dismounted, and that man and beast were both hospitably taken care of for the night—*Nashville Banner.*

☞The Hon. Henry Erskine was remarkable for ready humor and repartee.—Meeting in London the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, he said to her, "Are we never again to enjoy the honor of your Grace's society in Edinburgh?"—"Oh, Edinburgh is a vile, dull place; I hate it,' responded the Duchess.—"Madam," said Erskine, "the sun might as well say, "There's a vile, dark morning; I won't rise to-day."

☞A poor fellow who had been unfortunate enough to bury three wives, briefly wrote their biography thus:

My first wife was a lady whose dominant passion,
Was thorough devotion to parties and fashion,
My second, regardless of conjugal duty,
Was only the worse for her wonderful beauty;
My third was a vixen in temper and life,
Without one essential to make a good wife,
Jubilate! at last in my freedom I revel,
For I'm clear of the world, the flesh and the devil.

THE DISCONSOLATE HUSBAND.

In Spring little Tom lost his wife;
Says Dick, to sooth his pain:
"Thy wife, I trow, has long ere now
In Abraham's bosom lain."

"His face forlorn with grief I mourn,"
The shrewd dissembler cries;
"For much I fear, by this sad tear,
She'll scratch out Abraham's eyes."

☞An Irish paper says that among those mortally wounded at Waterloo, was Major O'Brien, *afterward* Mayor of Dublin.

An affectionate building.—In the advertisement of a new hotel, it is said, "it embraces about sixty rooms."

☞"Up to snuff" is now rendered, "elevated to an equal capacity with the titillating particles of the tobacco plant."

☞If a ship is of the feminine gender, why are not fighting vessels called women-of-war instead of men-of-war?

☞Ladies who have a disposition to punish their husbands, should recollect that a little warm sunshine will melt an icicle much sooner than a regular north-easter.

☞Courting is an irregular, active, transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with all the girls—don't it?

☞A "conundrum by induction," must have cost the Knickerbocker a good deal of labor:

"Why is a bee-hive like a bad potato?
Because a bee-hive is a bee-holder:
And a beholder is a spectator,
And a speck-tater is a bad potato!"

☞In view of the general practice of coal dealers, we would respectfully ask if some means cannot be devised to have them see the error of their weighs?

Quoth Smith to Jones, it really is a sin
You do not get your house fenced in;
Quoth Jones, you're wrong, the place is fenced, confound it,
My wife is all the time a *railing* round it!

☞A writer on domestic economy, in giving instructions for keeping eggs fresh, says, "lay with the small end down." He does not specify whether this direction is for the hen or the housewife.

☞What's the difference between a man with a sore throat and a Manila cheroot?—Why, the one is a man ill, and the other is a man iller.

The Old Maid in the Wrong Pew.—An unmarried lady, a perfect specimen of an old maid, being on a visit to a friend who lived in a large manufacturing town, went one Sunday to church alone, and was shown into a large square pew, in which half a dozen females were seated. The prayers were drawing to a conclusion, when the officiating clergyman deviated from the afternoon service into another with which she was unacquainted. This was a novelty to Miss P—, who was in the habit of attending public worship at a fashionable chapel in London. When this interpolated service began, her co-pewers stood up; she, as a matter of course, followed their example, and on doing so was surprised to see all the congregation except themselves either sitting or kneeling. Her companions presently knelt down. She again followed their lead, and by paying great attention to the succeeding prayer, she discovered that it was a thanksgiving for safe deliverance from the great pain and peril of childbirth. The usual afternoon service being over, she rose from her knees with crimsoned cheeks in an agitated state of mind, which was not lessened by the clerk coming into the pew, and asking her:

"Have you a child to be christened, ma'am?"

Pushing him aside, she pushed out of the churching pew, into which she had inadvertantly been put, and made the best of her way out of the church. On entering her friend's drawing room, she looked so excited and alarmed that Mrs. M. exclaimed:

"My dear Charlotte, what has happened to you? Have you been robbed or assaulted?"

"Worse, worse, much worse," hysterically sobbed the old maid, "I've been *churched.*"

Next thing to an angel upon earth.—A gentlema walking through Knightsbridge on Sunday overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman who appeared as if just come from some pleasure trip into the country: Woman—"Blow me Bill, how tired I do feel, I'm as miserable too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world is this! I wish I'd never been born, that I do, and now that I am born I wish myself dead again" Man—"Why, Bet, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumbling about?" Woman—"Why, don't I tell yer, I am as miserable as a rat?" Man—"Miserable indeed! Why, what on earth would yer have? You was drunk Monday, and you was drunk again Wednesday, and I'm blest if you havn't had pretty near enough to-day. It that ain't enough pleasure for yer I don't know what is. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel here upon earth."—*English Paper.*

---

to the dock
ing for Boston

ling
ved his down

nchor at

ones

Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

4

Journal from Philadelphia towards Boston D Hoffses Mas

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. 6 day of July 1862
1						
2						
3						This day commenced with light winds from the South westwad and plesant weather
4						
5						
6						At
7						
8						
9						
10						At 9 A M get underway and commenced beating down the river
11						
12						
1						Middle part same as form
2						
3						
4						
5						At 4 P M came to Anchor at Chester the tide being ahead
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						
11						Latter part wind very light At 10 P M hove up the Anchor and drifted down the river
12						

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. 7th day of July 1862
1						
2						This day commenced with light breezes from the Westward and fair weather
3						
4						
5						At 2 A M came to Anchor at New Castle the tide being ahead
6						
7						
8						
9						At 6 A M hove up the Anchor and proceeded down the river
10						
11						Middle part very light winds from the Westward
12						
1						
2						
3						At 2 P M came to Anchor at Bomby Hook
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						Latter part wind variable and Thunder Squalls lying at Bomby Hook
11						
12						

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

5

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

It was on the evening of the 2d of May, in 185—, that I went to hear the Russian Princess Strainervoyce, who at that time attracted the fashionable world to her concerts. I went to hear the princess partly to kill time, and partly from a desire to hear and see for myself the marvellous foreigner whose name was in everybody's mouth. When I reached Her Majesty's Concert Room, it was crowded to its utmost capacity. It was so closely wedged that one could have studied anatomy, after a fashion, merely from the impression of one's neighbor's bones. At the close of the concert, I was borne along with the crowd, and jammed through the doorway at the risk of breaking every rib in my body. Ere I could escape from the throng, and while I was shrugging my shoulders to assure myself that my collar-bone was in its proper position, I felt a hand clasping my arm, and a musical voice exclaimed:

"You good-for-nothing! I thought I had lost you! What a frightful crush! I do believe my arm is broken, and my dress ruined, all for the sake of hearing this Strainervoyce! I would not give our Clara Novello for a world of Strainervoyces."

I was on the point of replying that I agreed with her. But I restrained myself, laughing inwardly at the novel position in which I was placed, and wondering who my fair companion could be. *Evidently*, she mistook me for her brother, or, possibly, her husband, judging from the familiarity of her manner, for she added, in a sympathizing tone:

"Forgive me, Ralph—your poor head! I am sorry I made you come."

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "but—"

"O, nonsense, Ralph!" she interrupted me; "you have become half-barbarian since you went to the Crimea, to permit me to seat myself, while you stand there as if I were your wife, and you ten years married, instead of your sister, whose ready assistant and attendant—in place of a better—you should be."

"Excuse me, but—"

"Ralph, I shall catch my death sitting here; and such a long ride, too!"

Here the lady gave a perceptible shiver.

"Do jump in, and sit down, or I will—"

What she would have done I did not wait to hear; but taking my place beside her in the brougham, we were driven off, whither I knew not.

"I won't ask you to talk to me, with that headache, but I want you to listen to me," began my companion, the moment we started. "I wanted to talk to you coming in, but that little chatterbox, Maggie, prevented me from saying a word to you. You remember poor little Lucy Walters, Ralph? Her mother died about two weeks ago, and the poor girl has gone to live with the Deans. Mr. and Mrs. Dean have been very kind to her, but it is impossible for them to do more than shelter her. How any one can have the heart to wound Lucy's feelings is a mystery to me, and yet every occasion that presents itself is seized upon by the Wares and Kings to insult her, even to commenting upon the poor girl's father's actions, as if she could have prevented that which occurred twenty years ago, and I have seen Sarah Wells imitating her walk, regardless of poor Lucy's tears."

I could not restrain an exclamation of disgust as I listened to this.

"I knew it would disgust you, Ralph," continued my companion. "Well, the doctor says now that Lucy will always be lame—there can be nothing done for her. I have been thinking, ever since her mother died, that if she had a good teacher she might not only in time be independent, but achieve a name as an artist. You should see some of her attempts. She is a genius, Ralph. But that would require money, and where is the money to come from? You know I haven't much, Ralph, but I am determined to do something for our old playmate. I can save out of my allowance at least thirty pounds, and now if you will double it, what will that not do for poor Lucy? I was counting it up the other day, and if I am correct, it will enable her to attend the School of Design and take private lessons in Art for a year; and at the end of that time, if Lucy is alive, she will show the world what a woman can do. When I look at that poor girl, with her rare mind and her craving for knowledge, I cannot help thinking how superior she is to me—a mere idler; and I sometimes think that if she had my place and I hers, there would be more justice in the distribution of the world's goods and comforts. Don't say I'm silly and sentimental, Ralph. I know you will give your share towards the sum, like a good brother, as you are. I have been talking to her about it, and I know I can manage it so as to over-rule any scruples she may have against receiving anything in that way from us."

Here my companion became quiet, and the question presented itself to my mind:

"How am I to escape from this awkward position honorably? Here I have been guilty of listening to a communication intended for the ear of another—have been guilty of an inexcusable deception, practiced upon a stranger and a lady knowingly. Perhaps the most honest plan would be to acquaint her at once with the mistake, and solicit her pardon."

I had at last summoned courage sufficient to clear my throat, and was about to commence my well studied speech, when my companion gave a little laugh, as she said:

"Really, Ralph, you are very entertaining in your own peculiar way; but if you are as dumb when n the presence of Miss Vernon as you have been to-night, she is to be pitied rather than envied. You are little better than a barbarian. But here we are at uncle's, and you know I promised to stop with Carrie to-night; so you will have no one to bother you the rest of the way. How singular you do act to-night, Ralph! Well, I won't tease you any more."

Suddenly the driver drew up before an elegant residence, and imagining I perceived a loop-hole whereby I might escape from my awkward predicament, I sprang out of the brougham and assisted the lady to alight.

"Is your head still aching, Ralph? Good night. Why, you forgot to kiss me!"

As the fair face was upturned to mine, with its tempting lips awaiting the kiss, I pressed the shawl down from my mouth suddenly, and as suddenly felt my head drawn down to receive the most delicious kiss that was ever bestowed by maiden.

"You need not wait; the door is open, and there stands Carrie, bless her!" said my companion, as she tripped up the steps, while I stood irresolutely beside the brougham.

"Then, my dear fellow," I mentally ejaculated, "it is time you were off."

Seating myself in the brougham once more, I was again driven off, but whither I knew not. I only knew that I had lost a charming companion, whose lips a moment since were pressed against my own, and who, in all probability, I might never meet again. And when I recalled her generous sympathy for the poor lame girl, I longed to know more of her. Then, again, my cheeks tingled when I remembered the deception I had practiced. And what would she think of me upon ascertaining—as she certainly must—the truth?

My speculations were, however, cut short by the abrupt stopping of the brougham, whereupon I stepped out leisurely, picking from the bottom of the carriage as I did so an exquisitely embroidered handkerchief. Upon looking at it closely, I perceived the initials "C. W." in one of the corners. I was reminded of my situation at that moment by the driver's inquiring "If Mr. Ralph would want him any more to-night; so I merely shook my head, turned away from him, and walked homeward.

Evidently I bore a very strong resemblance to Mr. Ralph, whoever he was. True, my cap was drawn firmly, almost concealing my eyes, and the lower part of my face was muffled up in a heavy shawl.

The night was "nipping," and remembering that a walk of four miles lay between me and Albany, I walked briskly. I had proceeded about a mile, when I observed a gentleman approaching at a pace as rapid as my own. As he drew nearer, I was struck with his resemblance to me—height, size, manner and dress, even to the wrap around his neck, and the buttons upon his coat were the exact counterpart of my own. I think that the resemblance must have struck him at this time, for as we were passing, we involuntarily paused, scanning each other closely and curiously, and then strode on. "Mr. Ralph," I said to myself, as I turned to look at him. Singularly enough, Mr. Ralph was at that moment looking at me. Ere I reached my chambers, I resolved to ascertain who the person was who dwelt in the Common, and who had arrived from the Crimea so recently, that I might thereby assure myself to whom I was indebted for a delicious kiss, and whose acquaintance I was very desirous of making.

Early the following morning, I sat down and wrote a few lines to Miss Lucy Walters, the lame girl, and enclosed three ten pound notes, sealed the letter, deposited it in my pocket, and sallied forth in quest of the information I so much desired. Wending my way to a friend's chambers, I encountered a young articled clerk, who was at that moment entering the door, and inquired of him if he was acquainted with the neighborhood in which I had been on the previous evening.

"Yes, sir; very well," he replied.

"Can you tell me who lives in the large house with the two eagles on the gate-posts, on the left hand side of the Common?"

"O, you mean Mr. Wright's," he replied; "but it's about four miles and a half out there, sir."

"Thank you," I replied, and passed into the house, where I addressed my note to "Miss Lucy Walters, care of Miss C. Wright," and then sauntering out slowly, I called the lad to me.

"By the way, George," said I, "I have a letter to deliver out there. Do you think you could do it for me? You can take a cab—any way that you can get it there soon; and when you have delivered it, don't stop a moment. I don't care about having you questioned."

"I can manage it for you, Mr. Clark," said the lad. "My Uncle Dean lives out there."

"Is Mr. Dean your uncle?" I inquired hastily.

"Yes, sir."

"There is a lame girl living with him?"

"Yes—Miss Walters."

"Can I trust you, George?"

"You may, sir, if you want to help Miss Walters without her knowing who is doing it."

"Well, this letter is intended for her, as you will perceive. It is a money letter, and if you will convey it to her, and keep the matter to yourself, that is all that is required," and I tried to slip a sovereign into his hand.

"No, Mr. Clark; I only wish I could do twice as much for her. I am going there to-night, and will leave the letter where she will get it, and she will never know where it came from."

"Very well, George," I replied, as I left him, satisfied that the note was in safe hands.

"That lady in blue," said my cousin.

"No," said I, the lady beside her."

"Have you not made her acquaintance? That is Miss Wright."

"Any relation to Miss Emma Wright?"

"No; but they are quite intimate, however. Let me present you."

I fancied Miss Wright bestowed a look of more than ordinary curiosity upon me as my cousin presented me; but I had the effrontery to meet her inquiring look, as if unconscious of the fact that I had met those eyes before, and had received from those lips a sisterly kiss. As I seated myself beside her, I overheard the words—"Taking everything into consideration, I think very little blame can be attached to the gentleman." The remark was made in a merry tone by a person who was at my elbow, but whose face was turned from me.

"Pray, have you done, Ralph?" said Miss Wright, as she tapped his shoulder lightly with her fan, a faint blush suffusing her cheeks.

"But the coolness of the whole proceeding!" continued he, heedless of her remonstrances. "The fellow even gave her a brotherly kiss."

"Ralph!" exclaimed Miss Wright, energetically, the blood dyeing her face and neck.

"Come, come, Wright, don't ask us to believe that!" exclaimed one of the party.

"O, she cannot deny it," replied Ralph.

"We shall take that with a considerable allowance for your telling," said another of the group.

"I met the fellow on the road," resumed the gentleman, "and I must say I never encountered a man so much like myself in all my life."

He turned suddenly towards his sister, upon a playful remark from our hostess, and in doing so, encountered my steady gaze. With a perceptible start, he ejaculated: "There he is!"

Miss Wright flashed a meaning glance upon him, then suddenly turned towards me, as if to observe the effect his exclamation and manner produced upon me; but I was equal to the emergency, and maintained a perfect composure.

"I did not hear the first of that, Miss Wright," I said, as I cast a careless glance over the wondering group, and another of pretended astonishment upon Mr. Wright, who evidently felt no little annoyance.

"Perhaps it is just as well," was the reply, as she glanced at her brother. "Ralph really is unmerciful when he begins. I am glad you did not hear the whole; but now that it is out, I may as well give you a correct version of the affair. Like an attentive brother, he permitted the crowd to separate us at the close of the Princess Strainervoyce's concert, on Tuesday evening, and I was so unfortunate as to mistake a stranger for him, who accompanied me home, without acquainting me of my error. Thinking it was Ralph, and that a headache prevented his talking, I did permit my tongue to perform rather more than a fair share."

"And have you no idea who the gentleman was, Miss Wright?" I asked.

"Until lately," she said, placing an emphasis upon the word, "I had not the slightest clue to the gentleman."

"Does she know the truth? Have I betrayed myself?" I asked myself. "I might have known that her woman's instinct would detect me."

In the course of an interesting conversation which followed, and an allusion being made to the Princess Strainervoyce, Miss Wright asked:

"Did you attend her last concert?"

"Really—was it the last, or the one preceding, or the second? Certainly, I attended one of them—but which one? My memory is so treacherous? Perhaps it *was* the last; at least there was a suffocating crush!"

And the conversation went on as before. The digression removed all doubts from her mind. I, at least, had known nothing of her adventure prior to that evening.

I do not think I was romantic at that time, and yet, from the beginning of our acquaintance, I entertained the hope that Miss Wright would one day become my wife. I was not disappointed.

It was, perhaps, six months after we were married, that I carried home in my pocket a newspaper, containing a flattering notice of Lucy Walters. As Mrs. Clark employed herself with her work, I drew forth the paper, and read to her the notice. Lucy was pursuing her studies, and had carried off the prize-medal. As she listened to the flattering comments paid to her protegee, her face lit up with a glow of pleasure.

"Ralph used to laugh at me when I told him that Lucy would one day make a name for herself," she said, musingly. "I have so often wondered," she continued, as she resumed her work, "who gave her that money."

"You mean the person who accompanied you to your Uncle Graham's, from the concert?"

"Yes; it is very singular, his giving the money in the way he did."

"Doubtless he did it to secure your good opinion."

"Then he has never had the satisfaction of knowing how it was received."

"Of course he has, though."

"How do you know? He may be dead."

"But he is living, Caroline."

"Who is living?"

"Why, the person you so often think about—who sent Lucy Walters thirty pounds, and whom you kissed."

"Mr. Clark!"

"Mrs. Clark!"

"You don't think! How can you say such a thing?"

A puzzled expression rested on my wife's face, and, in spite of all my powers of resistance, forced me to laugh aloud.

"O, I remember now," she said. "Ralph said something like that once when you were present."

"Then, Mrs. Clark, you deny having kissed him?"

She threw her work aside suddenly, and rose.

"Harry! is it possible that it was you?"

"Very probable, certainly."

"And you have concealed it all this time. You are the most deceptive of men."

"Don't blame me for doing what neither you, nor any other woman can do, and that is, keep a secret—except her age."

"I will not believe it."

"Because you tried to surprise me into a confession, and failed. But, see! here is the proof!" And I drew from my pocket the embroidered handkerchief, and pointed out her initials, whereupon we mutually agreed that she had made a FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

6 **Journal** from Philadelphia towards Boston L Hoffses ma

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. 10th day of July 1862
1	5		NEbyE	NW		This day commenced with light winds and cloudy weather
2	5					
3	5					
4	5					
5	4		ENE	North		
6	3					
7	2					
8	1					
9	½					
10	Cal	m				
11	1	1				
12	9	1	NEbyE	South		Middle part wind very light from the Southward and thick misty weather
1	2					
2	2					
3	2					
4	2					
5	3					
6	3		NE½E	SW		
7	3					
8	3					
9	3					
10	3					Latter part light winds and and thick hazy weather
11	2					
12	1					

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. 11th day of July 1862
1	1		NbyW	ENE		This day commenced with light winds and cloudy weather
2	1					
3	3					
4	3					
5	3					At 4 AM made Montauge point bearing NNE
6						
7						
8						
9						At 8 AM Tacked ship and stood to the South Eastward light breezes from the ENE and fair weather
10						
11						
12						
1						At 12 noon Tacked ship to the Northward middle part very moderate
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						Latter part calm and fair weather
10						
11						
12						

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

A Heroic Little Boy.—We have seldom read a more affecting story than that of a little newsboy, which we find chronicled in a late number of the Rochester, (N. Y.) Express. The little fellow, whose name is Johnny Mitchell, while plying his trade at the railroad depot, accidently slipped from the platform while a train of cars was passing, and one of his legs was so badly crushed, that amputation was necessary to save his life. A correspondent of the *Express*, who was an eye-witness, thus describes the words and demeanor of the darling little sufferer, after the accident. Surely God has tempered the wind to that poor shorn lamb by giving him a hero's heart and a martyr's fortitude:

"When, just after the accident, an old man picked the child up from the track, he seeing his leg dangling loosly, and feeling severe pain, kept crying out: 'Oh! grandpa, grandpa, please cut off my leg—cut it off quick, then it won't pain me so. They carried little Johnny home to his poor widowed mother. The surgeons came, the shattered limb was removed, and the stump all bandaged up. He asked to see the dissevered member, and when it was shown to him, he shuddered, and then inquired how long it would be before the new leg would grow out. Some days after, when the doctor was dressing the stump, he called to his mother to come and look at it, to see if there was not some sign of the new leg coming—could she not see the point of the toe growing down'?

"In addition to this affliction, poor Johnny is the victim of another bodily injury, for, when very little he stuck a knife into one of his eyes, so that its contents ran out, and it became totally blind. It looked shockingly for a long while, but it now appears much like the other, which is a sparkling, beautiful eye. Johnny is a lovely-looking child, and as the writer has seen him since the recent accident, he appears so cheerful and *smiling*, and his countenance is so animated and intelligent, that it is delightful to see and hear him.

"A day or two ago, when his mother seemed despondent because she feared Johnny would never be able to earn anything, he spoke up bright and cheerily: 'Never mind, mother—don't cry; I'll make some money anyhow. When I get my new leg and crutch I'll run round with the papers, and cry out: —"Here's the *Evening Express*, only two cents!" and he gave just the peculiar intonation used by the news runners.

"Think of it, my readers: this little fellow is only five years old, and he lies flat upon his back in bed, with one of his leg amputated and one eye forever dark, and yet his little active mind is busy devising schemes of usefulness by which he may be able to aid his widowed mother. Is he not a hero?"

* * *

'Who Never Looks at Children.—This was the description a little boy of six years gave to his mother, of a man whom he had often met in the street, but whose name he tried in vain to recall. "Why, you know whom I mean," he said, "the man who never looks at children." The mother did know at once whom the little boy meant. He was a young man—a very good young man, and much esteemed in community—but with the unfortunate habit of looking straight before him when he walked, seeing no one, small or great, whom he chanced to meet.

But there are others in the community to whom the little boy's description will apply, aside from the young man in question. There are those who seem to take little or no interest in children; who never see them—never speak to them—never so much as smile upon them when they meet them in the way. Children are of no account in their estimation. The world would be just as well off without them.

Very unlike this class of men was the Lord Jesus Christ. He was walking along one day with his disciples, when a company of children came flocking around him. Some, who were very young, were brought in the arms of their parents. The disciples, thinking their Master would not like to be troubled, would have sent the children away. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

"I love God and little children," says a German writer; as if there were some connection between the two, as there certainly is. And the late Washington Irving, in a notice of the poet Campbell, speaks of the love of children, as an "infallible sign of a gentle and amiable nature." It was so emphatically in him. And when he came to die, no fairer chaplet was laid upon his bier, than was placed there by the little boy who said, in allusion to the double loss he had sustained, "I have lost two of my best friends—my little brother and Washington Irving."—*Child at home.*

Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

Why we Love the Band of Hope.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SUSAN AND MARY.

Susan. Well, Mary, here you are, all dressed to go to the Band of Hope. You are early.

Mary. Yes, I am early, but you know we were requested to be punctual, and I would rather be five minutes too early than five minutes too late. But are you going, Susan?

Susan. Yes, indeed, only mother has been very busy this morning, and I thought I would not hurry her about dressing me, she is so tired. She will get me ready in season.

Mary. That's just like you, Susan; you deserve such a good mother, because you are so careful in regard to her health and comfort.

Susan. Not more so than I ought to be, Mary; you know the commandment, "Honor thy father and mother," requires this carefulness.

Mary. Oh, yes, only a great many girls seem to forget its meaning; but do tell me if you love to go to the Band of Hope?

Susan. Yes, indeed, Mary; I would not miss a meeting if I could help it. You love to go, I suppose?

Mary. Yes, I like to be dressed up nicely, and meet with the other girls, and have such pleasant times.

Susan. I hope those are not your only reasons for wishing to go to the Band of Hope?

Mary. No; for I like to hear the singing, and the speeches, and the dialogues; and I like to sing and speak, myself sometimes, don't you, Susan?

Susan. Yes, I do; but I like the Band of Hope mostly because it is a temperance band, and helps on the cause of temperance.

Mary. Why, how can such little folks as we do anything to help on the cause of temperance?

Susan. I have heard of some intemperate fathers being induced to sign the pledge, because their children belonged to the Band of Hope, and urged them to give up the poison cup.

Mary. But *we* do not need the pledge, I suppose; we young people do not drink.

Susan. I am not so sure of that. Boys are sometimes led to taste intoxicating liquors; and then, we are not to be children always. We shall be men and women, by and by, if God spares our lives, and if we are Band of Hope boys and girls, we shall be more likely to make temperance men and women.

Mary. Well, Susan, your reason for liking the Band of Hope is better than mine, and henceforth, I, too, will like the Band of Hope because it is a temperance band.—*Band of Hope Speaker.*

"'Cos Mother's Drunk."

At one of the magic-lantern exhibitions in the district of "Hester," the Bloomsbnry Bible-woman, a drunken woman made her entrance, followed by her little boy, *seven* years of age, who urged, "I *must* come in, *'cos mothers drunk*, and I *must take care of her.*" Alas, poor child! how early hast thou to suffer from that curse of thy country,—Intemperance!

Oh, that a second Elizabeth Fry were raised up to plead the cause of the thousands of poor children who know not the joy of a *sober* mother's care.—*English Paper.*

THE PET ROBIN.

As I was returning from school, one cold, w day, I met a rough-looking boy, gazing very earnestly at something which he held in his hand. I exclaimed—

"What have you there?" He said—

"It is a young robin, and must have fallen from the nest, as it is too small to fly."

I asked what I should give him for it.

"Twenty-five cents," he answered.

I told him if he would allow me to take the little creature, and follow me, I would give him that sum. Placing the robin between my hands, I hastened home, fearing the poor little thing would perish. My kind mother assisted me in placing it in a little basket, lined with cotton, near the fire. I then gave it some food with a quill. It soon became dry, and began to chirp, and, in a short time, could stand and walk. When night came, I was almost afraid to go to sleep, for I remembered the old adage—"The early bird catches the first worm," and thought I must be up and doing, as my little charge would expect an early breakfast. I arose with the sun, and found my new pet flapping his wings, with mouth wide open, ready to receive me.

My little one improved daily—when he could rest on the rail of a chair, I thought it wonderful. I had also a pet tabby, or tortoise-shell kitty, which would sit purring on one side of my lap, and little Bobby, as I called him, on the other, looking as lovingly at one another as if they had been old friends. They grew up together, eating and drinking from the same dish. I was often reminded of the treachery of cats—but I knew my kitty was far above the common order, and was not afraid to trust her. As I never confined Bobby to a cage, he would run through the house at his pleasure, and at meal-times might be seen trotting round the table, gathering up the crumbs—a ripe strawberry, cherry, currant, or whatever we chose to give him. When the sun was warm, he would walk into the garden, and shelter himself under a shrub, or grape-leaf. When I wanted him, I had only to call "Bobby!" and he would come, half running, half flying, at a moment's warning. At night-fall he was sure to be at his post, which, by the way, was upon the rail of a chair which stood in the corner of the kitchen. I prided myself much npon my beautiful robin—his breast so red, his feathers so soft and smooth; and then again he whistled so charmingly. He was indeed the pride of the household, the delight of the whole neighborhood. Many persons came to see him take a ride upon the cat's back, while Miss Tabby would only wag her tail, give a gentle purr, and half close her eyes.

Thus things continued for three years, when one day my brother had been using a string, upon which were several knots, and accidentally left it upon the table. I saw Bobby pecking it, but thought nothing of it, till, upon looking again, in a few moments, I discovered that he had swallowed one end of the string, and was choking to death! I was so alarmed that I screamed for help; but as no one came, I attempted to draw out the string, and found the knot had caught, and by pulling I should draw tongue and all. I had not the presence of mind to cut the string, or I might have saved his life. I cried louder and louder. My mother came and cut the string—but it was too late—poor Bobby was dead.

It is useless to say how many tears I shed, or how sadly I felt. My father tried to comfort me, by saying "he could not have lived much longer." But I reproached myself most bitterly, thinking if he had only died a natural death, I should have been reconciled. I have since had many pets, but none that I ever loved half so well Bobby.—*Little Pilgrim.*

A Hinglish Joke.—"Well, Captain, hi'm hafraid we'll 'ave a blow pretty soon—there his a storm brewing hin the 'eavens." "Brewing!—what is it brewing?" "'A—'"

☞ Why is a tale-bearer like a bricklayer? Because he raises stories.

☞ A lady's face, like the coat in the "Tale of a Tub," will wear well if left alone; but if you attempt to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

☞ When is Congress like a hen? When it's sitting, to be sure.

☞ "Ah, Charley," said one little fellow to another, "we are going to have a cupola on our house." "Pooh! that's nothing," rejoined the other; "Pap's going to get a *mortgage* on ours."

☞ New Proverb—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

☞ "In my time, Miss," said a stern aunt, "the men looked at the women's faces instead of their ankles!" "Ah! my dear aunt," retorted the young lady, "you see the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be. It looks more to the understanding.

☞ "Sally," said a young gent., preparing to take a snooze, "if any one calls, tell them I'm gone." "Gone where, sir?" "Gone to sleep."

☞ "Noe cervis" was posted by the sexton on a country church door during the absence of the vicar.

Journal from Philadelphia to Hoffses Master 7

REMARKS 1862

This
And
Mon
nig
ith Calms
at 12 mid
8 miles
is from
weather
bore WbyS
from
Island
Lon. by Ob.
1862
th light
hazy
Head
by Gay Head
Hole
The Shoals
zes from
ther
ock Rip
Cod
W
At 5
onboard
Rock Light
Anchor in
voyage
Lat. by D. R.
Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Boston Mass towards Pistou N S. Hoffses ma

H | K | F | COURSES. | WINDS. | LEEWAY. | REMARKS. | day of 18

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Course. | Distance. | Diff. of Lat. | Departure. | Lat. by D. R. | Lat. by Ob. | Variation. | Diff. of Lon. | Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

H | K | F | COURSES. | WINDS. | LEEWAY. | REMARKS. 24th day of July 1862

this day begins with light winds from the N E & foggy throughout
at 10 o'clock A M crew came on board took steam in to the streem and came to anchor
so ends this day

Rem 25. day of July 1862
this day begins with light winds from the N. East
at 11 o'clock A m veard round to the south got under way set all sail and proceeded down the harbour at 1 o'clock P M
passed Long Island head at 8 o'clock
Thachers Island Cape Ann bore N W ½ W 12 miles distant from wich
I take my departure and commence sea log this day ending with 20 hours

Course. | Distance. | Diff. of Lat. | Departure. | Lat. by D. R. | Lat. by Ob. | Variation. | Diff. of Lon. | Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

FOREST SKETCHES---NO. 17.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DUNLAP.

SNUFFING A SNUFFER.

We had had a hard day's work, and had accomplished just nothing at all. Ben had shot one huge bird—I don't know what it was, as I did not see it; but from his description of it I supposed it must have been a turkey-buzzard. He shot the bird, and it fell among some bushes. He went to the place, and the bird hobbled off. Ben gave chase, and after following it nearly half a mile, he managed to catch it. Old Fitzeben was with him, and as he got the game within his power he glorified himself exceedingly.

"Guess 'taint good for noff'n, ole feller," said the cook.

"Just you wait."

"But it smells strong," pursued Fitz.

"I differ," cried Ben.

"It's noff'n but skin, and fedders, and bone," suggested the persistent darkey.

"It makes nary difference," returned Ben. "You'll cook it, or over goes your gig!"

As Ben spoke he held the bird up by the huge tail-feathers; and while he shook the game in Fitzeben's face, the broad wings leaped apart, and, with one unearthly yell, the dearly-caught buzzard gave a spring, and away he went, leaving the fat hunter with his hand full of feathers, gazing rather *foolishly* after the swiftly-departing evidence of his skill.

After supper, while we were moaning over the fruitless result of our day's labor, Fitzeben told us the story of Ben's buzzard. This brought us to good humor, and as soon as the laugh, which had thus been raised at Ben's expense, passed off, Ned Hobson spoke:

"Well, boys," he said, "as humor seems to be the order of the evening, suppose I tell you about a comical affair that came under my own observation some time since?"

We told him to go ahead, and thus bidden he went on as follows:—

"Some years ago—but not many, however—I kept a hotel at Island Pond, in the State of Vermont. It was at the Yankee end of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad. It was a very fair stand, and we had no reason to complain of the amount of custom; but I didn't exactly fancy the country nor the climate. The winters there were too cold for comfort, and the summers were no better than could be found elsewhere.

"Among the various things which we had for the amusement of our patrons were two black bears, between two and three years old. They had been taken in a cage-trap by my partner when quite young, and had since been brought up on our place. They were very playful, and never ill-natured if they were not annoyed. Rabbits were plenty in the neighborhood, but we had never yet given them any fresh meat. We fancied it would make 'em savage. At all events, we gave them as much bread and vegetables as they could eat, and the result was that they had none of that ugliness which you see in tame bears that are fed on game. They would play with any one, though sometimes rather roughly.

"One day in August, among the travellers who stopped at our hotel was a queer-looking chap, who seemed prepared to take the whole place by storm. As he entered the office he had upon one arm a carpet-bag, upon the other a game-bag, upon his right shoulder a double-barrelled rifle, upon his left a double-barrelled fowling-piece, while strapped to his back was a disjointed fish-pole, and suspended to a patent-leather belt about his waist was a huge bowie-knife. Behind him came our porter with a common gin-case, another carpet-bag, a fish-basket, and a pistol-box.

"You may think from this that the man who owned all this was a huge, savage-looking fellow. If you do, you are much mistaken. He was a comical chap all over. His body was rather slim, and had a kind of lop-sided bend to it sideways—just as though one side was heavier than the other. His legs were bowed, but not in nor out; they bent backwards, so that when he stood erect they seemed almost ready to collapse, or fold up the wrong way. And then his face was far from being a savage-looking face. His head was rather long and narrow; his ears standing out some; his eyes—my conscience, such eyes! They took up nearly half the face, and I verily believe you could have hung a hat on either one of them. His nose was a monstrous nose. *He* said 'twas a Roman nose. But it was really necessary to fill up the face.

"He wrote his name in the register—'AP. YOUNG RUDOLF, M. D.' I looked at it a long time, and wondered what it could mean. That '*Ap.*' puzzled me. But my partner, whose name was Glickey, said there was an American commodore in our navy named 'Ap. Catesby Jones.' Still this didn't satisfy me; and on the first favorable opportunity I asked him. It was just after supper. I was alone in the office, and he came in for a cigar. I opened the register; and then told him I didn't wish to be impudent, but I had a curiosity to know if the '*Ap.*' at the commencement of his name was a real Christian cognomen.

"'Ah,' he said, throwing himself into a comical attitude, and putting on a most knowing look, 'that same thing has puzzled thousands—*thousands*, sir! It is *not* a Christian appellative, sir, but is a signification of one of my professions. As you will see, by the last part of my name, I am a physician, sir,—a *physician*, sir! And I am more—I am an apothecary, sir,—an *apothecary!* It is an important profession, sir,—an *important* profession; as the lives of thousands may depend upon the skill with which the professional dispenser of drugs, chemicals, poisons, minerals, and medicines may compound his prescriptions, prescriptions, sir, which are to kill or to cure!—*to kill or to cure*, sir! *Apothecary*, sir, is the word. YOUNG is the American cognomen given me by my worthy father, sir. RUDOLF has a deeper signification, sir. You may have heard of Rudolf of Hapsburg—the first of that mighty Austrian house, sir. *His* name was Rudolf—*my* name is Rudolf. I leave you to draw your own conclusion, sir!'

"That is just about the way he spoke; and with that he lit his cigar and walked off. I made up my mind very soon touching *his* character. That evening he asked me if there was any game about the place. I told him there was plenty of it; and he then informed me that he intended to spend some time there. He said he was an experienced hunter, and had come up there partly to get away from the wearing labor of his profession, and partly to amuse himself in the woods.

"'I allow no man to go ahead of me in the use of fire-arms, sir!' he said. 'I have hunted wild beasts in all parts of the world, sir. I have shot the wild tiger of Spain, sir; and snuffed the gigantic elephant of Navarre! I have chased the antelope over the plains of Shinah, and snuffed the royal lion of Bengal! I have fought hand to hand with the mighty anaconda of the Nile, and snuffed the huge crocodile of the great Sahara! I never missed my mark; nor did I ever turn from my foe. Give me my trusty knif ud I fear no living thing!'

"I soon found that the fellow bragged to others just the same as he did to me; and I knew he did it earnestly. He had '*snuffed*' all sorts of game. He had snuffed a candle at twenty paces; and snuffed 'his man' at ten. In short, he had snuffed everything but his own tongue.

"For three days Ap. Young Rudolf, M. D., shouldered his fowling-piece after each meal and posted off for the woods, and each time came back empty-handed. He said he had seen nothing worth shooting, and hence had not discharged his gun. But we knew better than that, for we had heard the report of his piece often. He said he had hoped that he might fall in with some bears when he came up. He didn't expect to find anything of any consequence; but still if he could even find half-a-dozen old bears it would be better than no sport at all.

"I ventured to ask him if he ever shot a black bear.

"'Ho!' said he, with a look of astonishment, 'I've shot hundreds of them, sir,—*hundreds* of them!'

"'But,' said I, 'suppose you should come across one when you had no gun?'

"He put his hand on his bowie-knife, which he wore at his side, and with a tremendous bluster he told me,—'I should simply give him a taste of cold steel, sir,—of *cold steel!* The bear never lived who could overcome me. With my trusty knife I could snuff any bear that ever trod the earth, sir,—that ever trod the earth!'

"An idea had entered my head. I knew that Young Rudolf had not seen our bears. A number of gentlemen were stopping at the hotel who owned dogs, and as these animals annoyed the poor bears exceedingly, we had shut them up in a loft of the stable until our dog-owning patrons should depart. No one had been at all intimate with, or communicative to, the heroic *Ap.*, so he had not even heard of our bears.

"I communicated my plan to some of the sojourners, and they were delighted; and all agreed to help me.

fellow's ins

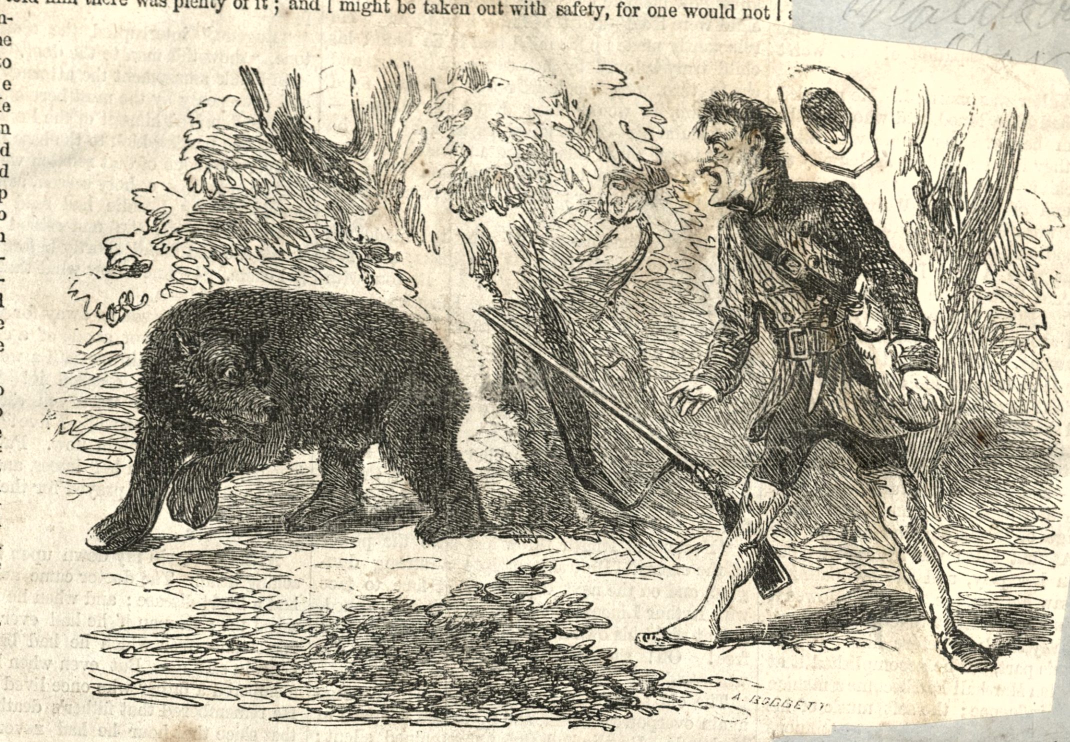
see him t

see the

presse

man in the house, who had a steel rod armed at one end with a very fine, sharp screw, made on purpose for extracting balls, caught the rifle and soon had both bullets out. A couple of wads were then driven in, and the piece put back in its place some five minutes before Snuffer made his appearance.

"From Young Rudolf's manner I very readily concluded that he did not mean to find the bear. He meant to gain the cover of the woods, and there hide himself until such time as he could consistently return with the story that he'd hunted in vain, and so on. So I had taken my steps accordingly. We knew that either one of the bears might be taken out with safety, for one would not



go off and leave the other. Perhaps if both had been left in the woods together they would have gone off; but we knew that if one were to be set down in the woods anywhere alone he would make for his mate.

"Glickey had taken the General out, the dogs having been shut up, and I had instructed him to leave him in the sled-path only some fifteen or twenty rods from the edge of the wood; having first fed him to repletion. Bruin was taken out blindfolded, so that Glickey might have an opportunity to get out of his way and hide; for the General would not have left his master otherwise. The hoodwink was so fixed that the bear could pull it off with his paws in a few moments.

"Of course Glickey was in the wood to watch, so we had all the Snuffer's movements in detail; and I will give them in regular order.

"The heroic compounder of drugs, poisons, and medicines shouldered his bulletless rifle, and with his huge knife at his side, he started. When he had gained the wood he turned to see if he was shut out from our sight. At a few steps further Glickey, from his hiding-place, saw him. He got fairly into the wood and stopped. Having gazed around, he cocked his rifle—both hammers—and then moved forward much as a man would who was going amor a gang of robbers of a dark night. Presently he stopped, and looked around again. A tree-toad near at hand gave a croak. Snuffer leaped a foot from the ground, and shook like an aspen. rectly he saw something black in the path befo him. It was a bear!

"For a moment the poor fellow was too weak to move. But the bear had stopped, and with a frantic movement he brought his rifle to his shoulder and fired. Had there been a ball in it Glickey would have been shot, as likely as not. Yet the bear dropped. Aye—Snuffer saw him fall! He stood there trembling for half a minute, and then, drawing his knife, he rushed forward. He had gone half way when Bruin arose! Snuffer gave one yell of terror and turned. He ran a dozen steps, and then looked behind him. The bear was after him at full leap!

"Snuffer dropped knife and rifle, and ran for dear life. The bear gained on him, but the heroic Snuffer had ten rods the start. We, who stood upon the stoop of the hotel, heard the yells of the frightened man, and we joined him. I never saw a more ludicrous sight. The poor fellow's hat was gone—his long hair was flying in the wind—his bent legs were moving as I never saw legs move before—and his yells for help were frantic. Old Bruin seemed to enjoy the sport hugely. He entered into it with a zest, and put in with all his power.

"At length Ap. Young Rudolf, M D., reached he stoop.

"'Oh! Mercy! Save me! Don't let him get me! Don't let him eat me up! Oh! oh! O-o-o-ho! Bo-o-o-h!'

"With this dying shriek upon his lips he sank down upon the stoop, and covered his face with his hands.

"'Look out!' cried

hort time

rementioned rail-road

leaked out; so that, to this day,

FFER."

NATURAL AND UNNATURAL HAPPINESS.

It is of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical. Natural pleasures are those which, not depending on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and were intended by Providence as rewards for using our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantastical pleasures are those which, having no natural fitness to delight our minds, pre-suppose some particular whim or taste accidentally prevailing in a set of people, to which it is owing that they please.

But the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, we take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavors here, with happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.

---

but only for the moment. A well-concocted plan placed us in the power of our enemies; but God meant not that such evil should triumph. Deliverance came—and we are here!—here just in time to avert ... in time to save my child—my own, my loved, my darling child!"

It was a strange scene which followed. The old scout sank exhausted into a seat, with Rosalie still clinging to him. All had expected that Lincoln would rave, and swear that it all false. But he spoke not a word. there—he gazed about and, whil fran

---

W. D. Hoffses

July 1862

veard to the main boom

D. R. 69.14

Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

July 1862

ences with light

& foggy

wind veard to

up

winds from

set lower

sails

Lienbaugh

Waldoboro

Maine

and hauled to

the lower studensails

Breezes from the

this 24 hours

g D R 67.03

Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

10

Journal from Boston Mass towards Picton N S

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. 28th day of July 1862
1	4		E S E	South	1/2 Point	this 24 hours light winds and
2	4					fogy
3	4					
4	4					
5	4					
6	4					
7	4					
8	4					
9	5					
10	5					
11	5					
12	5					
1	5					
2	5					middle part thick fog
3	5					
4	5					
5	5					
6	5					
7	4		Eby N1/2 N	W N W	—	at 6 Oclock AM wind hauled to
8	4					the W N W jibed ship set studensails
9	4					on port side fog scaled of
10	4					at 8 Oclock AM sow N S shore from
11	4					aloft barring by Compas N E
12	4					latter part light winds from West & Clear so ends this 24 hours

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.
		13,3	10 2	43 27	43 31	1½ West	2.20	64.43	65 00 8 Oclock Am

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. 29th day of July 1862
1	5		E N E	W N W		this 24 hours light winds
2	5					from the W N W and clear
3	6					throughout
4	7					
5	7					
6	7					
7	6		E by N½ N			
8	5		E by N			
9	5					
10	6		E½N			
11	6					at 10 Oclock P M made Halafax
12	5					light barring N½E
1	4					
2	4					
3	4					
4	4					
5	4	/	E by N½ N			
6	4	/				
7	4	/				
8	4	/				
9	4		E N E			
10	4					latter part light winds & Clear
11	4					so ends this 24 hours
12	4					lat by Obsr 44.40 Long 62.20 Varation 1 3/4 Points W

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

“NOW AND THEN.’

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

“I never knew anything about sorrow, or trouble, or care, when I lived in my father's house. Then I was as happy as the day was long,—no responsibility, no fault-finding, nobody sick, or cross; nothing to do but enjoy myself, while all my wants were supplied without a thought or exertion on my part. But it isn't so now!” and Mrs. Wood, the speaker,—one of those little, pallid, nerveless women, who remind one of nothing so much as a washed-out calico or ribband, not only “faded,” but with hair, and face, and eyes of a dull, neutral tint, as if the colors had all “run” into one general dinginess,—sighed deeply, and wiped away one of the stock of tears that she kept always lurking under her eye-lids for instant use.

Mrs. Wilson, to whom she uttered this complaint, was a woman of perhaps thirty-five years of age, —two or three years older than Mrs. Wood, probably, but with her bright eyes, glowing cheeks, and the energy that was visible in every movement of her form and features, seeming much younger. She smiled a little as she answered,

“How old were you when you married Mr. Wood?”

“About eighteen,” was the reply, with a dismal sigh.

“Too young,” said Mrs. Wilson, parenthetically, adding, in a louder tone, “I suppose you had your choice in the matter—nobody thought of putting *any* constraint upon your wishes in this more than in other things?”

“Why, no; what made you *think so*?”

“I did not think *so. But you* came to me for advice and consolation, and I am trying to discover the real grounds of your trouble. I am to understand—am I not—that you married Mr. Wood because you loved him, or with the understanding of a mutual attachment?”

“Of course you are. Everybody knows that there never was a more devoted wife, and that I've borne more than any woman ever did before, and—— but they don't pretend to say that Wood don't care for me, do they?” and the color flashed over her pale face, and her dull eyes brightened with sudden energy at the thought.

Mrs. Wilson smiled as she answered:

“Not at all, Mrs. Wood; but now please believe me when I say that I am only seeking a knowledge of your own experiences, that I may determine for myself if your ‘now’ is so very much worse than *your* ‘then.’ I have listened to no gossip, and shall retail none. So please tell me if you did not expect *to be happy* when you married *the man* you loved, and went away from the home of your *childhood* to live with him in one where you had every prospect of a pleasant life, undisturbed by any doubt of his affection, or by those pressing and sordid cares that poverty brings upon so many a young couple at the commencement of life.”

“Certainly, I expected to be happier than I had ever been before. And Edward was so very fond of me, and so anxious to comply with all my wishes, that I thought I had a right to expect it. But I did not know what was in store for me.”

“Did you feel that any effort on your part was needed to secure, and render permanent, the happiness of your home?”

“Well—I really can't say that I thought about it. I think I expected everything to go on just as it commenced. I am sure that I would have been contented so have had good servants always, to keep the house in order, and have the meals ready punctually, and to have had Edward always spend his evenings at home, except when he went out with me. But Edward's always scolding about the house being out of order, and finding fault with his meals, and I've so many children that there is never a time that they are all well; and I can't often go out with him, and he does not like to stay home of an evening, when the children are all in, and as noisy as possible.”

“Quite a catalogue of grievances, truly, Mrs. Wood, and no doubt enough to weary you very much and very often. But, after all, it seems to me that you have now within your power the enjoyment of a happiness far more full and complete than that of your pleasant home of days long ago. Your husband is one of the best of men—honorable, benevolent, just and kind. In your *home there* are growing up around you several beautiful and *intelligent* children. You are amply provided with all that is necessary for the well-being of your home, and all who are in it. You have no more than the ordinary amount of sickness or of domestic trials. Now will you tell me where the reason lies that you are not as happy now as when in your father's house?”

“I have told you that my life, now, is one continual scene of trial and annoyance. Then I had nothing to try or annoy me. I suppose the reason is that I'm doomed to be miserable.”

“Nothing of the kind, Mrs. Wood. The reason is in yourself.”

“Myself?”

“Yes, in yourself. You married without any sense of the respnosibilities you were taking upon yourself. For that your parents are partly to be blamed. You expected to be surrounded, through life, with all the attentions which your husband lavished upon you as lover and bridegroom. Then you expected that your duties could be performed by others, were willing to shift the burden of your cares upon other shoulders. You seem to have kept up this delusion at a fearful cost to yourself, if not to your family; for you tell me of a disorderly household, noisy, unmanageable children, and a fault-finding husband, who, unable to find comfort and enjoyment for his leisure hours in his home, flees away from it, to surround himself by you know not what influences. Do you candidly believe that this state of things has been induced without any fault on your part, and that you have nothing whatever to do toward amending it?”

“I am sure I don't know what I can do. Edward never listens to me now, and the boys are quite beyond any control of mine, and are constantly bullying or coaxing the girls into all manner of mischief; and as for the servants, they do just as they please. If I should venture to complain of anything they do, they would demand their wages and march off; and that only gives me the trouble of looking up new ones, who are never any better than the last. Oh, no, it is quite impossible for me to do anything. I only wish I was a girl again in my father's house.”

“Well, as you can't be that, shall I tell you what I think you can do and should do?”

“Yes.”

“And will you try to follow my advice?”

“If it isn't something impossible. You are so well and energetic, always, that you cannot make allowance for any poor health, and the annoyance of all those noisy children.”

“Well, then, instead of giving you advice, Mrs. Wood, I will tell you something of my own history. There is a wider contrast, in every respect, between my ‘now’ and my ‘then’ than yours. Shall I tell you?”

“Oh, do, if you please. I shall like to hear that, for Edward was saying, only last night, that if I would but pattern by Mrs. Wilson, the lost happiness would soon come back to our home; and that was why I came to see you to-day, hoping that you could tell me something that might do me good.”

“Your husband has probably a higher opinion of me than I deserve, but he knows, as I do, that nothing of worth can be gained without effort, or even retained after it has become ours. But to my *little* story:

“My home, in girlhood, was not like yours. It was a comfortable home at my earliest recollection; but we had no luxuries, and whatever small enjoyments we had were gained by care and labor. My father was a farmer in a small way, cultivating a few acres of his own, and, sometimes, land hired from his wealthier neighbors. I was the only child, and, from my earliest remembrance, was accustomed to see my mother always busy, and I learned to assist her, when very young, at the lighter household tasks.

“As I grew older, I went to the little brown school-house every summer, a pupil of the ‘mistress’ who taught there for the time being; but winters I was detained home, on account of the distance and bad roads. I was very fond of books, and read everything I could obtain, though I often had to work hard to gain time for this enjoyment. My mother was anxious that I should prepare myself for a teacher, and was willing to work hard, and sacrifice a great deal, that her object might be gained.

“I had nearly grown to womanhood, when my father was attacked by a severe illness that lasted for some months, and from the effects of which he never fully recovered. *This* illness brought a heavy burden of labor upon my mother and myself; but we never thought of complaining, because we looked forward to the time when he would be well again, and take his place once more among the toilers.

“But we were doomed to a bitter disappointment. My father recovered, in a great measure, his strength, but he seemed to have lost his old energy and activity. Our little farm was but half cultivated, and he ceased to eke out his subsistence in other ways, as he had done formerly. One after *another* our cows, horses, farming utensils, were sold to meet pressing emergencies, or to pay the debts contracted during his long illness. He grew listless and discouraged, and took to spending much of his time at the neighboring tavern, where, although he never tippled, he would sit all day, talking and gossipping with the idle frequenters of the place. The head-aches and side-aches, that made work impossible, grew more frequent, and the only remedy seemed to be found in a lounge in the bar-room, or upon the tavern stoop.

“Of course my mother's task and my own grew harder with this state of things. I could go to school no more, except at rare intervals. I went out to spinning, or worked *in the dairy or kitchen* of our wealthy neighbors, and gave my earnings to my mother. I was shut out from the enjoyment of books, and the privileges of acquiring knowledge in a great measure, though I constantly kept my purpose in view and learned all I could, filling up every leisure moment with a lesson.

“It was a very proud day when, by the help and recommendation of some kind friends, I obtained the situation of teacher in a little district school a few miles distant from my home. Only a few small children attended there in summer so that I was thought competent for the position in spite of my youth and inexperience. I did so well that I was offered the school for winter, but refused, preferring to spend my time in study. But the following summer I returned, and afterward for three years constantly taught and became very popular, while my wages almost sustained the family at home. Of course these years were marked by toils and struggles, but I do not intend to speak of them. I was amply repaid for all by the power of making my parents comfortable.

“About the close of these three years a terrible misfortune fell upon us. I have told you that my father frequented the tavern a great deal, and the habit had all the while grown stronger and stronger, until he was seldom at home save at meal-times. I was teaching in a district some miles away from my home, when one day a wagon drove to the door, and the son of one of our neighbors alighted, and came into the school-house. He informed me that my mother was quite sick, and that my presence was at once demanded. So I hurriedly dismissed my little troop of scholars, and was soon on my way homeward.

“No sooner were we on the road than the whole story came out. My father had, the day previous, been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in a robbery which had taken place in our neighborhood. He had spent the two previous days, in company with a pair of ill-looking strangers, at the tavern, and left there with them at a later hour than usual on the night of the robbery, and, to give ground to the suspicion, some of the stolen articles had been secreted on our premises. My father was already an inmate of the county jail, while his supposed accomplices had so far escaped pursuit.

“I found my mother, indeed, ill with grief and alarm; for though we had been poor no stain of dishonor had ever attached to our humble name. She could not deny that my father had returned home on that fatal night at a much later hour than usual, but, like me, she had the fullest confidence in his innocence. As soon as possible I left her in good hands and went away to visit my father in the jail. He was very glad to see me, though overwhelmed with grief and shame. From him I learned that the two strangers had talked with him a great deal about city life, and that he had liked to listen, that when they had become quite familiar they questioned him about the residencies of the neighborhood, and particularly of the house that was robbed. They had seemed very curious about country habits, and he had talked with them very freely. On the night of the robbery they had requested him to show them the way toward a town a few miles distant, from which a stage-coach started at midnight. He had walked with them some distance, which accounted for his late return home.

“I cannot tell you the details of the next few week's employments. I had some money, and kind friends lent or gave me more. With some chance words dropped by the strangers, and not intended for my father's ear, to guide me, I determined to find them. I feed lawyers, and did what I could do myself, going twice to the city on the business. I worked very hard, went into some strange places, and did some strange things for a woman to do. But the result was that when the trial came on, in a few weeks, my father was acquitted, for I had found witnesses to prove where he was between the time of his leaving the tavern and his arrival at home, and the impossibility of his having been at the place of robbery. The two strangers, too, had been found in possession of some of the stolen property, and they were sentenced to the full penalty of the law.

“My father came home to die. Grief and shame, and anxiety, aided by the discomforts of the jail, had done their work. He died and my mother soon followed him, and I was left alone. The sale of my little patrimony left me free from debt, and left a small overplus which I devoted to my long and hopelessly-desired object of attending a good school for a short time. I thought it the wisest mode of using the money, though some of my friends would have dissuaded me. But I was never sorry, for by the few months' study and discipline I became competent to teach a school of young ladies, which I soon after opened in a large village near my former home.

“Here I taught successfully for two years, and here I made the acquaintance of Mr. Wilson. After we had known each other some time, he proposed to me and I accepted him. Not long after I was informed, by one of those individuals who spend much of their lives in inquiring into the affairs of others, that he had, at some period, been addicted to dissipated habits, and the information was coupled with the advice to break off the engagement.

“I thought much and deeply of what I had heard. Though Mr. Wilson was then, as I was firmly persuaded, addicted to such habits, yet I saw that with his generous nature and strong social tendencies, he was liable to temptations from which characters less essentially loveable were exempt. I did not need then to be told that my influence over him was almost unbounded, and I enquired of myself if I were strong enough to lead him in the right direction, if it were in my power to so study and conform to his tastes as to make home happier than any and all other places, and if I loved him so well that, under all circumstances, I could make my society pleasanter to him than any other. The result was I resolved that I would try.

“More than once I was warned, for the tale of some wild freak of his early youth had followed him to the village, when he came to make his home there, but I thought I had studied his character better and more thoroughly than any one else, and I was fully persuaded that it was my mission to become his wife. Don't laugh, Mrs. Wood, at that expression. I know that every girl who is in love and beloved, discovers evidences of such a mission, but I resolved upon a work higher than most girls think themselves called to perform when they marry. I married not only because I expected to secure my own happiness, to become happier than ever I was before, but because I felt that the power had been delegated to me, under Providence, of ‘saving a soul from death.’

“We were very happy at first, and I almost forgot my fears. Mr. Wilson was always at home, or in my company, except when business, to which he gave strict attention, called him away. I felt a little foolish at times, and as if in a sort of mock heroism, I had quite overrated my ‘mission,’ when I saw how good and noble my husband was, as every day revealed some more excellent trait, and drew me ever nearer to him in the true marriage bond.

“But when we had been married a year I had a long, lingering sickness. After all danger was past, and I was no longer confined to my couch, I remained in a feeble, sickly state, unable to act or think with my accustomed energy, or to interest myself in my accustomed pursuits. It was at this period that my husband began first to absent himself from the home which no longer possessed its wonted attractions. I missed him, but was too feeble in mind to reason about it, and never thought of enquiring the cause.

“My physician had often said that I needed something to arouse me, and it came when my husband was brought home to me, one night, in toxicated and bleeding, with torn garments, and bruised features, from a tavern brawl. He had been tempted and had gone away from his dismal home to seek the companionship of those whose society could but do him harm.

“I could not make you comprehend, Mrs. Wood, the trials, and the sorrows, and the efforts of the next two years. But I never despaired, and neve faltered. My work lay before me, and I gave myself to it. I was determined to redeem my husband, and I succeeded. Ruin and shame more than once stared us in the face, but they were averted; and the time came, at length, when my husband had shaken off the chains of that fearfu vice and was a free man once more. Home becam to him the dearest place, and his wife the best-beloved. We were poor, but we struggled on bravely, side by side, my husband working in his office, and I at home—cook, and nursery maid and housekeeper, all in one, at times, but none the less happy for that, because it was for him and those dear little ones I toiled.

“Now we have a competence again, and do no need to work so hard, and we are very happ though sickness sometimes comes to us, and deat has robbed us of one dear child. My husband a cribes all to me, and takes little credit to himse for the struggles and trials he underwent in free ing himself from the toils of his vice, deeming a he suffered but a fit penance for the crime of yiel ing to temptation.

“I have told you this, Mrs. Wood, only to sho what even a woman may do by effort—to sho you what I think are the responsibilities that re upon us in every situation of life, and most of when we voluntarily, as in the marriage vow, t into our keeping the happiness of others. If will but learn from my simple story that eff constant effort is the only condition which secu us happiness here, my object will have been ent ly accomplished, and you may yet find your happier by far than in the days of your girlhoo

light & thick

, so ends this

R 60. 47 1¾ Points Varation Westerly

Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

July 18

nces with light
thick fog at 12 Oclo
pe Cansor bore West
light sails & proced
ansos at 6 Oclock P.m
9½ Oclock P.m pased
wind strong from
midnight pased
Oclock Am rainy
Anchor of Picton

ent on shore

l took steam up
rfe and discharged

36 hours and
to comence d

Journal from .... towards ....

Brig Almore Capt David Hoffses Master Lying in the Port of Pictou

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. day of 1862

Remarks August 1st

this day light winds South & flying Clouds throughout

at 8 Oclock A M hauled in to the Coal Wharfe and commenced loading

111

60
15
30
10
15
130

185
2
370
196
506
35
541

75
61
136

Lattar part riny wind N E all hands Employd in ship duty so ends this day

185
3
555

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. 2cd day of August 1862

This day commences with strong ~~with then~~ winds from the N E and riny

lattar part fresh breezes from North and West and clear

all hands employd in ship duty

so ends this day

Remarks on board August 3 dy 1862

this day light winds and Clear throughout it being sunday all work suspended

so ends this day

Remarks on board August 4th 1862

this day light winds from the East and throughout Clear finished loading and took steam of breast the town and came to anchor all hands employd in ships duty so ends this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

THE RECONCILIATION.

A STORY OF TWO PROUD HEARTS.

BY MARY. W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

A mild May morning, fresh, and pleasant, and bright; the soft air full of the songs of happy birds; the wild flowers lifting up their heads in the sunshine; and the green leaves rustling and waving in the woods, as if they were whispering secrets to the gentle wind that stirred them.

It was a lovely day—a day to be happy in. And yet a saddened look was visible on the sweet face of Faith Egerton, as she left the door of her house, and went slowly down the graveled walk that led to the road gate.

Her home—the home of her husband and children—was a pretty brown stone cottage, overhung with vines, and surrounded by beds of fragrant flowers. Behind the house was a level and beautiful grove, in whose cool recesses she had often lain, as a child, and watched the flickering light and shade come down upon the ground. For the earliest years of Faith, as well as these later ones, had been spent in this quiet place. Here she had been born—here her kind mother had died—here she had lived with a dear and only brother—here she had married her first love, and seen his children springing up around her, and here she hoped to close her dying eyes, with all the old familiar scenes smiling in beauty around her.

She leaned upon the little gate, and looked wistfully up the road. She was waiting there for the coming of her best and earliest friend, and the sound of wheels made her start, and sent a color into her pale cheek that had long been a stranger there. A dusty stage-coach came whirling up beside the gate—stopped long enough for a lady to alight and give some orders respecting her luggage, and dashed away again. The new comer did not see Faith for a moment, so screened was she by the branches of a wild rose that grew beside the gate. She took off her travelling hat, exposing a broad high forehead, shaded by silky masses of black hair, a face well-featured, but grave and stern, and full of thought, and deep, dark eyes, whose glances were kind, and whose smile was beautiful.

How strange a contrast between these two women. The one fair-haired and soft-eyed, with a meek and quiet face, on whose features contentment and home happiness was most plainly stamped; the other dark, and proud, and self-sustained, with a look that said to the most careless observer, "Oh, I have suffered!" To one life had been a fair summer's day, with only now and then a light and happy cloud; to the other—ah, what to her, but a bleak and stormy winter, where everything she loved laid down, and shivered, and died? And yet they were of the same age—the same station in life—and side by side they had sat at school, and played at home, in the childhood that lay behind them!

The tears sprang unbidden to the eyes of Faith Egerton, as she saw the steadfast look with which the young girl regarded the scene around her. She lifted the latch of the gate, and stepped out beside her.

"Gertrude—Gertrude Alewynne—won't you speak to me?"

"Faith, dear Faith, is it you?"

They were clasped in each other's arms at once. Faith wept bitterly, but Gertrude was pale and calm, and smoothed the fair hair of her friend with a caressing gesture, such as one might use to soothe a little child.

"Come, Faith," she said at last, as if weary of her tears; "this is but a sorry welcome to give me after so long a journey. You know I never liked to see you cry."

"But you are so changed—so changed, Gertrude."

"Well, and if I am? It is six years since we met, dear Faith, and they have not been marked with rose leaves for me. You must not expect me to be quite the same at twenty-one as at fifteen. Life changes us all, you know."

"I know," answered Faith, sadly. "But I never knew it so well till now."

"Well, we will let that drop. And now are you not going to ask me in after my journey from London?"

"Pray, forgive me," said Faith, blushing at her inattention. "I will show you to your chamber myself. It has been ready for you all this week."

They went up the yard together. Two fair-haired children ran out to the door to meet them. The youngest, a boy of some two summers, held up his little hands to Miss Alewynne with a sunny smile. She stooped down and took him in her arms, and walked along through the hall with Faith.

"Are these your only ones?" she asked.

"Yes, and they are trouble enough for me," replied the mother, looking at the children with a fond smile that betrayed how little the "trouble" was felt.

Gertrude sighed.

"I don't know, Faith," she said, brokenly. "Every one calls me cold and proud; perhaps I am. But when I take a little innocent child into my arms, something stirs in my heart that nothing else can touch. I might have been a better and a happier woman, Faith, if I had married."

This time it was Faith that sighed.

"You know well what my favorite plan always was, Gertrude. If you had only married my brother——"

"Oh, Faith, spare me," was the half-laughing answer.

"But you would have loved him if you had only seen him," persisted Faith. "He is so noble, so generous, so handsome. He is only my half-brother, you know; but if he had been my own, I could not have loved him better."

By this time they had reached the room which had been fitted up for Gertrude.

"Why, you have made a little Paradise for me," she said, with a pleased smile, as she looked around the chamber. "I shall never want to leave you, Faith.'

"So any pains of mine will keep you, I am content."

"But, Faith," said Miss Alewynne, detaining her friend as she was about to leave the room; "I never knew before that your paragon was only a half-brother. Your maiden name was Faith Anderson; pray what was his?"

"Walter Roscoe. He was the son of my stepmother. My own mother died when I was very young."

"What! what was his name?"

The tone was sharp and impatient, but the speaker's face was turned away from Faith.

"Walter Roscoe. My boy is named for him—Walter Roscoe Egerton."

The jewelled hand that had been playing with the child's soft curls, was drawn away as if a serpent had stung it, and Gertrude turned a white and rigid face toward her friend, as she put the boy down and pointed to the door.

"Gertrude, what ails you? Are you ill?" cried Faith, in terror. She caught the bell-rope in her hand, but Miss Alewynne grasped her arm firmly.

"Don't ring; I shall be better soon," she said, in a low voice. "And, Faith, for the sake of the old time when we were school girls together, say nothing of my illness to any one, and ask me no questions now. Leave me for a little while, and to-morrow I will tell you all."

Wondering and perplexed, Faith left the room with her children, and went down the stairs. Her husband met her in the hall, and stopped to speak to her.

"Has your friend arrived?" he asked.

"Yes, Alfred. Have you seen Walter?"

"I went to his office as you requested me to, my dear, and asked him to come up and dine. He consented, and was talking with me as usual, when I happened to mention Miss Alewynne's name. He started up and turned white—but here he comes, Faith, and you can see for yourself how strange he is."

He stopped speaking, and both turned towards the door as Walter Roscoe entered, pale and agitated.

"Faith, is it true? is she in this house?" he asked wildly.

"Miss Alewynne is here, Walter."

He struck his hand upon his forehead.

"Why was I not told that she was coming?"

"Don't look so angry, dear Walter," pleaded Faith. "I intended it as a pleasant surprise for you both."

He uttered an oath.

"Oh, Walter, don't! Don't swear, and before these little children, too!" cried Faith, bursting into tears. "You never did so before."

"It was only on account of your 'pleasant surprise,'" he answered, bitterly. "Don't ever try another, Faith. I have only come to say good-bye. The same house can never hold Gertrude——" he paused, and then added, as if with an effort, "Gertrude Alewynne and myself."

"But why, Walter?" asked Faith, clinging to him as he was turning away. "Have you ever met before?"

He looked at her with a strange smile.

"Yes, Faith. We met once too often."

"You knew Gertrude, and yet never spoke to me of her, when you knew how much I wished you to love each other," said Faith, reproachfully. "Oh, Walter, I always thought I had your confidence!"

"And so you have, Faith; so you have, except in this one thing," he said, kindly, softened by her evident distress. "And when she has left you, I will come back and tell you all."

"Not before?"

"Not before, Faith. Let me go now."

"Oh, Walter, I would almost give my life if I could only see you two happy together."

"Faith, Faith, how little you know of what you talk! That woman has embittered my life; she has destroyed my confidence in every human being; she has deceived, and betrayed, and disgraced me. And yet, I know, if I look but once upon her face, I should forgive her all; for I loved her, Faith. I loved her more than my life. I must not see her, sister. When she has left you, I will come back again—till then, farewell."

He kissed her fondly, shook hands with her husband, and patted the golden heads of the children, and was gone. The young husband and wife looked after him wistfully. A cloud seemed to have covered the bright spring sky, and the little parlor of the cottage seemed lonely and deserted when they entered it, because of the mystery, which might be guilt, that was even then sheltered within its peaceful walls.

CHAPTER II.

Walter Roscoe, turning away from his sister's home, thought sadly of the many days that must elapse before he entered it again. Of Gertrude he told himself again and again he would not think; and again and again her image came up before him, as he had seen her last.

"Have I not wronged her?" he thought, as he paced the floor of his office that evening. "Is it not possible she may be innocent, even though appearances were against her? Shall I see her once more? Pshaw! what a fool I am! Did I not see her there beside him? Did I not see his lips meet hers? If I asked for better proof than my own eyes have given me, I must be a madman. I will leave this place, and never come back till she has gone away."

He threw a few things into a valise, locked the writing-desk beside him, and stepping out into the street, valise in hand, shut up his office, and walked slowly up the street. The hotel where he boarded was at a long distance from the garden of his sister's house, and yet it was there he found himself after a hurried walk of some five minutes. He lifted the latch of the little gate and entered.

"It is the last time, Gertrude, that I shall be so weak," he murmured, as he looked up at the vine-curtained window, where a lamp was still burning. "The last time I shall be so near you! Oh! Gertrude, can you dream what you have done, or is your heart all marble?"

He buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child. The memory of the happy hours he had spent with her, came over him too strongly to be borne. He could only meet such remembrances with his tears.

When he looked up again, he was conscious of an unusual bustle in the house. Lights were moving hurriedly in several directions, and once or twice he caught a glimpse of his sister's figure, passing the window of Gertrude's room. What could it be? Was Gertrude ill?

His heart stood still at the thought. He could bear never to look upon her face again; but oh the grave must not cover it from him! He sprang up the path, and was about to enter, when the door opened, and Alfred Egerton came out.

"You here, Walter?" he exclaimed, starting back, as the pale face of his brother met his eye. "Faith just told me to go for you, when I had summoned the doctor."

"The doctor!" said Walter, turning pale as he found his worst suspicions realized. "Who wants the doctor?"

"Miss Alewynne is very ill. She is threatened with a brain-fever, I think."

"Oh, my God!"

The unhappy man staggered, and caught at his brother's hand to steady himself. Alfred looked at him a moment, and then said soothingly—

"Walter, it will not do for me to stay here a moment. But go in and see Faith. She will comfort you."

He wrung his hand sympathizingly, and hurried away. Half blind with his unshed tears, the unhappy young man entered the house, and seeing his sister sitting at her writing desk in the parlor, sank down at her feet, and hid his face in her lap.

"Will she die, Faith?"

"I hope not, my poor Walter. But she is very ill," answered Faith, laying her hand upon his head. "Our own doctor is with her now, and Alfred has just gone for another."

"What are you doing?" he asked, looking up at the half-finished note before her.

"Writing to her brother to come to her."

"I did not know she had one, Faith."

"Oh, yes. I have never seen him, but she has sent me his picture once. You know," she added with a faint blush, "it was quite a dream with us when we were girls—that is—she wished me to marry her brother, and I wanted her to marry mine."

"I know—I know," said Walter, and an indefinable expression of pain flitted over his face.

"And so she sent me Edward's picture. Would you like to see it, Walter?"

"Yes."

She opened her writing-desk, and taking out a small inlaid case, gave it to him. He gave one startled glance at it—another—and the picture fell from his hands, and he uttered a loud cry.

"Oh, Gertrude! Oh, my poor wife!"

"Gertrude, your wife!" exclaimed his startled sister. "Oh, Walter, when will these mysteries cease?"

"Now—with this moment," he answered, rising and seating himself beside her. "You shall hear all—you deserve it. Faith, you have had your wish. For twelve months she has been my wife."

"Oh, Walter!"

"Don't interrupt me. I knew, long ago, what your wish was. But I wanted to judge of Gertrude for myself. I knew she thought you were my own sister, and she met me as Walter Roscoe, at a fashionable watering-place, without a suspicion of my identity. I found her all you had so often described. I followed her to her home, and she was still more lovely there. Still I did not make myself known as your brother. Perhaps I had a fancy for one of your 'pleasant surprises,' Faith."

"Oh, go on, dear Walter."

"I married her, Faith, and was looking forward to a happy meeting with you. It was the second evening of our marriage, and I had walked out with a friend to whom I wished to say good-bye The moon had risen before I returned, and as I laid my hand upon the latch of the gate, I remember looking up, and thinking what a tranquilly beautiful aspect she wore, and how perfectly happy I was. Faith, I have looked at the moon many times since, but she never wears that lovely face for me now."

He paused and sighed. Faith kissed him tenderly and waited for the conclusion of the story.

"Well—it must all be told. I entered the house quietly, thinking to surprise Gertrude with a kiss, as she was watching for me. I found her—oh Faith—I found her with her lips pressed to those of another, and her arm round his neck!"

Faith uttered an indignant cry.

"Brother, there must be some mistake here. Gertrude is good and pure. I know it."

"Thank you for saying so," he answered with a melancholy smile. "I know it, too, now—would to God I had known it then!"

"But what did you do, Walter?"

"What would any man do, Faith. I sprang upon him like a tiger—she threw herself between us. He was about to speak, but she cried out—'Not a word—not a word—if you love me!' Think of it, Faith! If he loved her! Was it not enough to madden me? I *was* mad, I belie cursed her bitterly—I called her wanton an faithful. She had listened in silence till t then she turned very pale and looked at m can hear her saying now in a deep, low vo 'After that, I can never be more to you.' turned away and took his arm. They left room, and I—I let them go. Yes, Faith—I too heart-broken to avenge myself. I was deeply deceived to lift my hand even when wife left the room with one I fully believed her paramour. From that night we have met, and only two cold and brief letters have ed between us."

"Oh, Walter! This is what has change so!"

"Is she then changed?" he asked eagerly.

"She has grown cold, and hard, and proud—she is sad—oh, little like the Gertrude of school-days."

"She has been drinking of a bitter cup, and hand held it to her lips. Now hear the rest, Fa Half-an-hour ago I believed her guilty. But fatal picture shows me the same face I saw on accursed night. It was her brother."

"And she never told you so!"

"You little know Gertrude, I see. I woun her in the tenderest spot. She is the soul of tr and honor; but if one should doubt her, wo be him. And I—oh, what a fearful doubt was mi I wronged her deeply, and she was far too pr to forgive me. Will she ever do it, Faith?"

"She will—she must!" cried Faith, earnes "It has been a terrible mistake, but let us t that all will go well. I see it all now. Not to-day did she know that you were my half-brot —not till to-day did she dream that Walter R coe and you were one. Oh, how much she m have suffered!"

A low knock came at the half-open door of t parlor and Alfred Egerton entered.

"I have been for the physician, Faith," he sa hurriedly, "and both have seen her. I have t best of news for you. They say it is only the lo and hurried journey, and great mental exciteme that has prostrated her so. They have left h quite comfortable, and she has asked for y Will you go up and see her while I sit Walter?"

Faith grasped her husband's hand and looked to him with beaming eyes.

"You were ever a messenger of glad tidings me, Alfred, and now to reward you, you hear mine."

She related what she had already heard, in brief words, and then stealing her hand asked—

"Now what is to be done?"

"I should say, my dear Faith, that the one those two are brought together the better said Mr. Egerton, when his astonishment allowe him to speak.

"I knew you would say so. Walter, foll me and Alfred, wait here; I will be back in a f mo ments."

They went quietly up the stairs together Ger trude's room. Leaving Walter at the door aith entered, and went up to the bed-side. The ng girl was lying half-asleep in bed. The tr of tears were on her cheeks, and a small gold ket lay open in her hand. A rapid glance red Faith that it was her brother's picture, she bent down and kissed her friend.

Gertrude started—looked up, and tried ide the picture. But some second thought pr ted her to lay it in Faith's hand, and say, with sad smile—

"You see, I know him."

"Is that all, Gertrude?" said Faith, gentl

"All!" said the girl, springing up in be tossing the black hair from her forehead. " lence Faith. I loved him more than any earthly in —I married him, a year ago, though I never he was your brother till to-day. He held my heart in his hand and crushed it to atoms. H no faith in me—in me—who would not wronged him for worlds. Oh, Faith, though your brother, he has made my life a weary thin bear. Leave me—to-morrow I will tell you —but now I am too weak."

She sank back upon her pillows and covere face with her hands. Faith stole noiselessly a and Walter entered and took her place. All silent for a few moments. Then the girl as without looking up.

"Faith, are you there?"

It was a stronger arm than Faith's that around her, and a moustached lip that kissed hand. She looked up, in sudden bewilderm and saw her husband bending over her with blue eyes full of tears. The sudden joy was much for her—and all her pride was swept in a moment.

"Walter—it was my brother," she murmure

"I know it, dearest—I know all. But can ever forgive me, Gertrude?"

"Forgive!"

There was a beautiful smile upon her lip as drew him nearer, and kissed him passionately. estrangement of a year was all forgotten in bewildering return of happiness. Faith wep lently, for joy, upon her husband's shoulder, in little parlor below. And believe me, the an in Heaven rejoiced to see so perfect and com a reconciliation between those proud and lo hearts. For those who forgive are dear in the of Him who has forgiven!

Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

121 **Journal** from Pictou Nova Scotia towards Wareham Mass

REMARKS. the 8th day of August 1862

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS.
1	9		West	N N W		
2	9					~~the~~ first part of this day strong winds & Squaly to in light sails and furled them
3	9					
4	9					
5	9					
6	9					at 4 oclk PM wind abaiting set light sails
7	7					
8	7					
9	7					
10	7					
11	7					
12	5		W by S	North		middle part modeaate and fine
1	4					
2	4					
3	3					
4	3					
5	3					
6	3					
7	3					
8	2					at 8 Oclk Am wind canting to South & E Jibed ship
9	2					
10	2					
11	2					lattar wind light and clear sounds this 24 hours pumps well attended to Lat 44.10 Long 6423 1¾ Points Westerly Varation
12	2					

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

REMARKS. the 9th day of August 1862

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS.
1	3		W by N	S W		this 24 hours light winds and varible throughout
2	3					
3	3					
4	3		S S E			
5	3					at 3 Oclk PM tacked ship to south
6	3					
7	3		N W by W	W S W		
8	3					at 6 PM tacked head to Northwesterly
9	2	1	S W by S			
10	2	1				at 8 PM PM hove about head to South & West
11	2	1				
12	2	1				
1	2			W by N		middle part thick flying scuds
2	2					
3	2					
4	2					
5	2					
6	2					
7	2					
8						
9			Calm			
10						lattar part Clear Wind S E
11			S W	S E		pumps well attended to sounds this 24 hours Lat by Obs 43.31 Long by DR 64.47 Waration 1¾ Points Westerly
12						

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Aunt Polly's Fortune.

'I'm left all alone in the world, and why shouldn't I seek my fortune? I tell you what, Delia, I'm going to California.'

So spake a pleasant-faced woman. She was neatly dressed and thirty. She had never had an offer of marriage, and what was more, she said she never desired one. Everybody believed up to that time that Miss Polly Saunders meant what she said, though it did seem strange.

Polly and Delia were sisters. The latter was the youngest, and had married a pleasant, but somewhat shiftless, or, as he called himself, 'one of the unlucky sort.' Delia loved him, and was willing to be poor with him.—They had one child, Neddy, his mother liked to call him; and, as the sisters talked together, Neddy sat playing with blocks upon the floor.

'You don't mean what you say?' exclaimed Delia, stopping her ironing.

'I do mean what I say, though.'

'But how in the world are you going?'

'To work my way out, to be sure; do you suppose I'm too proud? No—no.'

'I wouldn't,' said Delia, reflectively.

'I will,' cried Polly, decisively.

And the will carried it. Delia went the next day, to see the steamer in which Polly had engaged to go as stewardess. It was a brave vessel, glittering from stem to stern.—Polly took her sister into the great cabin.—On one of the sofas sat a nursery maid with a child in her arms.

'Look! Oh! isn't she beautiful?' exclaimed Delia, her motherly heart all alive.

'Yes, the child is a pretty one,' said her sister, carelessly.

'Pretty! it's a beautiful creature—it's as handsome as Neddy—sister, they look alike.'

'Nonsense,' replied Polly; but the bright blue eyes turning to her smiled in her face.—'She has got lovely eyes,' she said, softly.—'Who is it? What's her name, nurse?'

…followed by no more; aunt Polly must have fallen a pray to avarice or the fashions.

Neddy was seventeen when they heard of Judge Norris' death. The news was brought by young Osgood, the elder brother of the child, whom, sixteen years before Delia had seen in the arms of her nurse. The family had returned to their native State. For the first time Neddy Stantan and young Harry Osgood met, the poor boy and the rich. It was decidedly a case of love at first sight.—From Harry, Neddy learned that his aunt lived in style—was portly, handsome, and very rich. But she had doubtless forgotten her poor relations.

Three years passed. Neddy, a handsome, splendid fellow, began to have the blues. The fact is, Harry had got him into trouble by making him acquainted with beautiful little Minnie Osgood. He loved her, she loved him, but the proud family (all but Harry) said 'Nay.' Imdeed, they took the trouble to be scornful about it.

'Dear, blessed Harry!' Minnie used to say, when he took *that* particular note and conveyed *it* faithfully.

'Hold up your head—don't despair yet,' was Harry's motto to his friend, but Neddy came very near it.

Neddy was twenty-three—his blues had deepened awfully, for Harry had gone into business out South, and he could not hear from Minnie. One evening, he sat disconsolately thinking desperate things. Somehow life wasn't worth having, after all, in his estimation, at least. The postman called at the door, leaving a large package, for which he asked a large price. It was opened in wondering silence. Alas! poor aunt Polly was dead; but Neddy Stanton was her heir to the tune of seventy thousand dollars. Poor Neddy looked stupid over it for a long time, he couldn't realize it! Seventy thousand dollars! Why that was about enough to set a man up, wasn't it? Buy father a good house—get sis a piano—make mother comfortable for life—and, yes, marry Minnie Osgood!

It proved to be. The prophetic wish of Delia came about all in good time. Seen through golden spectacles, Neddy Stanton was pronounced 'good.' There was a grand wedding, and Neddy Stanton isn't very far from the top of the ladder of fame. Aunt Polly's fortune did not come amiss.

What Santa Claus Saw

By Julie M. Lippmann

Neat Mrs. Santa Claus sat slowly rocking,
Thinking the while as she darned Santa's stocking,
"What a kind fellow he is, to be sure,
Out in the cold on his long Christmas tour,
Filling the stockings quite up to the knees,
Loading with presents the bright Christmas trees!"

So she sat thinking till, lo and behold!
In came old Santa Claus out of the cold,
Shook off his overcoat, threw down his cap,
Took young Kris Kringle upon his broad lap
Saying, "I'll tell you, if you care to know,
All that I saw on the world down below.

"Up in the clouds sat the old moon and I,
All the young stars were alight in the sky—
While from below came the merriest noise,
"Just like the laughter of gay girls and boys:
So we peeped down from the fleecy cloud-rifts,
And in the meantime I shook out the gifts.

Sledges and carriages, French dolls and wax,
Some having 'real' hair and some having 'flax,'
Into the houses they scattered pell-mell,
Making more merriment than you could tell,
But the sad part of the story is this—
That the rich folks got the most, little Kris.

"Just where the lights burned the brightest they'd fall,
Servants would gather them up, one and all,
While the little poor folks looked on at the sight—
Now, dear Kris Kringle, do you think that is right?
Can't we arrange a new plan, so, my deary,
Things may be managed more ju
year?"

"JUST GOING TO."

"Now, mother, is n't Hal too provoking? He promised to take me strawberrying with him, and now he's gone and left me," cried Jessie, trying to keep back her tears.

"Our Hal broken his promise?" Her mother looked as if she could hardly believe it.

"Why, no, mother, I suppose not, exactly. You see, he said I might go if I would be ready at two o'clock, and I was just going to put on my things, when he started off as hard as he could run. There he is now, away down the other side of the Common!" she added, with a little sob.

"And it is a quarter past two. Why did n't you get ready in time?"

"I did n't think it was so late. Besides, I was going as soon as I finished Dolly's apron. But Hal said the rest were waiting, and he could not stay another minute."

"And you don't blame him, Jessie? He had no right to keep the other children waiting, any more than you had to keep him. I am sorry you have lost your afternoon's pleasure, just because you were behind the time, but you can do nothing now but make the best of it, and learn that while you are '*just going*,' your chance may be *just gone*."

Jessie, who had early learned that "it is of no use to cry for spilled milk," drew a deep sigh, and sat down to console herself with a book.

By-and-by her mother put down her work-basket, and went out of the room, saying—

"Jessie, dear, look after the baby, and don't let him go out of your sight."

"Yes, mother, I'll watch him. Here, Birdie, come see what Jessie has got!"

Baby took the china doll she gave him, tasted of its head, pounded the floor with it, shook it as a cat would a mouse, and then crept off on an exploring expedition. Presently Jessie heard a crash and a cry that made her heart stand still. She rushed into the next room, and there sat baby Dick on the floor, covered with bits of broken glass, and a little stream of blood running down his white forehead. He had pulled over, and broken a vase on his own head. His screams soon brought their mother, and while she was bathing the wound, Jessie stood by, saying—

"I had missed him, and was just going after him, when I heard him cry. Poor little Dick!"

"If you had only *gone*, my daughter, instead of *meaning* to go," was the sober answer, "he would have been saved this sad wound."

When Jessie's mother went up to bed with her that night, she asked her, "Has this been a pleasant day to my little girl?"

"No, mother, it has been the worst kind of a day. In the first place, I was late at school this morning, and that put me out of humor for the whole forenoon. Then I could n't go with Hal, and, worst of all, poor baby got hurt. It has been a day of misfortunes."

"And every one of them has happened because you were 'just going to' do, instead of *doing*."

Jessie unlaced her boots in sober silence. At last she said, "But I never mean to be late."

"Of course you don't. But the mischief is, my dear child, that you feel as if it were all well enough as long as you are '*just going to*' do your duty. That is a great mistake; 'just going to' amounts to nothing. *Do it.* Don't stop to *mean* to do it;" and Mrs. Richmond spoke so earnestly that Jessie looked up into her face, and said—

"Why, mother, what makes you care so much about it? Do you think I am so very bad?"

Her mother took her in her arms, and answered, "I am sick at heart, Jessie, because I am afraid 'just going to' will spoil your whole life. It cheats you of your pleasures, and hinders you from your duties; and sometimes, Jessie, I am dreadfully afraid that when my darling comes to heaven's gate at last, and her Father asks, 'My child, did you give your heart to me down on the earth?' my poor child will have to say, 'O Lord, I always meant to;—I was *just going to* when death took me away.' Then He would have to say, 'Inasmuch as you *did it not*, ... depart from me!'"

The last words sank to a whisper, and Jessie felt hot tears dropping on her head.

She sank down on her knees, and prayed earnestly to God.—*N. Y. Observer.*

At the party, the other evening, one gentleman pointed out a dandified looking individual to his friend as a sculptor.

'What?' said his friend, 'such a looking chap, as that a sculptor! Surely you must be mistaken.'

'He may not be the kind of one you mean,' said the informant, 'but I know that he 'chizzled a tailor out of his clothes last week.'

Paid in your own Coin.

'Grandmother, I hate to go away from you; you like me, and nobody else does. Last night George Redin and I had a quarrel; I struck him. and he struck me. Nobody likes me.' Peter Jones said this as he sat on his trunk, ready to start for home.

'He only paid you in your own coin,' said grandmother; 'people generally do—a blow for a blow, cross words for cross words, hate for hate.'

'I don't know but it's so,' said Peter, looking sorry; 'but it is a poor sort of coin.'

'How different it would be if your pockets were full of the *right sort* of coin,' said grandmother.

'What kind?' asked Peter.

'The *coin of kindness*,' said grandmother. 'If the great pockets of your heart were full of *that sort* of coin, the more you paid away, the more you'd get back, for you are generally paid in your own coin, you know; then how happy you would be.'

'The coin of kindness,' repeated Peter, slowly; 'that is a good coin, isn't it? I wish my pockets were full of it, grandmother. If I'd be kind to the boys, they'd be kind to me.'

'Just so,' said grandmother.

After Peter's own mother had died, he was sent to grandmother's for he had a very quarrelsome, fretful temper, and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grandmother dealt kindly and patiently with him, and helped him to improve himself. Peter now had a new mother, and his father had sent for him to come home. Peter did not want to go. He felt sure he should not like his new mother, and that she would not like him.

'That depends upon yourself, Peter,' said grandmother; 'carry love and kindness in your pocket, and you will find no difficulty.'

The idea struck the boy favorably. He wished he could, he said.

'And the best of it is,' said grandmother, 'if you once begin paying it out, your pockets will never be empty, for you'll be paid in your own coin. Be kind, and you'll be treated kindly; love, and you'll be loved.'

'I wish, I could,' said Peter.

All the way home he more or less thought of it. I do not know about his welcome home, or what his father or new mother said to him. The next morning he arose early, as he was used to at grandmother's, and came down stairs, where everything being new, he felt very strange and lonely.

'I know I shan't be contented here,' he said to himself, 'I know I sha'nt. I'm afraid there is not a bit of love in my pocket.' However, in a little while his new mother came down, when Peter went up to her and said, 'Mother, what can I do to *help* you?'

'My dear boy,' she said, kissing him on the forehead, 'how thoughtful you are. I thank you for your kind offer; and what can I do to help *you*? for I am afraid you will be lonely here at first, coming from your dear, good grandmother.'

What a sweet kiss was that. It made him so happy. 'That's paying me in more than my own coin,' thought Peter. Then he knew he should love his new mother; and from that good hour Peter's pockets began to fill with the beautiful bright coin of kindness, which is the best 'small change' in the world. Keep your pockets full of it, and you will never be in want.

The Deacon and the Irishman.

Under this head we find the following amusing story going the rounds:

A few months ago, as Mr. Ingalls, of Swampscot, R. I., was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and was in quest of a brother who came some time before him and settled in that vicinity.

Pat was a strong athletic man, a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sunday morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest church. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new-made acquaintance to keep him company thither (his place of destination being a small meeting-house near by.) There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the Deacons, (who by the way was very small in stature,) invited brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar, &c. After he was seated, he turned to brother Ingalls and in a whisper, which could be heard all round, inquired:

'Sure, an' isn't this a hiritic church?'

'Hush,' said Ingalls, 'if you speak a loud word, they will put you out.'

'An' faith, not a word will I spake, at all,' replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman, who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted 'Glory!'

'Hist, ye clear demon,' rejoined Pat, with his loud whisper, which was plainly heard by the minister, 'be dacent, and not make a blackguard of yourself.'

The pastor grew more and more fervent in his devotions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan. 'Hist-s-t, ye blackguard, have you no dacency at all?' said Pat, at the same moment giving the deacon a punch in t ribs which caused him nearly to lose his equ librium. The minister stopped, and exten ng his hand in a supplicating manner, sai 'Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in th way. Will not some one put that man out' 'Yes, your riverence,' shouted Pat, 'I will nd suiting the action to the word, he collar he deacon. and to the utter horror and asto shment of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and t hole congregation, he dragged him through ne aisle, and with a tremendous kick landed im in the vestibule of the church.

Died Poor.

'It was a sad funeral to me,' said the speak er, 'the saddest I have attended for years.'

'That of Edmondson?'

'Yes.'

'How did he die?'

'Poor, poor as poverty—his life was on long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were des never to know fulfilment.'

'Yet he was patient and enduring,' remar ed one of the company.

'Patient as a Christian—enduring as a ma tyr,' was answered. 'Poor man! He wa worthy of a better fate. He ought to hav succeeded, for he deserved success.'

'Did he not succeed?' questioned the on who had spoken of his perseverance and endurance.

'No, sir; he died poor, as I have just said Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend ever enterprise.'

'I was with him in his last moments,' sa the other, 'and thought he died rich.'

'No; he has left nothing behind,' was re plied. 'The heirs will have no concern as t the administration of the estate.'

'He left a good name,' said one, 'and that something.'

'And a legacy of noble deeds that were do in the name of humanity,' said another.

'And precious examples,' said another.

'Lessons of patience in suffering; of ho in adversity; of heavenly confidence when sunbeams fell upon his bewildering path,' w the testimony of another.

'And high trust, manly courage, heroic titude.'

'Then he died rich!' was the em declaration; 'richer than the millionair went to his long home the same day, a mis able pauper in all but gold. A sad fune did you say? No my friend, it was rather triumphal procession! Not the burial of human clod, but the ceremonial attendant the translation of an angel. Did not succeed Why his whole life was a series of success In every conflict he came off the victor and victor's crown is on his brow. Any grasp man, with a share of brains, may gather money, and learn the art of keeping i not one in a hundred can bravely conq the battle of life as Edmondson has con and step forth from the ranks of m Christian hero. 'No, no; he did not die but rich—in celestial affections. An heirs have an interest in the administrat the estate. A large property has bee

---

15

light from the

airs from the

d to sounds

Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.
42 53	42 84	1½ Points Westerly		67.40	67 47

Journal from Pictou Nova Scotia towards Wareham Mass
Capt David Hoffses Master of Brig Almore

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Tuesday 12th day of August 1862
1	Calm					
2			Calm			this 24 hours commences Calm and Clear
3						
4						
5	2		West	SSW	1 Point	at 4 Oclock P.m light Brezzes from the SSW
6	2					
7	3					
8	3					
9	4					
10	4					
11	4					
12	5					middle part strong brezes and flying clouds
1	5					
2	5					
3	5					
4	5					
5	5					
6	5					at 8 Oclock A.M strong breezes and heavy sea took in light sails & furled them
7	5					
8	5					lattar part wind moderating at 12 Ock noon sighted Cape Ann barrin N W by W by compas
9	4					
10	4					
11	4					
12	4					pumps well atended to so ends this 24 hours

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.
				42.35'	42 34	1 Point W			69,39

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Wednes 13th day of August 1862
1						~~this [illegible]~~ or this day commences moderate wind S W and light set light sails at 4 Ock P.M wind to N W tacked ship thatchers Isle light houses barring N N E 10 miles distant
2						
3						
4						
5		S E by S				
6						
7						
8						at 12 Ock midnight pased Cape Cod light
9						
10						
11						
12						
1						
2						
3		South				
4						
5						at 10 Ock A.M came on Nantuckett shoals and proceded up over them at 12 Ock noon
6						
7						
8						~~lattar part~~ wind light from N E
9						
10						lattar part Calm
11						so ends my sea log ending with 36 hours
12						pumps well attended to

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Servant-Galism in Australia.—Great complaints have been made, gravely as well as humorously—by Mrs. Trollope as well as by 'Mrs. Mary Clavers'—of the free and easy familiarity of that portion of petticoated humanity, out in the West, called 'helps.' It appears, however, from a work recently published in England—Mrs. Meredith's 'Over the Straits; a Visit to Victoria'—that Australia beats all the rest of the world in the freedom of servant-galism. Here is a scene which she states actually occurred at Melbourne:

A lady is in want of a servant, and a damsel appears as an applicant for the situation, dressed in everything that can be put on at once in the shape of finery and appendages. Entering the lady's drawing-room, she selects the most tempting *causeuses*, and seats herself. The lady looks at her in astonishment. 'What are you staring at? Because I'm sitting down? Why, you don't suppose I'm going to stand all the while I'm talking to you? Couldn't think of such a thing. Oh! I tell you, you don't need to be surprised—its *quite Colonial*.' The question of wages is brought forward. 'Wages? Oh! I suppose you mean my *salary*. Well, I'll take $700 a year, if the work's light.'

The lady walks slowly up and down.

'I do wish you'd sit down. I hate talking to folks when they're walking about. And now I've took the trouble of coming to speak about business, I must beg you'll sit still.'

'Very well—perhaps I mayn't object to the situation. And you'll understand I like to have my friends to tea and supper, and sometimes to dinner; and when I've company I can't be running after *you*. And then I always have two days to myself every week! 'sides Sunday.'

'Two entire days!' exclaimed the amazed mistress; 'and who's to do the work?'

'Who's to do the work? Why you to be sure! who else is likely to do it? Oh! you needn't look that way—I assure its *quite Colonial*. Then, I suppose, you're clever with your needle? Most folks is from the old country.'

'*Me!*' replied the lady. '*Me* clever with my needle! Why, what *can* that possibly signify to you?'

'Signify? Oh! all in the world; because you'll have to help me to make my dresses.—Couldn't think of engaging with anybody that isn't able to do *that*. It's *quite Colonial*.

Justice and Law.—After General Schenck's arrived at Cumberland, one of his first decisions, (says a correspondent of an Ohio paper.) was very characteristic. A secesh Colonel had sold his negro to the Confederate Government, taking pay, of course, in scrip. The negro, employed in fortifications, managed to escape to Cumberland, where he spread himself considerably. A constable, knowing the circumstance, and wishing to turn a penny, had the negro thrown into prison as an escaped slave. Gen. Schenck, hearing the facts, sent for the parties. "By what right," he asked of the constable, "do you hold this man in prison?"

"As a fugitive from service."

"Don't you know that he escaped from the service of 'rebels!"

"Yes; but we have a law in Maryland that covers the case, General."

"And I have a law upon which it can be decided. Colonel Porter set that negro at large and put this constable in his place."

The astonished snapper-up of trifles was marched off to the cell lately occupied by his proposed victim. After being detained there precisely the same number of days he had imprisoned the poor darkey, *he* was set at large, fully impressed with the belief that your grim visaged General was not to be trifled with.

A son of Erin once accosted a reverend disciple of Swedenborg thus:

"Mr. ——, you say that we are to follow the same business in Heaven that we do in this world."

"Yes, that is in perfect accordance with reason; for the Creator, himself, is not idle, and should his creatures be?"

"Well, then, your honor, do the people die there?"

"Certainly not, they are as immortal as the Creator himself."

"Then I should like to know, yer honor, what they'll find for me to do, for I'm a grave-digger in this world."

A Fable.—Perhaps some of you have read the modern Fable—as good as anything in Æsop I think, although its new—The Sparrow and the Eagle. One day the Sparrow went to the eagle and said to him, 'May it please your royalty, I notice that you fly away with kids and lambs that never did harm to anybody.—There is no creature in the world so malignant as the cat. She prowls around our nests, eats up our young, and bites off our own heads—She feeds so daintily, she must be good eating herself. She is lighter to cary than a kid, and then you would get a famous grip in her loose fur. Why don't you feed on the cat? Oh,' replied the eagle, 'I had the worm here this morning, who asked me 'why don't you feed on the sparrow?' Is that a piece of worm's skin I see on your beak, child!' The sparrow cleaned her beak on her feathers and said, 'I should like to see the worm that asked that question.' 'Stand forth worm,' said the eagle; when the worm appeared, the sparrow snapped him up, and then went on with his argument against cats.—[Rev. W. R. Alger.

Humors of the War.—The Star Spangled Banner, my boy, in triumph shall wave o'er the land of the free and Jeff Davis's grave. The march of the grand army has commenced, amid the roar of excited cannon and the shrieks of every roasting pig and traitorous chicken within reach of our confiscating pickets. My head swells with patriotic pride when I cautiously remark that the Mackerel Brigade occupy the post of honor to the left of Bull Run, which they also left on the day we celebrated. The Banner which was presented to us by the women of America, and which it took the orator of the day six hours and forty mintes to describe to us, we are using in the shape of blazing neckties, and when the hard-up sun of Virginia shines upon the glorious red bands around the sagacious neck of our veterans, they look as though they had just cut their throats. The effect is gory my boy, gory and respectable.—[Orpheus C. Kerr.

'Well. John, did you take that note I gave you to Mr. Smithers?' inquired a gentleman of his rustic servant.

'Yes, sir,' replied John, 'I took the note, but I don't think he can read it.'

'Cannot read it!' exclaimed the gentleman; 'why so John?'

'Because he is so blind, sir. While I wor in the room he axed me twice where my hat was, and it wor on my head all the time.'

'What do you ask for that article?' inquired Obadiah of a young miss.

'Fifteen shillings.'

'Aint you a little dear?'

'Why,' she replied, blushing, 'all the young men tell me so.'

'Does the razor take hold well?' inquired a donkey, who was shaving a gentleman from the country.

'Yes,' replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, 'it takes hold first rate, but it don't let go worth a cent.'

An old lady walked into the office of a Judge of Probate in Massachusetts, once upon a time, and asked:

'Are you the Judge of Reprobates?'

'I am the Judge of Probate.'

'Well, that's it, I expect,' quoth the old lady, 'you see my father died detested, and he lift several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner.'

'Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?' asked Mary Jones of her brother Charles.

'On the looking-glass to be sure,' was his very prompt reply.

'Papa, has Mr. Smith's eyes got feet?'

'Why do you ask such a question, my boy?'

'Because I heard mother say that at a party the other evening, Mr. Smith's eyes followed her all around the room.'

'I wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning,' said a lazy husband, lounging upon his pillow. 'Well, I will try the water cure,' said the wife, pouring a bucketful over him.

A neighbor of mine missed corn from his garner, and his suspicions rested upon a reckless fellow whom everybody called 'Sam.'—The corn was kept in a chamber over the kitchen, adjoining a wood house, toward which the chamber was left open and accessible by a ladder. The victim of this midnight 'theffery,' determined to satisfy himself concerning the identity of the thief, made a temporary bed upon the kitchen floor and lay down to watch. About the hour when the 'church yards yawn,' he was aroused from a partial slumber by the rattling of corn overhead, when he suddenly called out at the top of his voice:

'Sam!'

'Hello!' responded the thief, taken entirely off his guard by this sudden call.

'Don't take more than a bushel!'

'Then I shall have to pour it out: for I've got two in the bag already!'

A rich old farmer at Brownle near Bantry England, speaking to a neighbor about the 'larning' of his nephew said:

Why I should a made Tom a lawyer, I think, but he took such a good hand to hold a plow, that I thought it was a pity to spoil so good a ploughboy.

If you wish to make yourself a favorite with your neighbors, buy a dog and tie him up in the cellar all night. They won't sleep for thinking of you.

If your wife is cross stay and provoke her—but see that the poker is on your side of the stove.

An Irishman was asked if he had got his share of the family property. 'Ay, sure,' said he, 'My father ordered my elder brother to divide the house with me; and, by St. Patrick, he did it—for he tuck the inside himself, and gave me the outside.'

Better be going.—"Come, doctor, it's ten o'clock; I think we had better be going, for it's time honest folks were at home." "Well, yes," was the reply, "I must be off, but you needn't go on that account."

'What do you ask for that article?' inquired Obed'ah of a young Miss.

'Fifteen shillings.'

'Ain't you a little dear?'

'Why,' she replied blushing, 'All the young men tell me so.'

'Ain't you afraid you will break, while falling so?' said a chap in a pit of a circus to the clown.

'Why so?' asked the clown.

'Because you are a tumbler,' bawled out the wag.

The house was in a roar. Exit clown behind the scenes.

Charles Bannister, that inveterate punster, going into a coffee-room one stormy night, said:

'He never saw such a wind in his life.'

'Saw a wind,' says a friend, 'I never heard of such a thing as seeing a wind; and pray what is it like?'

'Like,' answered Charley, 'like to have blown my head off.

'Wife, bring me some cold beef,' said a shifeless husband, when, for the first time in his life, he discovered that he was more hungry than thirsty.

'There is no beef in the house,' was the mild reply.

'Fetch me some pork, then.'

'No pork, either.'

'Well, then, let me have some potatoes.'

'Not a potatoe left.'

'Thunder and lightning! get me some bread, then.'

'The bread's all gone.'

'Well, give me a knife and fork, and let me go through the motions.'

Pulpit Anecdote.—A western paper relates that while a clergyman was in the midst of a most interesting discussion an old lady among the congregation arose, clapped her hands and exclaimed, 'Merciful Father, if I had one more feather in my wing of faith, I would fly of to glory,' the worthy gentleman thus interrupted, immediately replied, 'Good Lord, stick it in and *let her go*, she's but a trouble here.' That quieted the old lady.

'Martha, does thee love me?' asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's holiest feelings had been offered up.

'Why, Seth,' answered she, 'we are commanded to love one another, are we not?'

'Aye, Martha, but does thee regard me with the feeling the world calls love?'

'I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one. I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share.'

Mr. Gurney (Mrs. Fry's father) was a strict preserver of game. Upon one occasion, when walking in his park, he heard a shot fired in a neighboring wood; he hurried to the spot, and his naturally placid temper was considerably ruffled on seeing a young officer, with a pheasant at his feet, deliberately re-loading his gun. As the young man, however, replied to his rather warm expression by a polite apology, Mr. Gurney's wrath was somewhat allayed; but he could not refrain from asking the intruder what *he* would do, if he caught a man trespassing on his premises. 'I would ask him in to luncheon,' was the reply. The serenity of this impudence was not to be resisted.

An old Dutch acquaintance, some years ago, who was elected a member of the Legislature, said, in his broken English style, 'Ven I vent to the Lechislatur, I tought I vould find dem all Solomons dere; but I soon found dere vas some as pick fools dere as I vas.'

As a woman was walking, a man looked at and followed her. 'Why,' said she, 'do you follow me?' 'Because I have fallen in love with you.' 'Why so? My sister, who is coming after, is much handsomer than I am, go and make love to her.' The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face, and being greatly displeased returned and said 'Why did you tell me a story?' The woman answered, 'Neither did you tell me the truth; if you are in love with me, why did you look for another woman.'

The following story is told of the Rev. Dr. Morse. At an association dinner, a debate arose as to the benefit of flogging in bringing up children. The doctor took the affirmative and his chief opponent was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children from unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts in the case. 'Why,' said he, 'the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth!'—'Well,' retorted the doctor, 'it cured you of it, didn't it?'

The young lady who saw a baby without kissing it, has acknowledged that her friend's bonnet is handsomer than her own.

Why are a pretty girl's eyes like an oatmeal cake? Because they are apt to give the heart-burn.

Mass
Brig Almore
ugust 1862
ces with light
North
to anchor in
h winds from
come on board
d proceded throu
rough quicks
towards Wareham
anchor of great
ar part fresh
h with flying
ll attended to
s this day
Lon. in. Lon by Ob
ugust 1862
t strong gails
d rainy
pilot came on
way and, proceed
ed the bar ran
nd of the river
anchor aster
t winds from
day
Lon. in. Lon. by Ob.

16

Journal from Pictou Novascotia towards Wareham Mass

Capt David Hoffses Master of Brig Elmore

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Saturday 16 day of August 1862

this day begins with light winds from N W
middle part calm High watter hove up
and came to anchor in the channell
lattar light winds N E all hands employd
in ships duty
so ends this day

Remarks Sunday 17 th day of August 1862
this day begins with light winds
from the N E and clear throug
hout
lying for a chance to get
to town
all work suspended to day
so ends this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Monday 18 day of August 1862

this day light winds from
the North discharged one
lighter load of coals
lattar part calm so ends
this day

Remarks Tuesday 19th day of August 1862
this day light winds from
North East and clear through
out no chance to procede up
the river
all hands Employde in ships
duty so ends this day

Remarks Wednesday the 20th day of August 1862
this day first part light winds
from the North East and clear
middle part calm
at 2 PM wind veard to S & E
high watter got under way set all
sail & proseeded towards town ran agrou
nd in the channell clued up the sails
so ends this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Angry Words.

BY MRS. CARLTON.

"O mother! don't get angry! I did not mean to tear my frock—I was just getting over that little fence in the garden, when it caught on the thorns, and I could not get it off before it tore."

Thus pleaded a beautiful boy scarce six years old. But the mother stood firm; she *knew* he was careless; no words of *his* could change her opinion. He was, in her estimation, deserving of punishment, and not for the world would she neglect her duty to her child. She heeded not the tears and sobs of her beautiful son—for beautiful he was, with his high pale brow, rosy cheeks, and large blue eyes. She heard not his supplications as he went on—

"I didn't mean to be naughty, mother, I didn't truly, I didn't, I didn't;" and the childish voice could scarce be heard, smothered as it was in the folds of the mother's dress—for somehow, the boy clung with strange pertinacity to that angry mother; and when she shook him from her, he looked strange and wild, as though forsaken by all that loved him.

"Go to your room and not let me see your face again to night," at last ended the mother; and her boy that had prayed and begged for forgiveness, who had sobbed forth words of penitence, rose up proudly and walked firmly as manhood from her presence.

O, erring mother! follow your boy to his chamber, before it is too late;—twine your arms about his neck, pillow his little head upon your bosom, imprint kisses upon his brow, cheek, and lips; whisper in his ear the blssed word of comfort, confess to him that you were hasty. Teach him by example that it is noble to confess a wrong; with your arm around him kneel, and pray to God—draw near to the throne of grace and humbly supplicate for wisdom and patience.

Thus shalt thou gain the respect, and retain the love of your darling child, and teach him the power and efficacy of *prayer*. Teach him that thou *fearest* God, and he will be governed by thy counsels; and in after years, when the seal of manhood is written upon his brow, he will "rise up and call you blessed."

One kind word opportunely given—one sentence—"My son you have grieved your mother"—will have more effect on the feelings of a noble-hearted boy, than all the angry words that were ever spoken by a thoughtless,—we say, for we will not use a harsher term, when speaking of a mother's words or acts.

O, mothers! fond, loving mothers! withhold the angry word—harden not your child's heart towards yourself by your own sternness of demeanor. Remember ever that your child's character is in your hands—that it is you and *you* alone, that can make him good or evil.—Clay in the hands of the potter is not more susceptible to impressions than the mind of your child. Remember that, and strive to win by love the mastery over the charge that has been entrusted for a time to your keeping;—and by your unmistakable acts of truth, say to him, "Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thy arm, *for love is strong as death*."

Draw then thy son by the cords of love, for they are tenfold stronger than the ties of consanguinity. In a few years he will exercise the right of man—he will not then cringe before your frown, or weep at your displeasure. Well will it be for you then, if you have taught him the glorious lessons of humanity truth and love in his childhood, by your example of forbearance aud affection.

BENTON'S MOTHER.

How touching the tribute of Hon. F. H. Benton to mother's influence:

"My mother asked me never to use tobacco. I ve never touched it from that time to the present y. She asked me not to game, and I have never mbled, and I cannot tell who is winning and who losing in games that can be played. She admonshed me, too, against hard drinking, and whatever apacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I have attributed o having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age, she asked me not to rink, and then I made a resolution of total abstience at a time when I was sole constituent member my own body, and that I have adhered to it rough all time, I owe it to my mother."

THE TWO SHOE-MAKERS.

James and William lived next door to each other, and both earned a livelihood by making shoes. Each of these men had in their cottage a small piece of furniture, about twelve inches long, and six broad.

With James, it generally remained unused from Saturday to Saturday, when it was moved, with the rest of the things, just to have the dust wiped off it, but by William, there was hardly a piece of furniture in more constant request than this small one.

These two men were very unlike each other; poor James worked hard, sometimes harder than William, but it was by fits and starts, and then he worked just to keep want away, and all the time he looked unhappy and morose. William, on the contrary, worked steadily away, thanking God that he had work to do; often he whistled or sung a pleasant hymn, but oftener still he talked silently to his great Almighty Friend. Children, when passing, would peep in at his door, and sometimes he would ask them to stay a little, for they loved to watch the mysterious progress of boot and shoe, and while they watched, William would speak kind words to them about a greater mystery—the *soul* that each little child possessed—of the *glorious home* prepared for them—of the *evil one* who sought to hinder their entrance to glory, and the Blessed One, who *died* that they might overcome all wickedness, and *live* forever.

James' and William's homes were as unlike as were the two men. James' had a poverty-stricken look, but William's an air of comfort. Now what made all this difference in these two neighbors and their homes? Why, the neglect on the part of James of this small piece of furniture, and the prayerful use of it by William. You guess what it was, I dare say!—the Bible—yes, the Bible! William could say, "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart, more to be desired are they than gold;" while poor James had not discovered any beauty in them.

Dear friends, what is your Bible to you? Is it a mine of wealth, ever yielding some fresh treasure; or, is it a neglected thing, ready to rise as an accusing witness in that awful day which you and I *must* see, and from all the terrors of which, the Bible, prayerfully read and lived, would have rescued us?—*Band of Hope Review.*

Rev. Dr. S—— had travelled far to preach to a congregation at——.

After the sermon he waited very patiently, expecting some of the brethren to invite him home to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One and another departed, until the house was almost as empty as the minister's stomach. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly gentleman, and gravely said:

"Will you go home with me to-day to dinner, brother?"

"Where do you live?"

"About twenty miles from this."

"No," said the man, coloring; but you must go home with me."

"Thank you—I will, cheerfully."

After that time the minister was no more troubled in that place about dinner.

A little girl, after being out some time, trying to ensnare the little fishes in a neighboring stream, with a crooked pin, and a thread line, came running into the house, out of breath with excitement, and exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I got it?"

"Got what, my child?"

"Why, I got the fish."

"But I do not see any fish."

"Why mother," answered the little angler, her voice suddenly changing to mournfulness, "I got it, but *it un bit and div!*"

THE WORD OF THE LORD.

TRANSLATED FROM LYRA GERMANICA.

"For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from Heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth."—*Isa.* 55: 10, 11.

Thy Word, O Lord, like gentle dews,
Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord, to thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly balm of thine.
Watered from thee,
Let every tree
Bud forth and blossom to thy praise,
And bear much fruit in after days.

Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire, so burns thy Word,
And pierceth flesh and bone.
Let it go forth
O'er all the earth,
To purify all hearts within,
And scatter all the night of sin.

Thy Word, a wondrous morning star,
On pilgrims' hearts doth rise;
Leads to their Lord, who dwells afar,
And makes the simple wise.
Let not its light
E'er sink in night,
But still on every spirit shine,
That none may miss thy light divine.

---

towards

BOYS BE NEAT.

"When I was six years old," said a well known merchant, "my father died, leaving nothing to my mother but the charge of myself and two young sisters. After selling the greater part of the household furniture she had owned, she took two small upper rooms in W—— street, and there by her needle contrived in some way—how, I cannot conceive, when I recollect the bare pittance for which she worked—to support us in comfort. Frequently, however, I remember our supper consisted simply of a slice of bread, seasoned by hunger, and rendered inviting by the neat manner in which our repast was served, our table always being spread with a cloth, which like my good mother's heart, seemed ever to preserve a snow-white purity."

Wiping his eyes, the merchant continued: "Speaking of those days reminds me of the time when we sat down to the table one evening, and my mother had asked the blessing of our heavenly Father on her little defenceless ones, in tones of tender pathos, which I remember yet, and which, if possible, must have made the angels weep, she divided the little remnant of her only loaf into three pieces, placing one on each of our plates, but reserving none for herself. I stole around to her, and was about to tell her that I was not hungry, when a flood of tears burst from her eyes, and she clasped me to her bosom. Our meal was untouched; we sat up late that night; but what we said I cannot tell. I know that my mother talked to me more as a companion than a child, and that when we kneeled down to pray, I consecrated myself to be the Lord's and to serve my mother.

"But," said he, "this is not telling how neatness made my fortune. It was some time after this that my mother found an advertisement in the newspaper for an errand-boy in a commission store in B. street. Without being necessitated to wait to have my clothes mended, for my mother always kept them in perfect order, and although on minute inspection they bore traces of more than one patch, yet on the whole they had a very respectable air; without being obliged to wait even to polish my shoes, for my mother always kept a box of blacking with which my cowhide must be dressed off before I took my breakfast; without waiting to arrange my hair, for I had been obliged to observe from my earliest youth the most perfect neatness in every respect, my mother sent me to see if I could obtain the situation. With a light step I started, for I had a long time wished to do something to assist her.

"My heart beat fast, I assure you, as I turned out of W—— into B—— street, and made my way along to the number my mother had given me. I summoned all the courage I could muster, and stepped briskly into the store, and made known the reason of my calling. The merchant smiled, and told me there was another boy who had come in a little before me he thought he should hire. However, he asked me some questions, and then went out and conversed with the other boy, who stood in the back part of the office. The result was, that the lad who first applied was dismissed, and I entered the merchant's employment, first as an errand boy, then as a clerk, afterward his partner, till his death, when he left me the whole business, stock, etc. After I had been in his service some years, he told me the reason he chose me in preference to the other boy was because of the general neatness of my person; while in reference to the other lad, he noticed that he neglected to properly tuck down his vest. To this circumstance has probably been owing the greater part of my success in business."

A mincing miss who had just passed her teens, went into a store in a smart village in Massacusetts, and called for some hoes. The clerk—a new hand—blandly asked—

"How many will you have miss?"

"A pair, sir, if you please."

The accommodating youth immediately started up two flights of stairs and brought down a couple of *hoes*, stout enough to dig all the potatoes in the State, and asked her if "them would do."

Damsel left in a high dudgeon, and bought her "stockings" where the clerks were not so green.

---

ham Mass
18
August 1862
ges from the
o fleet us to
side and
ut it ashore
the sails
st 1862
ges from the
hout ratt tide
the wharbe
de
load more
run the hawser
ve up to it
ard up the decks
day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	La	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

18
gust 1862
ds from the
roughout
ng on the
d in ships
is day
August 1862
part wind
d clear
ed to day
outh East
ds this day
1862
ds from the
clear
d in ships
is day

Journal from .... towards ....

Brig Almore Capt David Hoffses Master laying in the port of Wareham Mass

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. day of 18
1						Remarks Tuesday the 26 day of August 1862
2						this day light winds from the
3						South West and clear
4						throughout
5						
6						
7						finished discharging cargo
8						so ends this day
9						
10						
11						Remarks Wednesday the 27th day of August 1862
12						
1						this day begins with light winds
2						from the south and clear
3						
4						
5						latter par fresh Breezes from South
6						and flying clouds
7						
8						all hands in ships duty
9						
10						so ends this 24 hours
11						
12						

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 28th day of August 1862
1						
2						this day strong winds from
3						the South thick and rainy
4						
5						
6						Latter part wind S. West
7						and thunder & lightning heavy
8						
9						all hands employd in ships
10						duty so ends this day
11						
12						
1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						
11						
12						

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

THE LENT HALF CROWN.

Arthur had a half crown at home, which he wished to give to a poor woman. His father gave it to him for watching sheep; and told him that he must not spend it, but put it out at interest, or trade with it so as to make something by it. He knew that his father wouldnot let him give it away; for he was not a true christian, and thought of little else than of making and saving money. Arthur's mother died when he was an infant but with her last breath she gave him to God.

When Arthur was five years old, he was sent to school to a pious teacher, who cared for his soul: and, knowing that he had no teacher, at home, she took unusual pains to instruct him in the principles of religious truth. The Holy Spirit blessed her efforts; and, before he was eight years of age, there was reason to hope that he had been born again of God.

Arthur was now in his tenth year. He considered how he should help the poor widow: and at length hit upon the plan which would prove successful.

His father was very desirous that he should act for himself in business matters, such as making bargains. He did not wish him to ask his advice in so doing, but to go by his own judgment. After the business was done
would show whether it was wise or not
never censure him, lest he should discour
him from acting on his own responsibil-

view of these facts, Arthur formed his

her, may I lend my half-crown?"
ome spendthrift?"
won't lend without good security?"
e father was pleased that the son had
dea of good security in his head; he
ld not inquire what it was, for he wish-
Arthur to decide for himself. He told
him to lend it, but be careful not to lose it.

"I'll be sure about that," said Arthur.

Arthur took his half-crown and ran to the poor widow, and gave it to her before she had time *to thank him*.

At night his father asked him if he had put out his money.

"Yes, sir," said Arthur.

"Whom did you lend it to?"

"I gave it to a poor, starving widow in Mr. Harvey's house."

There was a frown gathering on his father's brow as he said, "Do you call that lending? Did you not ask my permission to lend it? Have I a son that will deceive me?"

"No, sir," said Arthur; "I did lend it." He opened his Bible, that he had ready, with his finger on the place: "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth to the Lord." "I lent it to the Lord, and I call that written promise good security."

"Lent it to the Lord! Will he ever pay you?"

"Yes, father, He will; it says that He will pay again.

"I thought you had more sense," said his father. But this was not said in an angry one. The truth was, the old man was pleased with the ingenuity, as he called it, of the boy. He did not wish to discourage that, so he took out his purse and handed Arthur half-a-crown. "Here! the Lord will never pay you; I must, or you will never see your money again."

"Thank you, sir," said Arthur. "In my way of thinking," said he to himself, "the Lord has paid me—much sooner than I expected, too. I hardly expected He would pay me in money. The hearts of all men are in His hand. and the gold and silver are His; He has disposed my father to pay it to me. I'll lend it again."

Arthur kept the habit of lending his spare money to the Lord all his days, and he was always satisfied that he was paid four-fold, often several times over.

"Papa," said a youngster, "what is punctuation?"

"It is the art of putting stops, my child."

"Then I wish you would go down into the cellar and punctuate the cider barrel, as the cider is running all over the floor."

"I shall be home next Sunday," a young lady remarked, as she followed to the door her beau, who seemed to be wavering in his attachment. "So shall I," was the brute's reply.

'Well, Lucy, what do you find so attractive in the opposite wall?' said Aunt Mary; 'you have not taken your eyes off it for the last five minutes.'

'I was not even thinking of it,' said the little girl, as closing the book that lay in her lap, she drew her chair nearer to her aunt. 'I have just finished reading the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and you will think me foolish, but I was wishing, when you spoke, that I could become a pilgrim.'

'That is not by any means a foolish wish; indeed, my dear, it is my greatest hope that you will soon set out on that very course.'

'But, aunty, you know I cannot go as Christian did. There is no 'slough of despond' for me to fall into, nor 'Palace Beautiful' to visit.

'As for the first named,' said Aunt Mary, 'I think the little girl I found shedding tears this morning, because she feared she never would get the better of an ugly temper, was in that very *slough*. and pretty deeply in, too. Something like this it was she said to me: 'There is no use in hoping to improve my temper. For a whole week I have been trying to be gentle and amiable, and just now I flew into an angry passion with nurse because she had not mended the dress I wanted to put on.'' Lucy colored, but as she did not reply, Aunt Mary continued:—"Do you not know, my dear child, that the history of Bunyan's pilgrim is intended to represent, in a measure, the course of every Christian from the time he begins to walk the narrow way of life until its close?—It is only a record of the daily struggles with sin and temptation, and thanks be to God, the victories, too, which every true disciple encounters in his pilgrimage through this world."

'I know,' said Lucy, 'that this is the meaning; but I think the way of salvation would seem easier if, in order to be converted, we had a fearful journey to make, from the dangers of which we would be saved by showing the same courage and perseverance that Christian did.'

'Salvation would not be easier in that case,' said her aunt. 'You have fallen into an error that has misled many souls. Pride is at the bottom of it. It is because you are not willing that Christ should have *all* to do in saving you. It humbles you to think of casting yourself upon him as a sinner utterly undone. When Naaman the Syrian went in great pomp and splendor to Elisha, to ask to be cured of his leprosy, the prophet saw the pride of his heart and instead of answering his request in person, sent a messenger to tell him, 'Go wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come to thee, and thou shalt be clean.' This made Naaman angry, and he turned away in rage: but his servants said, 'My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather, then, when he saith to thee, Wash and be clean.'—The command, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' seems so simple, that you imagine if in its stead some great undertaking were placed before you, you could more readily become a Christian. This is a very common stumbling-block' one that has stood in the way of the gospel in all ages of the world. Not only heathens, Mohammedans, and Papists, but men and women, and little boys and girls, too, in Christian lands, are apt to have in their hearts something of that feeling. They wish to be thought better than they are, and to have from God in part, at least, salvation as their due.

'Now let me hear you say that beautiful hymn commencing—

'Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee—
O, Lamb of God, I come!''

Presbyterian.

A Mouse in the Pantry.

'When I used to be out of temper, or naughty in any way, if grandfather was here he would call to me, 'Mary! Mary! take care! there is a mouse in your pantry.' I often used to cease crying at this, and stand, wondering to myself what he meant. I often ran to the pantry, too, to see if there really was a mouse in the trap, but I never found one.

'One day I said: 'Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't any pantry, and there are no mice in mother's, because I have looked ever so often.' He smiled, and said, 'Come, little woman, sit down here in the porch by me, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry; the little sins are the mice, that get in and nibble away all the the good, and that makes you sometimes cross and peevish, and fretful, unwilling to do as your mother wishes; and if you do not strive against it, the mice will keep on nibbling till the good is all eaten away. Now I want to show you, my little girl, how to prevent this To keep the mice out, you must set a trap for them—the trap of watchfulness—and have for bait, good resolutions and firmness.'

'But, mother,' said Nanny, now quite interested in the story, 'wouldn't they nibble the resolution away after a while?'

'No, Nanny, not if the watch was kept strictly and the bait a good one. I did not exactly understand it when grandfather first told me for I was such a very little girl; but I knew it was told for me in some way and after a whil I began to find out what he meant. He told me, too, that I might store my pantry with good things if I watched it well. Do you know what that means, Nancy?'

'To be full of good always,' said Nancy, whose tears were dried now.

'Yes, to store it with good principles, good thoughts, and kind feelings.'

A father said to his son, who was at a Sabbath School, and had attended to what he had heard there, 'Carry this parcel to such a place. 'It it Sabbath,' replied the boy. 'Put it in your pocket,' added the father. God can see in my pocket,' answered the child.

The Ingenious Boy.

"Tell us a story, father, this evening, do.'

Mary made this request in behalf of herself and her two brothers—Henry who was twelve years old, and Andrew, who was only seven; her own age being about midway between theirs.

'Well, what shall it be, a made up story, or a true one?'

'Oh, a true one, if you please, we like those the best.'

'But if I tell you a true story, it may not be very wonderful; not near so marvelous as something I could make up; perhaps you will not think it interesting.'

'Oh, I know we shall, we always do.'

'Well then, as you have chosen a true story, I will give you one that I know was all true. I was a schoolmaster once, and twenty years ago this winter, I was teaching a large school in Michigan. As I was passing around the school-room one morning, I saw a notch that had been newly cut in the desk, just before William C——. I pointed to it and asked:

'William, do you know who did that?'

'Yes, sir, I did it,' he very frankly replied.

'Did you not know that it was against the rules of the school to whittle the desks or the seats?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Don't you think the rule a good one?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What must be done then?'

'I suppose you must punish me, sir,' he said, looking very much troubled.

Now William was about ten years old, was one of my very best scholars, a very bright and generally obedient boy. He did not own a pocket-knife, but had that morning borrowed one at home, and the temptation to try it on the new desk before him had proved too much for him. But his frankness in confessing his fault and condemning himself, added to his general good character, made me wish, if possible, to avoid punishing him. Yet how could I avoid it without appearing partial to William? The school house was a new one, and I was anxious to leave it in good order at the end of the term. I turned the matter over a moment in my mind, and then said to him:

'William, I can't bear to think of punishing you, for you are one of my best boys. But what can I do? If I let you go unpunished how can I enforce the rule? And if that rule is disregarded we shall have a sorry looking school house when spring comes.'

'I know it will be so, sir,' said he, looking more disconsolate.

'But is there no way that I can let you go and save the seats?'

'I don't think there is, sir.'

'You may lay aside yonr books and think about it for a while, and see if you cannot contrive some way, and I also will see if I cannot find one.'

I turned away and engaged in other duties for some time, and then came back to him.

'Well, William, have you thought of any plan to save the necessity of that punishment?'

'No sir, I cannot see how you can do any thing else with me.'

'Well, I have devised a plan which possi may succeed. The boys are now to take the recess; and if, while you are out with the you can induce them to pledge their word a honor that they will not whittle the seats desks if you are not punished, I can let yo go.'

William seemed very little encouraged b this proposition. He evidently doubted whet er the boys would give such a pledge. I st ed the plan in presence of them all, and then gave them their recess. As I afterwards learned, William had not courage to ask anybody for the pledge, but one of the older boys gathered them all around him and made a stump speech in William's behalf. 'Boys,' said he, 'we don't any of us want to see Will whipped, and we can prevent it by just giving our word and honor that we won't whittle the school-house. Now what do we want to whittle the school-house for? I'd rather have a good smooth desk before me than one all cut up, an so had any of you. Besides, *we* ought to ha some pride in keeping the house decent, a well as the master. In giving this pledge w only *promise* not to do what we ought not to d any way. If we don't give it, Will must be whipped, and then if we cut the desks we shal be whipped with him. For my part, I am fo giving the pledge with all my heart—who vote aye?' He then put it to vote, and every on shouted 'aye.'

William came in with the cloud gone from face, and said that the boys had all give the pledge. Others confirmed his report, so I dismissed him to his seat, and I was as glad as he at the success of the plan.

'But father,' interrupted Mary, 'did the boys keep their promise?'

'Yes, that they did, like real men of hono I did not have to speak again on the subje during the whole winter, and in the spring we could not find on the desks, besides that on notch, anything worse than pin scratches.'

'I guess,' said Henry, 'they obeyed the ru better than if you had whipped William f breaking it.'

'Yes, I have no doubt they did; but wh do you think made them?'

'I guess,' said Mary, 'it was because th thought more about the rule, and saw h good and reasonable it was.'

'And I guess,' said little Andrew, 'that loved you more when they found out that didn't want to whip them.'

'I think also,' said Henry, 'they felt gla have you trust them like men, as you did wh you asked William so get from them a ple on their honor.'

'Yes, I suppose all these things helped th to be obedient. You know that God h men to obey his law by making them see the death of his Son, how important and the law is; how much he loves men, and unwilling he is to punish them, since he g his Son to die that they might not be punis and then when they sincerely repent, he gives them, and treats them as his own dren.'

A girl belonging to the Sunday Sch at Littleworth, was heard to say in last moments, 'Oh, that blessed Sun School! it was there that I learnt to s the downward road that leads to everlast misery; it was there that I learnt to l my blessed Saviour!' How encouraging pious teachers!

When Henry Prince of Wale was ask 'why he did not swear at play, as others di He answered, 'that he knew no game wort of an oath.'

High Land Lights
ked ship & stood

Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Wareham Mass towards Philadelphia D Hoffses master

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Sunday 31st day of August 1862
1	2		S E	S S W		this day begins with light winds from
2	2					the S S W & flying clouds
3	2					
4	2					
5	2					
6	2					
7	3		S W by W	S by E		at 6 Oclock AM wind veared to
8	3					the south & East tacked ship
9	5					and stood to the S & W
10	5					
11	5					
12	5					
1	6					middle part wind light and cloudy
2	6					Lat by Obs 39.37
3	6					at 3 Ock PM made Absecum Light
4	6					Barring W by S
5						
6						
7						at 11 Ock PM made Cape May Light
8						Barring W S W tacked head to
9						S E
10						Lattar part strong gails from
11						S S W and flying scuds
12						so ends this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Monday 1st day of September 1862
1						this day begins with strong gails
2						from S S W at 1 Ock AM tacked ship
3						head to Westard
4						
5						at 3 Ock AM wind increasing with
6						sharp chop took in light sails &
7						furled them tack ship head to S
8						
9						at 8 Ock AM tacked head to West rainy
10						
11						
12						at 1 Ock PM pased in of Cape May &
1						proseeded up the delaware
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						at 7 Ock PM rain squals from W came
7						to anchor of delaware city
8						
9						
10						lattar part heavy rain squals ~~from~~
11						acompined with thunder and lightning
12						so ends this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

A renowned clergyman, not a thousand miles from this city, lately preached rather a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed, and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out, others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon, and said, "That is right, gentlemen! as fast as you are weighed pass out!" He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

A Kentucky lady having been deserted by her husband, advertises him, and appends the following painfully pretty stanzas to a description of his person:

"Oh that his bed may be made of briers,
And his path beset with thorns;
And the balance of his days
Be haunted by the Beasts with 7 heads and 10 horns.
Wedlock has been a woeful thing to me,
For marrying is not what it is cracked up to be;
I thought my pathway would be strewed with flowers and roses,
But the way old Bill has made me wretched it is a sin to Moses:
I feel like a forest tree by the north wind shaken,
Wretched, forlorn, sad, and forsaken."

"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son one morning.

"So I did this morning!" replied Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah! what was it, darling?" and the father's fingers ran through his offspring's curls.

"Why, I walloped Jack Edwards," said the young hopeful, "till he yelled like blazes! You should just hear him holler, dad!"

The father looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not apply to any act like that, and concluded mildly with—

"You should not have done that, my child."

"Then he'd a walloped me," replied the young hopeful.

"Better," said the sire, "for you to have fled from the wrath to come."

"Yes, but," replied hopeful, by way of a final clincher, "Jack can run twice as fast as I can."

The good man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen, and endeavored to compose himself.

Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where women fret no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some "*holler*" in the ground,
Where babies never yell,
And cradles are not found?
The loud wind blew the snow into my face,
And snickered as it answered, "Nary place."

Tell me, thou misty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
A place to smoke in peace,
Where crinoline is not,
And hoops are out of place?
The loud winds, sounding a *perpetual* shout,
Stopped for a while *and* spluttered, "Yeou git eout."

An honest backwoodsman, unacquainted with the slang terms of the day, recently went into a store at Columbia, South Carolina, to purchase a bill of groceries. Stepping up to the keeper of the store, he began with—

"Have you got any sugar?"

"We ain't got any thing else," was the reply.

"Well, put me up one hundred and fifty pounds, and make out your bill. I'll call and settle and get the sugar in an hour or so."

In an hour or two after this the gentleman called, paid his bill, and got the sugar. As usual, the shopkeeper said—

"Want any thing else?"

"I did want some three or four bags of coffee, some rice, spices, oil, etc., etc., but I got them at another store. You told me you didn't have any thing else!"

Come into a fortune, and then your friends will discover in you qualities of the most superlative brilliancy, the existence of which, in your moments of most intoxicated vanity, you never suspected before.

As an American citizen stepped up to the poll at our Charter election, one of the "better citizens" challenged him. "Why do you challenge my vote?" fiercely demanded the indignant American.

"An' how long have you lived in this ward?" asked Patrick.

"*A long sight longer than you have lived in this country!*"

A gentleman asked a little girl what it was that made a person feel so when another tickled him. "I suppose it is the laugh creeping over him!" was the instant reply.

As stars upon the tranquil sea,
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine;
Oh then be kind, whoe'er thou art,
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

I
of 1
tion
and
in t

the date
a dic-
scoole;
deske
ccesse,

MOTHER FAIRY.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Goo old mother Fairy,
Sitting by your fire,
Have you any little folks
You would like to hire?

I want no chubby housemaids
To milk, and churn, and spin,
No old and wrinkled Brownies
With grizzly beards, and thin;

No mystic prophets, clothed upon
With spiritual powers;
No fine folk dancing all their lives
Away in tents of flowers;

No poets, catching at the moon
And fickle as the breeze,
And making silence sick with songs,
Good mother, none of these!

But patient little people,
With hands of busy care,
And hearts as cheerful as the dawn—
Ah, have you such to spare?

Quick, quiet little creatures,
With an eye to all around,
And running lightly through the house,
As vines along the ground;

The air about you charming,
Like the hushes of a bird,
The soothing of a lullaby,
Without a single word.

I know a poor, pale body,
Who cannot sleep o'nights,
And I want the little people
To tend her chamber-lights.

And when in dreams she reaches
For pleasures dead and gone,
To hold her wasted fingers
And make the rings stay on;

To teach her that true love belongs
To love's celestial sphere,
Have you any such to spare?

Y. Evening Post.

wa
rej
and

GOING TO THE FAIR.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

Ben Fisher had finished his harvesting,
And he stood by the orchard gate,
One foot on the rail and one on the ground,
As he called to his good wife—Kate.
There were stains of toil on his manly hand,
The dust of the field on his hat,
But a twinkle of pleasure was in his eye
As he looked on his stock so fat.

"Here, give me the baby, dear Kate, you are tired,
I fear you have too much care,
You must rest and pick up a little, I think,
Before we go to the fair.
I'd hate to be taking fat oxen, you know,
Fat hogs, and fat sheep, and fat cow,
With a wife at my elbows as poor as a crow,
And care-wrinkles shading her brow.

"'Can't go,' did you say? 'Can't afford the expense?'
I know, Kate, our crops ain't the best,
But we've labored together to keep things along,
And together we'll now take a rest.
The orchard is bare, but old brindle is prime,
And Lily and Fan are a show,
Your butter and cheese can't be beat in the State,
So up to the fair we will go.'

"You've ne'er seen a city, and Cleveland is fine,
Ne'er seen the blue, billowy Lake,
Ne'er rode in a rail car, nor been in a throng,
So, Kate, this journey we'll take,
And garner new feelings, new thoughts and new ways,
If we find those that suit as we roam,
And garner up strength with our head, heart and hands,
For the love and the duties of home.

"I sometimes have thought, Kate, as I plodded along,
For months, o'er the same weary ground,
That a fellow who had such a really hard time,
In Ohio no where could be found.
But when I've been called from my home for awhile,
And seen how the rest get along,
I've come back to my toil with a light, cheerful heart,
And 'there's no place like home,' was my song.

"I wonder that mothers don't wholly despair,
Who ne'er from their cares get away,
But walk the same tread-wheel of duty for years,
Scarce stopping to rest night or day.
I don't wonder they grow discontented sometimes,
That their feelings grow rapsy and cold,
For toil never-ending, and labor *uncheered*,
Makes women—and *men*, sometimes scold."

Kate looked up with a smile, and said, "Ben, we'll go;
There may be better oxen than ours,
Horses swifter on foot, and finer by far,
Better butter and cheese, fruit and flowers,
But there's one thing I claim I know can't be beat
In the whole Yankee nation to-day,
I'd not swap him, I know, for a kingdom to boot—
That's my 'gude man;'" and Kate ran away.

Ohio Cultivat

"WE NEVER DRINK."

The anecdote related below is worthy the attention of both soldier and civilian, for the denial of indulgence to the appetites is alike a virtue in both classes:

On the stand were seven or eight soldiers from the Eighth Maine Regiment—civil, well behaved, intelligent men, as was apparent from their conversation.—While at the same house in Lincoln there came into the office a poor old blind man—stone blind—slowly feeling his way with his cane. He approached the soldiers and said in gentle tones:

"Boys, I hear you belong to the Eighth Regiment. I have a son in that Regiment."

"What is his name?"

"John——

"Oh, yes, we know him well. He was a sergeant in our company. We always liked him."

"Where is he now?"

"He is now a Lieutenant in a colored regiment, and a prisoner at Charleston."

For a moment the old man ventured not to reply; but at last slowly and sadly he said:

"I feared as much. I have not heard of him for a long time."

They did not wait for another word, but these soldiers took from their wallets a sum of money amounting to twenty dollars, and offered it to the old man saying:

"If our whole company was here we could give you a hundred dollars."

The old man replied:

"Boys, you must put it in my wallet for me, for I am blind."

But mark what followed. Another individual in the room, who had looked on the scene, as I had, with feelings of pride in our citizen soldiers, immediately advanced and said:

"Boys, this is a handsome thing, and I want you to drink with me. I stand treat for the company."

I waited with interest for the reply. It came:

"No, sir, we thank you kindly; we appreciate your offer—*but we never drink!*"

The scene was perfect—the first act was noble, was generous; the last was grand.

Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.

THE PANTHER'S DEN.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"Take good care of my boy," said the fond mother, as she saw her only son stepping into a canoe with an old hunter, to take his first lesson in woodcraft.

"Never fear for the boy. Burt Hammond haint the one ter lead him into danger," was the cheery response. "I'll bring him back safe and sound, ef I die for it."

"No, don't fear, mother," also answered Harry Curtiss. "I'll be very careful," and he waved the slender paddle around his head in token of farewell as the light bark shot into the little lake upon which the log cabin of the settler had been built.

Everything was new and wonderful to the boy just verging into his eighteenth year. But a few months previously his parents had moved from an Eastern city into the almost unbounded wilderness. For miles around the inhabitants were sparse indeed, and with the exception of the old hunter, whose home had been for years on the banks of the beautiful lake, they rarely had seen visitors. Very much, however, had the homely but practicable knowledge of Burt Hammond benefitted them, and at once he and the boy became fast friends. Occupied in the requirements of their new home no previous opportunity could be found for the long talked of hunt, and now fairly afloat upon the almost rippleless lake, the heart of the boy beat with happiness such as he had never known in city life.

"Thar!" said the hunter, as he rested on his oars for a moment- "Thar!" ye never saw anything to beat that before in all yer born days," and he pointed to the shores that framed the glassy waters with gold vermillion foliage.

"That is true. You know I have always lived among brick walls. No, I never saw such glorious autumn coloring before."

"Wal, I have, often, and yet it is beautiful ter me. Thar war a painter feller here some years ago that tried ter copy it. He did pooty well tu, but arter all it wasn't er primin ter Natur. I'll tell you what, boy, thar haint no painter like God."

Coming from such a source the reverent words fell upon both ears and heart of Henry Curtiss with far more force than if they had been uttered by educated lips amid other surroundings, and for a time they floated on in silence. Suddenly, however, the stillness was broken by a sharp cry and a low, plaintive howl, and Hammond dropped the paddle, seized his rifle, and prepared it for immediate use.

"What is it, Burt!" asked Harry, almost under his breath.

"Er painter, boy?"

"A painter? I see no one."

"Nor I nuther, but that is one er prowlin' round, jest as sure as shootin'."

"But why should you be afraid of a painter? Surely no man would harm us."

"Man? It haint er man I'm talkin' about."

"Not a man? You said it was a painter."

"So it am, boy—so it am, but er painter is er beast."

"I don't understand."

"Wal, cum ter think, I reckon yeur folks call it er panther, but all on us hunters call it er painter."

"A panther, Burt?"

"Yes, and we'll have ter look sharp ter night. I haint heard one of ther critters eround fer er long time, and he ain't arter no good, I kin tell yer."

"We cannot be in danger here."

"No, not on ther water, but I'll miss my guess ef we don't hear the gentleman ergin when we camp. Ther'e prowlin' varmints, these ar painters—spry as er cat and smart as er steel trap. But we'll e'en go ther other side of ther lake, and so give him er a long run ef he's bent on follerin' us. I've had mor'n one scrimmage with 'em in my time, and don't fancy it overly well."

For a time their thoughts naturally turned to the panther and his habits, but soon the vast number of water-fowl attracted their attention, and evening found them many miles from home with their canoe well laden.

"Where shall we camp, Burt?" asked Harry. "It looks as if it might storm, and——"

"An old hunter like allers calkerlates whar he is er goin' ter sleep. Thar is er little cabin hereabouts that I built myself, and many's ther night it has gin me a shelter."

And he turned the canoe into a little cove.

"I see no cabin, Burt."

"Nor I, yet." And he shoved the bark through a thicket of willows and alders into a brook, and then, with a silent laugh, pointed out the promised shelter. "It's allers best, Harry, ter keep yer home kinder hid, fer thar may be eyes lookin at yer that it war better to keep blind. It haint so much matter now as it war in Injin time, but still it ar allers a good plan to be private."

"But there are no Indians round now?"

"No, nor er settler within twenty miles, that is on this side ther lake. But git some dry wood and build er fire in ther old hut, while I'm fixin' ther canoe and dressin' some of ther ducks. I reckon you must be hungry by this time."

"Indeed I am."

Soon the glowing fire lighted up the little cabin, and the two hunters were busy in the mysteries of their woodland *cuisine*. Soon, too, the meal was concluded, for hunger waits not for ceremony, or dainty sauces to tempt the appetite.

"Now, Burt," said Harry, "we

"If we cannot hunt, then, tell me
the fight with the panther, as you pro
me you would this morning."
"Another promise? Wal, it's many y
ergo since I first settled on this ar lake.
country war very wild then, and ther In
and beasts plenty. It war erbout as m
as yer scalp was worth to be out arter n
and——"
"My heavens! what is that?" interru
the boy, in a quick, startled voice.
"Ther painter! Shut the door qu
Thank goodness we haint campin' in
open woods."
The door was closed, and for a long
they listened without speaking. Wit
the trees rattled and the wind so
through their branches. Ever and an
plaintive, almost human cry of the p
was heard. That cry, so like the wai
a child that many an ear has been de
And so it was with Harry.
"But this is not the voice of a beast
young girl," he whispered, placing
to the crack under the door."
"You haint the first one that's bin
by it," was the answer.
"I cannot be deceived. Listen?"
"Thar ar no use in listening for—fer
heavens! what is that?"
"Ther painter's cubs!" exclaimed th
hunter, starting back in astonishment as
fiery eye-balls flashed upon him. "
beast has made er den of my old shanty
I war here before, and her cries have a
ened her cubs. Look to your rifle, my
"What are we to do, Burt?"
"Don't know what is best," replied
mond, but more as if talking to himself
to another. "We can't run, and we
got ter fight. Ef we could only ge
imps out of doors, then——"
"There's something scratching on th
Burt!" exclaimed Harry.
"Ther she painter's tryin' to get in."
"And there is a hole there."
"Keep behind me, boy, and God
mercy on us."
The hunter raised his rifle, and fir
huge head that was peering through t
ening above.
The uncertain light of the fire, the s

movement of the beast, or it might hav
the anxiety of the moment, disconcert
aim, for the bullet failed to reach the
mark, and buried itself in the huge raf
'Aim sure, and fire, boy,' comman
old hunter as he hastened to re-load
Without a single word ot questi
Harry complied, and the loud report
gun was answered by a deep and
growl. As well, however, might he
thrown acorns at the infuriated beast
have aimed his gun loaded with small
against it, and instantly Hammond sa
mistake.
"Creep to ther door as softly as ye
he whispered, "and be ready ter run
canoe."
"And leave you alone?—Never!" a
ed the brave boy.
"Thar's got ter be a hand-ter-han
and you'd only be in the way. Be
promised ter save yer life, and I wi
inter the canoe and push out inter the
"But I cannot leave you alone in d
"Don't talk ter me, but go."
"Although still determined not to
the old hunter alone, Harry Curtiss
the door and looked cautiously out
quicker than the opening was the sh
and returning to the side of Hammon
boy whispered in a trembling voice:
"There is another panther watchi
the outside."
"Here," was the only answer,
handful of these ar bullets and put
gun. Wait until arter I have fired, a
aim for yer life."
Simultaneously, almost, the report
weapons rang within the little cabin
boy had fired too quick. The bullet
old hunter alone had told, and the
beast, severely, though not mortally
ed, sprang from the opening above u
floor beneath, amid her snarling,
cubs. One instant only, she paused
that they were safe, and then crouche
spring upon her enemies. Pushing
behind him, the old hunter stood imm
as granite. If his life must be lost, it
be dearly bought. With his knife
teeth and his rifle clubbed, he intently
ed every movement, and then as qu
lightning, the savage beast sprang up
with flashing eyes, open jaws and vi
tail. But the wary hunter was not to
ceived. He had watched both the
and the length of the leap, and the
banded butt of his weapon fell with t
dous power, and the panther measu
length, quivering upon the floor, ag
again the blows of the hunter fell h
heavily, and his long knife was burie
heart.
"Now for ther cubs, boy," he shou
most out of breath, as he sprang up f
work of death, "Now for—great Go
Even while he had been busy with t
the more than half-grown cubs had
from their lair upon Harry, and he w
ly striving to defend himself. One
have mastered, but two it was bey
power to cope with, and was fast bein
ged down when the old hunter came
rescue. In a moment more he wa
safe from immediate danger; but b
means the door had flown open,
stood the panther's mate, the very
tion of savage fury.

Journal from Port Richmond Pa towards East Boston Mass

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Monday 8th day of Sept 1862
1	4		NbyE	S W		this day begins with light winds
2	4					
3	4					from S W & hazy
4	4					
5	4					
6	4					at 4 AM thick fog
7	4					
8	4					
9	4					
10	4					
11	4					
12	4					
1	5					Middle part wind breezing up
2	5					fog Cleard away
3	6					
4	6					
5	6					
6	7					
7	7					
8	7					
9	8					Lattar part strong Breezes &
10	8					hazy
11	8					pumps well attended to
12	8					so ends this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Tuesday 9th day of September 1862
1	8		NbyE½E	W S W		this day begins with strong winds
2	8					
3	7					from W S W hazy
4	7					at 3 Ock AM pased Montank
5	3					at 4 Ock wind light
6	3					
7	2					
8	2					
9	2					
10	2					
11	2					
12	2					middle part calm
1						
2						
3						
4						
5	3					at 4 Ock PM light Breezes from S W
6	3					
7	2					
8						
9						Lattar part Calm
10						
11						
12						pumps attended to regular
						so ends this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Port Richmond Pa towards Boston Mass 25

Written for the Waverley Magazine.

TO MATTIE.

I THINK of thee when morn's first light
Breaks o'er the earth and sea;
When sunset crimson dies at night,
My thoughts are all for thee.

By thoughts are thine 'mid toil and strife,
And all life's pleasures free
Are thine, forever thine, my heart
Beats only love for thee.

My thoughts are thine from morn till night,
Wherever I may be!
And should I never see thee more,
I'll always think of thee.

Now if this love prove mutual love,
It would be wrong to sever;
For love like mine, both true and kind.
Can never, perish—never! A. A. KNAPP.

Original.

PRIDE AND PASSION.

BY WALTER MEDWAY.

THE door bell rang violently—so violently as to cause Mr. Nelson, who was in the dining-room eating lunch, to drop his knife and fork; Betty, the cook, who was in the kitchen dissecting a pair of chickens, *to start in amazement; Harry Jordan, a young "sport," to drop the pistol* he was loading; Augustus Rivers, an "exquisite,' to let fall the cravat he was about to tie; Charles Lewis, a young gentleman with a literary turn of mind, to say a very naughty word, which we will not repeat, *and* throw his pen upon the floor in a rage; and *Sammy*, the black waiter, to run and open the *door* as soon as possible. While Mr. Nelson was *recovering* his knife and fork—Betty returning to her work—Henry Jordan picking up his pistol—Augustus Rivers proceeding to tie his cravat—Charles Lewis walking to the floor of his room Sammy holding the door open, Sarah (or, as her father called her, Sally Nelson,) rushed into the house, *burst* open *the parlor door, threw* her bonnet *and shawl upon the table*, and, *seating* herself upon a *sofa*, commenced stamping her little foot upon the floor most vehemently.

The persons just named were all occupants, (with the exception of two guests,) of a "private boarding house." Mr. Nelson was a middle-aged man—perhaps a little past the prime of life—a widower, with one child, who took the world very easy—neither meddling in stocks or politics, or indeed anything else; a man who never got excited, hated no man, and loved only his daughter.

Harry Jordan was a young man *of fine personal* appearance; but his sole *delight and only topic of* conversation was *dog-fights*, shooting-matches, and *horse-races; for* Harry was one of the more *gentle* class of "sports," and never indulged "fistics." Mr. River's sole care seemed to be to dress in the extreme of fashion, and so mince his words as to make himself entirely unintelligible to all but the "upper crust." And Charles Lewis, a young gentleman of talent and education, was a poet, struggling to gain for himself a name, in the face of poverty, and all the dissapointment and discouragements it entails upon its unhappy possessor.

"TWINS! by the powers!" said the horror-struck Irishman, as the nurse brought him a pair of brats. "An' sure it's the blissed whiskey makes us see double."

MARRIAGE is the mother of the world, and preserves its kingdoms, fills its cities and its churches, and heaven itself. and is that state of good things which God hath designed as the present constitution of the world.

REMEMBER, ye who ridicule a young man for his parsimony, that by and by he can be generous when you have nothing to give.

ung lady of seventeen,
d petted by a fond but
etely spoiled. She had
was admirable—many
commend her; but her
had not been bridled in
d strength by reason of
; and now in a measure
iew, those good and no-
herwise made her com-
d what is called a good
aritable; she could feel
and relieve the sick and
poor. She felt keenly
thers; entered into their
feel their pains; but she
s she *said*, to be appre-
usely thanked *for all her*
d those whom she re-
or deed, must seem fully
edge her condescension.—

These faults were not of nature, but of education. She had been deprived in early life of a mother's care and training, and had since known no home but such as is to be found in hotels and boarding-houses. Her father knew not how to check the *career, and nurse* the *finer feelings of her nature; nor did he do the best he knew*, but let love step in between him and duty. Flattery had been her food since her earliest infancy; she had grown *fat* upon it; it had become, as it were, a part of her very self—its presence necessary to her existence. So long as this was supplied, her will not crossed, all went well enough; *but if it was* withdrawn, or a straw cast *in her way*, then came storms *of passion* unpleasant to hehold. *Such natures* as *hers*, where good and evil stand point to point, are hardest to be pleasant. Do we see them in trouble, we dare not offer assistance, lest it should be disdainfully refused, and our good intent doubted; and we are afraid to withhold it lest we should give offence.

That Miss Nelson was in a passion, was very evident to the waiter when he opened the door; as *also to her father*, when he entered the parlor, and found her bonnet and shawl thrown carelessly aside, and she in tears upon the sofa.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?" inquired her father.

"Oh! sir, if you were a man, and had only been there."

"If I had been where, dear?"

"If you cared one fathing for your daughter's feelings ——"

"I am sure I do care *for* ——"

"*For her honor—her virtue—her* ——"

"Come, come, Sally, this is carrying it rather too far. I am your father, and ——"

"Don't call me Sally, sir. If I only had a brother—some one to avenge ——"

"What in the world is the matter with you? Talk lower, and more connectedly. You will have the *whole* house aroused in a very few moments. I never saw such outrageous conduct in my life," said Mr. Nelson, closing the door he had left partially open. Then, seating himself on the sofa by her side, continued, "Now tell me calmly what has happened; if you have been insulted, whoever offered it shall be held responsible."

Sarah's passion had now spent its fury, and was subsiding; it left her weak, and she could only sob, rest her head against her parent's shoulder, and say,

"Father?"

"Well, dear?" answered the kind old man, drawing her close to him.

"Father," she sobbed again, and then burst into tears—tears different from those she had been shedding—tears of shame—tears of sorrow for the wicked passion she had just exhibited—for the unkind words she had just spoken. In silence he led her to her room—a new light had broken in upon them both. The father saw that he had well nigh ruined his daughter; the daughter that, by unbridling her temper, she was treading a path so thickly set by thorns, that to longer continue in it was to tear her own flesh and wound others, to whom she was bound by strong and holy ties.—The father rosolved to reason with his child—the daughter to acknowledge her error, seek forgiveness, and, by my good conduct, to retrieve the past.

Said Edward Ardent so Miss Nelson, when he met her and her father in the hall, returning from dinner,

"I hope if my conduct to-day was deemed an intrusion, the fault will be overlooked and forgiven; I did not mean to offend."

A frown darkened Sally's brow, and she was about to make a sharp answer; but, remembering her morning's resolve, a smile replaced the frown—the sarcastic words were at once forgotten, and an acknowledgement that she alone was wrong, followed.

"It is you that must forgive," she said;" I hope we shall be friends."

"If we are not, the fault shall not be mine," he answered, and each passed on.

"So it was with Mr. Ardent you had a falling out this morning, eh?" queried Mr. Nelson, when he and his daughter were alone in their parlor.

"Yes, pa, I was very foolish."

"Well, he is the last man I should have guessed; he is a great favorite among the ladies; his only drawback is, he will tell them of their faults.—Come, dear, what did he do that displeased you so much this morning?"

"I am almost ashamed to tell you."

"You had better tell me; if you don't I shall seek an explanation from him. I must know what happened."

Mr. Nelson spoke differently from what he had ever done before—in a firm, calm tone of voice, and with a look of determination; the words were not unusual, but the manner—so much so, that *Sarah was surprised, so that she only half interrogatively ejaculated,*

"Father!"

"Sarah, as your father I have not done my duty; I have loved you with my whole heart and soul; I have built up my hopes upon you; I have worked long and hard to acquire for you a competency. I have been successful; I have amassed a fortune which you shall inherit; you return me my love, and so far I am happy. But love for a father is not a daughter's only duty. To love and cherish her, and to lay at her feet so much of this world's goods as he can honestly acquire, is not his only privilege. You have faults, glowing faults, which I have looked upon in silence; sometimes laughed at, thinking that, as you grow older, you would check and finally rid yourself of them entirely; but which have grown with your growth, acquired strength with your strength, and which, unless checked at once, will prove a fruitless source of unhappiness to us both. In not *checking* these errors in your earlier life, lies my *fault*; in not curbing them now, when you see their enormity, yours. I can only acknowledge and repent of mine; you may retrieve yours." He paused for a few minutes. Sarah did not answer, so he continued. "About three months ago, when your friend was sick, you went down town every morning to see her. Each day you went at about the same time, and each time you went you happened to meet the same young man in the omnibus. After *you had rode with him every day for a fortnight, always alighting at the same place*, he commenced to extend to you such little acts of civility as any gentleman may, with the greatest propriety, offer a lady. He passed up your change; checked the driver at the corner where you stopped; opened or closed windows for you, and did such other things as would be condusive to your comfort; yet he never presumed to speak to you, or, by word or smile, to recognize you, if you chanced to meet on promenade. One morning a shower came suddenly up; you were without an umbrella; he saw your dilemma, and requested the driver to get as close to the walk as possible. You were in a pet about something that had, or had not been done, and refused to get out, preferring to ride two blocks below. You wounded his feelings to gratify an angry passion. That very *evening you* went *to the* theatre *with Mr. Ardent*; you was late, and your seat *forfeited* and in use. It so happened that *he* was there, and occupied a seat, the only one in the vicinity not occupied by ladies. Ardent was acquainted with him, and asked it for you; he would have given it up; but, recognizing you, he refused, saying that you had rejected his civilities in the morning, and that he would not offer them again. It was a merited and just rebuke."

"But, father, I was in a passion that morning."

"I know you was—that's where all the trouble lies; when you are in a passion nothing pleases you; had he not stopped the coach you would have called him a boar; as he did stop it, you called him an impudent puppy. But his is not the only case. How did you serve Harry Jordan, Mr. Rivers, and ——"

"Don't speak of them, father, if you would teach me a lesson; my conscience does not smite me for the rough usage they received at my hands. Harry Jordan took me to the opera once, and consumed the time between the acts with an account of the life, battles and death of his dog 'Butcher.' I'm sure you can't blame me for not accepting his second invitation; and, when I went to the concert with Rivers, I believe the only words he uttered during the whole evening was to ask me how his new coat set, and if I did not admire his tie. Of course I could not accept such a beau as that."

"But these complaints won't hold good as to Mr. Lewis."

"Don't, please don't mention Mr. Lewis, father. I loved him truly, sincerely; but can never look him in the face again, after what I have said and done."

"Loved him—of course you loved him, else why did you bend so tenderly over his sick couch?—Why watch so carressingly beside him? Why was you his companion during his convalescence? Why was it you rode beside him in his weakness, or, as he gained strength, was the companion of his walks, if you did not love him? Your whole soul was bound up in him, and his in you. You fanned the flickering blaze into a generous flame, which burned but to repay you; and then, when he lay at your feet, you spurned him—first in pride, then in anger. You told him he was poor. Did you know that your possessions were not gained by merit of your own? The objections you offered you felt were not his faults. You loved him—love him still; the unpropitious moment that he chose alone dismissed him."

"True, father, true; and now I would fain call him back, but dare not."

"Then Edward Ardent, Charles' friend, I know not what he did to put you in the passion of this morning; but I am sure it must have been a very little thing that you forgave it so quickly. These faults, my child, must be corrected, or they will bring you a life of misery; you must learn to curb your temper, or on your own head will fall its greatest weight. The power to do so lies within yourself; you have before been ashamed of your actions, and I have thought you would make an effort to improve; but you have not; each day it increases in strength."

"Father, forgive me; I own the faults you have pointed out, and will amend them."

"I hope so, Sarah. This conversation to me has been a painful one; here let it end forever; unless you force me I shall never seek to renew it. Seven o'clock! I had no idea it was so late. Good evening, love; I shall have to leave you now."

Impressing a kiss upon her brow, the father left his daughter alone, with the thoughts that came crowding thick upon her.

Scarce five minutes had passed before a knock at the door aroused Sarah from the reverie into which she had fallen. Mechanically she arose and opened it, admitting Edward Ardent; in a moment he saw that they were alone; and, thinking that she would not be disposed to entertain one with whom she had been so much displeased in the morning, he offered an apology for his intrusion, saying that he had called to see her father on business; and would at once have withdrawn, but she would not permit him to go.

"Stay, Mr. Ardent," said she; "it is fit I should make some explanations. This morning, when we met, I was very much out of humor, and treated you very unkindly. I am a *foolish* girl, and have no control over my temper. Some article of dress that was to have been finished this morning, was not ready for me. I was disappointed and angry; besides, the subject of your remarks were distasteful to me."

"Had I known, Miss Nelson, what I have since learned, I should not have broached it; but, at that time, I thought you and Charlie were upon the best of terms, and that you must feel it a pleasure in learning the entire success of your plans to advance his interest."

"Then you were successful?"

"Yes."

"Oh! do not answer me thus; tell me what you have done. I am as anxious now to hear as I was impatient at being told this morning."

"Know, then, that I have secured for him, with the means you placed at my disposal, his long coveted position. He received his appointment a few moments since by mail; but even that did not raise his desponding spirits. I questioned him closely, and finally heard the story of his proposal for your hand, and rejection. I must own I was very much surprised; for, to speak plainly, as you know I always do, I am sure you love, or you would not have taken so much interest in him."

"I do love him, Edward, ardently, sincerely."

"You are a curious creature, Sarah. A few weeks ago your whole soul was bound up in Charles Lewis; you did not say so, but you acted it; you did everything in your power to advance his interests—even sought the aid of others to the same end. Your purposes were accomplished; but, when your messenger comes to tell you of it, you peremptorily dismiss him. In a few hours more you call him back; say that you did him wrong, and offer the plea, in partial extenuation, that the subject of his message was distasteful to you; he puts in a counter plea that, had he known such was the case, he would not have delivered it, and would there let the matter drop; but you insist upon his repeating what had before given so much offence; he does repeat it; while you, by looks and gestures, manifest both interest and pleasure, and finally conclude by acknowledging that you love its subject Now what does all this mean?—Charles says you refused him because he was poor; that you told him he must look for a wife among those of his own class; that you would be no fit wife for a poor man; harsh words to speak to those we love.'

"I did not mean them, Edward; believe me, I did not mean them."

"Then why did you use them? It certainly was not in jest; it was, I fear, in anger; he feels that they were said in pride; they have wounded him deeply. And you know how he loved you—the worth of the jewel he offered you—you would not willingly have broken, as I fear you have done, the chain which would have bound you together for life."

"I have been too proud; I am so no more; I will call him back, acknowledge my error, and ask to be taken again to his heart. Will you tell him I should like to see him?"

"To be sure I will."

"Yes, yes, this is my only course; unless I do so, we shall both be very unhappy," said Sarah, when she was alone, "for I know that he loves me; how much I love him I cannot tell."

"Here he is," said Edward, as he entered with his friend.

"You wish to see me, Miss Nelson," said Charles.

While Charles was speaking, Edward had slipped, unobserved, out of the room, leaving the two alone.

"Yes, I sent for you to acknowledge my error, and ask your forgivenss. I spoke harshly to you yesterday; can you forget it, and forgive me?"

"I can forgive anything, Miss Nelson, but it is not in my power to forget. I would that it were;
I should not long remember the sweet hour
alloyed pleasure we have spent together,
bitter one we passed through yesterday. I
at once blot them from my memory; you a
given."

"No more, Charles? Do you only forgive

"I can do no more."

"Yes, you can do much more; you ca
me the confidence I once possessed—the lo
was once my own; you can smile upon me a
used to do."

"I am yet *poor*, Miss Nelson."

"But, Charles, I love you."

"You said differently when last we met."

"Do not speak and look so coldly. I wr
myself and you. I did—do love you—yo
love me."

"True, Miss Nelson, I did love you; I
you with my whole heart and soul. I will
plainly with you. I have not yet entirel
quered that passion, but I will conquer it
battling. My friend has told you of my suc
obtaining the appointment I have so long so
perhaps you think its honor an offset against
wealth. *I* don't consider your wealth a fittin
set to its honor. Yesterday you rejected m
now reject you; you see we are even."

A faint sigh escaped the lips of Sarah, an
sank fainting upon the floor; the noise of he
brought Ardent, who was just outside the
into the room.

"What have you done?" asked he of Ch
as he lifted the senseless girl and placed he
the sofa.

'Nothing; rejected her suit, that's all,"
swered the other, maintaining his composure
an effort.

Edward chafed her hands and bathed her
ples till consciousness returned.

"Is he gone?" she asked, when first she felt
self strong enough to speak.

"No, Sarah, he is yet here."

"Then plead for me, Mr. Ardent. Tell
what I have done—what I will do—all—all."

"Charles, look upon her; you can now see
much she loves you—how penitent she is for
she has done; look upon her, and then say
can forgive her. All you are you owe to he
Money furnished by her bought off applic
ahead of you, and thus secured the position
which you are so proud; I acted only as
agent."

"Then do I resign it; I cannot, will not ele
myself at her expense. In a wilfull moment
wounded me. I do not desire to wound her in
turn; but I will not again place myself wit
reach of her sword—good bye."

Edward rang for help, saw Miss Nelson pro
cared for, and then went in search of her frien
reason with him; but he found him not
Charles Lewis had left the place.

A few days sufficed to retouch Sarah's c
with the tint of health—to recover her spirits,
to make her apparently as lively as ever; but
gaiety was all assumed; at her heart was gnaw
a worm that is ever feeding, but never fed.
was striving to forget one she supposed had for
ten her.

....

Just three years had passed. Sarah Nelson
sitting with her head resting upon her hand, w
tears were streaming down her cheeks. It seem
a curious place to weep—in the midst of thoug
less throngs of giddy pleasure-seekers—the
liant dance music of the band, which came float
through the air, and seemed sweeter in this lon
chamber than when nearer by—the merry laug
some pleasant sally of wit—the rustling of dres
and the confused murmur of pleasant voices
seemed at variance with sadness; yet she we
wept bitterly. She heard not the music, no
ringing laugh; and yet the footsteps of those
entered the room where she was sitting. Stret
out before her mind's eye was the map of the p
and its study was bitter to her.

"This room seems deserted; we will stop h
awhile," said Edward Ardent to his companion,
whom we should scarcely recognize Charles Lew
though he it was; since we saw him last he
grown a moustache and whiskers; he looked o
too, and altogether much changed.

"We must stop nowhere, if what you tell m
true; I cannot see her," said Charles in answer.

"Mr. Ardent," some one called from the door.

"That's me," said Edward, turning quick
around.

"There is a gentleman in the hall who says
must see you without delay."

"Say that I am coming. I'll be back in a m
ment, Charlie. Sit down till I come."

As Charles took a chair, he, for the first tim
saw that there was another person in the room.

"I beg pardon," said he; "I did not mean to i
trude."

At the sound of his voice Sarah could no long
contain herself, but sobbed aloud; she tried to s
that be had not intruded, but could not. She ro
to leave the room, hoping to escape recognitio
but her strength failed her, and she would ha
fallen had he not caught her. Her head was re
ing upon his shoulder—her heart beat fast again
his own; his arm encircled her waist, as it had
days long since past; unconsciously he drew h
closer to him. He knew that she loved him;
felt his old love revive within him; his pride fo
sook him, and he pressed his lips to her forehea
and whispered in her ear,

"Sarah! dear Sarah!"

Just then Edward appeared at the entrance; in
moment he saw the position of things, and co
cluded that his presence would add nothing
their enjoyment. Explanations followed; each ha
seen their fault. Each repented. Then old lo
was repledged, and in a few months they were ma
ried, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Nelson, E
ward and of others interested.

Edward had much difficulty in persuading hi
friend that he did not purposely lead him into th
room where Sarah was, and then wilfully left the
alone; perhaps he never convinced him; but, b
that as it may, as the stratagem did not lead t
evil consequences, it was forgiven, and all we
friends.

When we have removed our pride, and smoothe
down the rough knots of our temper, we hav
paved the way for a happy journey through lif
but, while they remain, our road will be a rou
one, and surrounded by dangers.

"Sam," said one little urchin to another, "does your schoolmaster ever give you a reward of merit?" "I'spose he does," was the rejoinder, "he gives me a licking every day, and says I merit two."

pumps well attended to so ends this day

Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Port Richm

Capt David Ho

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEE
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					
9					
10					
11					
12					
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					
9					
10					
11					
12					

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	L

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEW
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					
9					
10					
11					
12					
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					
9					
10					
11					
12					

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	L

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

GULL'S BLUFF.

Captain Switzel found the hero of this story on a wreck which he met floating over the Atlantic, in company with a howling dog, and a few fowls, still alive and imprisoned in a basket-like coop, which had become immovably jammed in the gangway as it was on the point of rolling overboard.

"It is a Danish brig," said Captain Switzel when he boarded the hulk. "Where do you hail from, youngster?"

For answer our hero, a boy, seized the dog by the neck and turned a somersault with him into the Captain's boat.

"He can't talk any thing but lingo," said one of the oarsmen, making room for him, "and he's most a-perished; his lips are cracked open and black as whale skin."

Captain Switzel hastily investigated the hold which contained grain, and then ordered his men to pull back to his vessel.

"I have only caught a Tartar for my pains," he remarked, giving the boy a sideway look.

"A human being, Cap'n, is a human being said the oarsman who had just spoken.

"He's a foreigner," was the reply. "Foreigners that I've come across in all the ports I ever sailed into have proved rascals."

"Blast such rheterick as this ere!" muttered a red-shirted young fellow near the boy. "The Cap'n is an old bacheldor, and has no more feelin' than an ostrich's egg, and don't know human natur either."

The boy looked about him, aware that he was an object of interest to the rough men who had risen from the rough sea for his salvation, but said nothing till the boat ground against the hull of Capt. Switzel's Indiaman. Somebody gave him a rude hoist, which landed him on the deck; then he looked down into the boat and called, in a faint, hoarse voice, "Dag!"

The dog was tossed up; but before the boat was hoisted the boy had fallen in a heap, face, hands, and feet together, as if the motives which had hitherto kept them separate and individual members had vanished. Captain Switzel *picked him up as if he had been* a bunch of oakum, and carried him below. In a few days he reappeared on deck, a handsome, yellow-haired Scandinavian, dressed in a suit from the slop chest, with a man's dirk in his leather belt. Having made the impression upon the crew that his name was "Lorson," he wisely gave up the attempt of talking in his own language, except to his dog, and applied himself to the study of Captain Switzel's English, which was not as pure as it would have been if it had not been mixed with an idiom derived from a Dutch grandfather; for, in spite of the Captain's contempt for foreigners, this remote relative was born in Amsterdam, though he had recently been buried as an American veteran of the War of 1812.

Captain Switzel was outward-bound when he rescued Lorson from the jaws of the sea; upon this fact, perhaps, depended the consequences of the lives of both. The Captain staying too long on the shores of Sumatra, weighing pepper and cheating the natives, caught the coast fever, and sailed away with it seething in his blood, together with a splendid cargo. A terrible calm befell the ship before his fever reached its height. As the crew said, the water rotted—the horror of *creation* was visible in its viscid depths. All that the crew saw—the breeding, formless, floating monsters—the Captain felt in his brains, and at last reason fled. The mate had dosed him from the crude medicine chest and bled him in vain; nothing remained to be done, the mate concluded, but to lash the patient into his berth and leave him. Lorson cut the lashings and pledged his word to the mate that the sick man should do no mischief *above or below. By* a serene, active care, a patient, acute watchfulness, *the Captain* was brought back to the confines of reason and convalescence.

The day he reassumed the command the Captain christened the boy to whom he owed his life, as his adopted son, by breaking a bottle of wine over his head, and declaring that his name was Lorson Switzel. The young sailor mentioned before, who was of a romantic turn, affirmed *that this time the* Cap'n's "rheterick" was all right, and congratulated Lorson upon having a father fall to him with plenty of rocks.

When the ship arrived in Selhaven, its destination and the Captain's home, he made arrangements immediately with the preceptor of the Selhaven Academy, by which Lorson entered into his family as a boarder, and into the Academy as a pupil. With injunctions on the part of the Captain, and tears on the part of Lorson, they separated, one to go to Calcutta, and the other to go through the gates of knowledge which stood uninvitingly open.

In eighteen months the Captain returned to find his adopted son as tall as himself, more bashful and not very learned. For the first time in the long period of the Captain's seafaring life—for he was now thirty-five—he felt tempted to remain at home. He yielded to that temptation and another; for during the year he remained at home he fell in love with and married a girl sixteen years of age, whose occupation was that of a dress-maker, and whose position that of an orphan. She was making a dress for the preceptor's wife when he first saw her, as he happened to call at the house for the purpose of chatting with Lorson. He observed her closely from behind his cigar, and asked Lorson where she came from and who were her relatives.

"Oh, Mary Hoyle!" Lorson *replied, carelessly; "she came from nowhere, as I did.* She was in the school last summer, *paid her* board and tuition by sewing *all night for old* Mrs. Brock and several others; *but she is a* bad scholar for all that."

"Pooh!" replied the Captain, what difference does that make? She is handsome. I am glad she has no friends."

"Lorson smiled, smoothed his peachy cheek, without comprehending his friend's intention, till he felt a nip on the said cheek, and heard the sharp whisper,

"Shall you be jealous?"

"She is just my age," Lorson answered.

The Captain reddened, and said hastily, "You will not be obliged to call her mother."

They both laughed then, and as soon as Lorson found an opportunity he told Mary that she had made a conquest of the Captain, who was not an old man, after all! Mary blushed at the news, looked proudly at Lorson, and resumed her sewing. She allowed the Captain, however, at his first approach, to perceive that her inclination was favorable toward *him. They were married without* any courtship, and *the honey-moon was a* brief one, for the bridegroom was under sailing orders at the time of his proposal. Lorson accompained him on the voyage, for it was time for him to commence the profession intended for him by his patron. The voyage was not a happy one to Captain Switzel; *the* sea had lost its charm. He vowed to Lorson *that*, once on dry land, he would never lose *sight of it again*; he would select some business within reach of a post-office at least, and Lorson, *who was in no danger of being* "spliced" *for years to come, should take his* place in the ship as soon as the owners would consent. At home he found Mary as much disgusted with her life in Selhaven as he was with his at sea. Whether she had pined for him, or whether she missed the enjoyment of her labors and her struggles with her small gains as dress-maker, or was disappointed at not being admitted as an equal into the mari*time aristocracy* of the old town which had *a feudal tenure on the sea*, from having devoted a long ancestry *to all sorts of crusades* upon its domain between pole *and pole, she* did not confess to her husband; but she entered into his scheme of changing their manner of living with alacrity. He cast about for a new enjoyment, and a new spot to reside in, and found them at hand. The ge*ography of the country* and its resources were rendered by fortune favorable to his aspirations. To the west, outside of Selhaven Bay, stretched a range of islands. He bought the outermost one of the range, a mile or so in extent, upon which salt-works had been established for years. Where *the island was* the widest, and the ground *flat, a* house stood, which was occupied by the owner of the salt-works, who was glad to exchage his property for the Captain's in Selhaven. To watch the vats, export the salt therefrom in the schooner which he added to his purchase for this purpose, and live in peace and quietness with Mary, was Captain Switzel's *intention* and desire. The sea winds, though they might not rock his habitation, would still give him their familiar roar, and the endless procession of waves would pass before his vision, in their endeavor to compass the horizon, as uninterruptedly as when he rode with them in his ship. Vague pictures of freedom, chickens, plain dresses, odd hours for eating and sleeping and a sense of *constant protection* flitted in and out of Mary's mind; and so both were in a state of satisfaction. On the day of Lorson's departure in the *Orizambo*, as second mate, they took possession of the island. From the bluff which faced the ocean they watched his sails vanishing with *sunset below the horizon.* "The deep moaned round with many voices" as it darkened in the rising breeze. The captain sighed with the feeling which some inexorable association gave him, when he turned toward Mary, and took her hand to walk homeward. With a touch of homesickness she sought the room at the back of the house nearest the Selhaven shore, and *looked from* the window toward it. Its line of deep woods, which hid the town, rose firmly in the pale eastern sky—self-supporting, yet companionable; a strip of sea, more than a mile in width, rippled softly between them and the white beach but a few rods from where she stood. A bed of sedge spread above it as far as the rail fence which divided soil and sand. Her eyes traveled slowly from the woods across the water, the beach, sand, and sedge, and rested within the fence. The grass was lush and verdant, she saw; whether she could not have a garden, was the thought which impelled her out of doors again, and which made her forget Lorson. She discovered a primrose bush full of buds on one side of the door, and on the other a squat, sturdy lilac bush, with mound-like fortifications of mould about its roots. With these discoveries she interrupted the tranquil smoke of the Captain's cigar, and their discourse the first evening concerned a garden and the improvement of the salt farm. Mary obliterated the old name of the island, "Gull's Bluff," and renamed it "Crusoe," inasmuch as there was no resemblance to that ingenious navigator's retreat—not even in the point of solitude, for that captain had with him a hired man and a boy; and she had taken into her service Katy Brown, a sailor's widow, who had been long befriended by the Switzels. Lorson, tossing round half the world, pushing in and out its great commercial ports, with "*the hopes that make*

left upon his return, during the second summer *of their* abode at Crusoe, as he had *gone into a pre-natal state*—the dim early dawn of a life which could but usher dim, late twilight, and so vanish without *leaving* a vestige. He saw, however, that *they* possessed the sedate content which fills the mind of those who have voluntarily gone adrift from society, yet who people a solitary life with the habits of civilization. Captain Switzel enjoyed his trips to Selhaven, where he realized the profits of his salt harvest. Walking the deck of the schooner, and commanding his crew of a man and a boy, he tasted a safe reminiscence of his former cruisings in distant seas; and his bargains on the main land still connected him with a business fraternity. Mary also varied the monotony of her existence *by going* to Selhaven occasionally to attend church, to shop, or to visit her early friend, the preceptor's wife. The merit of every visit, in her estimation, was that something was added to her stock of home-contentment—a new degree of comparison, if nothing less; a new pattern, if nothing more—which served to employ her thoughts and time. The industriously inclined may be always busy, and *the Captain was as busy* in his domain as a cabinet minister ever was in his, neither requiring men but ideas. Mary, on her part, was as much engaged; so entirely, indeed, that she found no time for any *dolce-far-niente* association with her husband. The fact, however, was *never* dwelt upon by either; it is for the biographer only to go beyond the limits of the commonplace, if he ventures at all to trench upon the lives of the lower million. Nor did Lorson indulge in any abstract reflections concerning *them; he* sailed again with an *impression so fixed of their* absolute fitness for the situation, and the adaptability of the material about them, that only some great shock could have shaken his faith in it. The winter following his absence was a severe one, but Captain Switzel with more than usual energy confronted it. He ran his vessel into Selhaven, trip after trip, without an ostensible reason, for he carried no salt, and lingered about the streets of *the town as* he never had done *when an inhabitant there*of. One *day he slipped into* a doctor's office and asked *him* to explain some curious feelings that had been creeping over him for several months. The doctor examined him, and replied with his finger on the Captain's wrist. The reply contained the information that he probably would not live many months.

"My poor girl is scarcely twenty," was all the remark he made, attempting to count his pulse himself.

What the cabin of his vessel witnessed that evening—for he put out of the bay as soon as he got the doctor's opinion, and to the aston*ishment of his* helmsman, bore away from Crusoe, not arriving there till morning—God only knew. We hear of the "strong man's agony," some of us have felt it, but who can describe it? He appeared in the familiar room at Crusoe, where breakfast was preparing, with the simple remark that the smell of the coffee *that morning* was more delicious than ever. He looked round the walls with the vision of his soul though, as the martyr going to the scaffold clings with his bodily vision to the angles of the streets he turns, and the shadows of the buildings he passes from forever.

It was not long from this time that the faithful Katy Brown perceived that he did not eat his allowance, and mentioned the fact *to him before* Mary. He looked at her anxiously as she met his eye, and tried to hold her gaze to his, but failed; her glance wandered over him, and absorbed the atmosphere he was in. The first unearthly shadow passed over her, and broke her slumbering consciousness. He knew it, and prayed as he had never prayed for *himself. Then an im*patient irritation took *possession of him*; he cursed his luck, and wished that Lorson had let him alone when he had the fever. None of his emotions came to the surface. He said, with a short laugh, passing his hand over his rough whiskers:

"*I am not very* well. In fact, I am not well at *all; that's* the long and short of it."

This confession, slight as it was, shattered some prop which had sustained him; he failed visibly therefrom, and Mary was obliged to watch the shadow, which daily grew into form and substance. It was strange, but it was true, that the shadow, instead of drawing them together, seemed to keep them apart. It was owing to the Captain's bravery, who denied himself the consolation of exacting the sweet suffering sympathy which was his right, and which she might have extended of her own will, if she had ever been taught to look into the deeps of being. She remained calm, respectful, habitually dutiful. Once, tormented with pain, or a mysterious jealousy, he asked her if she had been happy with him. With a slight hesitation, as if she were taking thought whether she had been, she answered, "Yes."

"What has made you happy, Mary?"

"Everything," she replied, promptly, and with an air of having spoken satisfactorily.

"Just so—just it," he said, bitterly.

This was the first and last expression of weakness. The subject of the future was approached courageously and calmly; he consulted Mary's wishes about removing from the island, but owned that he hoped she would remain. No other spot, she replied, would be home to her; any shelter that she might seek could never give her the protection, the sense of which she must always feel, within the ring of the isolating sea, and under the roof they had so purely made sacred to themselves. Might he venture, then, to ask of her a last favor—that she would bury him on the bluff.

Her consent given, nothing more pertaining to any sentiment, or any thing relating to that which was to come, ever came to be discussed. He balanced his accounts, and taught her to understand them. Once or twice they went to Selhaven together, and several times the doctor visited them at the island. Captain Switzel asked for medicine, the last visit he made, to keep him alive till Lorson came, so that he might take the boy by the hand once more; he believed the dear fellow would feel hurt not to find him above the ground. The doctor politely hoped that his prescriptions would prove sufficiently efficacious. The Captain gave one of his short laughs, and said that it would make little difference whether they met or not; Lorson could understand what was meant, when he found himself owner of that part of the ship formerly his own—the meaning would be, that he should go on in the career chosen *for him*. The Captain's secret instructions, if instructions they were, were placed in Lorson's little Chinese writing-desk in his bedroom. Captain Switzel had also a private interview with Katy Brown, and required a promise from her, which cost him something, that she would not leave his wife, even to make a visit in Selhaven, for at least three years.

As the season advanced he and Mary often walked up to the bluff to scan the passing sail and discuss the probabilities of Lorson's return. It was not to be. Before the winds of autumn swept the plain and waste of the sea the kind-hearted Captain slept in the loam of the bluff, to crumble with it till the roar and sweep of the great Archangel's pinions should rise above the roar and sweep of the sea now encompassing him and fan the Universe away.

Mary wept the tears good women weep when their best friends die—tears which neither wrinkle the brow nor the heart, but *which consecrate the memory.* She deferred placing a head-stone on the *bluff* till Lorson should return; she would only have his vision arrested by the familiar sights of the white gulls flying around the spot. But his coming was long delayed. He sailed from one foreign port to another, and a year passed before they stood face to face, with mournful, mute inquiries in their eyes.

In the first days there was no diffidence or reserve between them; life moved on with a tacit reference to the habits and tendencies of the Captain, which appeared to have accomplished Mary's future. The topics which covered the ground of ordinary affairs were discussed as usual, with old Katy Brown as an auxiliary. But Katy grew mysteriously demonstrative all at once, and it was by her intervention that he was made to feel the fact that Mary was a widow and he a young unmarried man. From that hour he lost his peace of mind. On making the discovery he went to Selhaven where his ship was laid up for repairs and spent a week. He daily scanned the craft from keel to cross-trees, as *if taking* counsel with it, but returned to Crusoe no wiser than when he left. As he approached the house an impulse prompted him to knock at the unused front-door and wait for Mary to open it. Taking no pains to account for his impulse he knocked.

"The Lord save us!" cried Katy Brown, "who's at that door which has not been opened since the Captain was carried out feet foremost? It's a pirate after Kidd's treasures; it's here somewhere. Bill and Joe are down to the vats; it can't be their fooling?"

"I think the men have come from Selhaven with the head-stone," said Mary, going *to the* door.

"*Why, Lorson,*" she said, sharply, when she saw his tall figure filling the doorway, "you know this door is never locked—not at night even."

"Time it was locked then," he answered, turning the key in the rusty ward and passing in. Mary quietly unlocked it again and followed him.

"Katy mentioned pirates," she said, "when she heard the knock; did you mean to suggest them?"

"I guess Lorson is afraid, or he wouldn't have locked the door," Katy remarked.

"It would not be a difficult thing, Katy," he said, "to carry you off to the Isle of Palms."

He appeared to be musing over the subject till he was called to supper. Early in the evening Katy ostentatiously excused herself from the sitting-room, she was obliged to prepare for an early baking in the oven, and Lorson and Mary were felt alone. Mary was netting little bags for the tassels of some new window shades, and Lorson was engaged in holding a newspaper before his face which he did not read. He was in thought concerning Mary. It was certain, now that she had become a widow, that she stood alone in the world. She had no friend even to whom she could go for companionship; she had never formed a circle of acquaintainces, whose common sympathies might have been enlisted in her behalf. He recollected her preference for her solitary home; but how long would it hold? Would it be right for him to accept her present wishes, and allow her to remain without protection on the forlorn island? What could have induced Captain Switzel to leave things in this state when he had ample time to settle his affairs, and remove Mary to a proper place before that he could ask the Captain's advice. Had it been possible that moment for him to step over the boundary of the unseen world to confer with a disembodied soul he would have done so for her sake. Was it in the line of his duty to throw up his profession, which suited him exactly, and settle upon the island, and round off his life, as the Captain had, with running cargoes of salt into Selhaven? He was roused from his meditations by the rattling down of a window shade upon Mary's head; she had attempted to fix one of the nets to the tassel, and the cord had slipped from the roller. He sprang into a chair to adjust it for her, and she held up a lamp close to her upturned face. He noticed while rolling up the curtain, for the first time in his life, the liquid brilliancy of her large dark eyes; they were not ardent, quick, moving, like his, but serene, serious, sincere. His investigations went on after he had resumed his chair and paper. The idea of age which he had always connected with her, from her relation to the Captain, faded suddenly away. Venus rose not more beautiful from the sea than Mary as she emerged a young, beautiful woman before his vision. He dropped the paper, for his hands had become weak and cold, and looked about him as if he expected to see a glorious transformation everywhere. The sober sameness and the old silence brought him to his senses. Presently he remarked that the wind must have veered to the north by the shaking of the porch door and windows.

"Yes," she replied, the sound reminds me that fall is at hand.

"To-day is the 24th of August."

"To-morrow I shall be twenty-two. How are the repairs of the ship advancing?"

"I think I was twenty-two last week. I recollect my last birthday in Denmark. A cake, with fourteen or fifteen candles, was placed on the supper table; but my memory received a shock when I was shipwrecked. The workmen were scraping the hull yesterday."

Mary felt slightly embarrassed. She had never heard him refer to his early life: the Captain, years ago, had asked her not to speak of Lorson's shipwreck—the terrible effects of it had so long been apparent. She hastily said;

"Did you see the steamboat that is being built to run between Banyan Point and Selhaven? She will touch at our wharf whenever we signal her to stop. I can go up to Selhaven every other day, if I choose; and I was thinking that, as she will cary freight, it would be better not to depend on the schooner any longer, but send up the salt by the boat."

"Confound the salt!" Lorson cried, angrily—"the island will be overrun with curiosity-hunters and bathers, and I anticipate you will go to Selhaven every trip."

He forgot that he had been mentally deploring the extreme isolation of Crusoe.

"I do not care much about keeping the saltworks," she replied, placidly; "the Captain hoped that things would go on the same, because he believed that active employment would keep me from discontent."

"You can't go on till the day of Judgment making salt; besides, the duty is greatly reduced on foreign importations. You will make little money hereafter."

"Indeed," said Mary, surprised at his unwonted energy; the business of this world is as shifting as the sand."

"Plans fail, even on desert islands."

A silence ensued, which was broken by Mary's winding the clock—a signal to him for retiring.

Hour by hour that night his reflections narrowed to the simple belief that he must stand before Mary in the light of a lover. The probabilities and possibilities of such a relation toward her terrified him. Having assumed that responsibility, and making the attempt to thrust the responsibility upon her of accepting his love, of returning it—what a back-ground rose up—the recollection of Captain Switzel! He shuddered at the wish he had indulged in of consulting him; he longed to forget him, ungrateful as it might be. He was not permitted to forget his benefactor, for the next morning Mary asked him to attend to the shipping of the Captain's head-stone in Selhaven, which should have arrived weeks ago.

"Is there anything else to attend to?" he asked, with calm desperation.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Katy Brown; "I am tired of looking for that head-stone. It should have been set and done with six months ago. Here the good man has been dead most two years."

"Katy!" said Mary, reproachfully.

"I mean it seems so. Well, it is fifteen months."

Mary remorselessly felt, after she had spoken, that the event did seem far back in the past.

"I dreaded, Lorson," she said, to have it meet your eye as you rounded the headland. I felt as if you might put your ship about if you saw it on the bluff."

"Did you, Mary?" he asked, in a deep, repentant voice.

Mary looked at him, sadly and sweetly.

"Did you think of *me* then, Mary?" he added, in perfect abstraction, thinking and feeling nothing but the power which was growing absolute within him.

She blushed painfully, and Katy Brown said, audibly,

"Sho!"

He started at the sound; said that he should not return for some days—the ship

"Sho!" repeated Katy Brown
gone.
Mary looked at her with indig
the cunning old woman said
Mary took up her netting wi
feeling of dullness.
Within a day or two a boat ar
ing the head-stone and the m
For several days following Mary
grave after tea, and remained t
stars came out and then walked
home. On Saturday night, a
Lorson had left, she staid in. T
against any sail standing from Se
Katy Brown said that Lorson w
by midnight, and she should prep
for him before she went to bed.
set the kettle over the kitchen fir
tired waiting, and he could ma
himself. Mary promised to do
necessary. Between eleven and
stirred the kitchen fire, put th
over it, the pot beside it, and the
door between the kitchen and si
Covering over the fire in the latt
out the lamp, and softly rolling u
dow-shade, sat down before it.
moonlight poured in, and she mo
that she might not be seen.
ground was silvered by the moon
bluff rose up a dim wall against
faded before her vision could rea
there: the sea rolled to the rig
left its luminous billows toward
sky over her was traversed by
whirling clouds which floated
the island. It was easy to disc
and his man as they struck the
which encircled the house; they
beaten path which passed the fr
usual entrance. She saw Lors
the house, and felt that his eye
the window where she was; she
address a few words to his man,
down the path, and then percei
himself intended to come into the
she was.
"You still up," he said, quic
off his over-coat and throwing d
"It was so pleasant," she answ
ly rising; "I will make tea for y
"Sit still. I told John to disp
per. I'll wait a little."
He moved a chair to the wind
down with the light streaming
Mary remained standing.
"The moon never shone as
night," he said. "How free a
God's world looks now!
moon is just above us."
She turned her face
it in all its sweet, q
"Oh, Mary, you
pure, lovely; you dr
the moon draws the fu
me, light me along my v
age through life."
"Oh, Lorson!"
"Mary, you have been a
the moonlight. Answer me.
not?"
He spoke with so much ve
passionately, and his grasp up
was so firm that her heart be
deeply.
"Answer me, Mary."
The glance rested on his ea
fair curls she had seen so many
not seen, the lips eloquent with
guage, she felt his quick breath,
fingers, and a sudden, profound
cible conviction took possessi
she loved.
"Do not ask me, Lorson,"
am not cold now. But what
"I have only just learne
teach you; let me kiss you fo
She put her arms about
happy, loving child, and laug
They conversed till long
had ceased to boil in the te
Brown's superior sagacity dis
uation early the next morning.
taken the tea-kettle from the fir
mered and simmered, and it
she commented to herself, th
had not melted off. But you
young folks; and she was gl
reckoned that Mary was being
first time, and the Lord must
thinking so.
Lorson and Mary were ma
shadow lay between them; a p
ed in their zenith. One day w
engaged in packing away furni
house was to be shut up on acc
going to sea with Lorson—she
the little Chinese writing-desk,
it. She found inside a sealed
Captain's handwriting addresse
She carried the letter to him and
together. It was short, and
were these:
"Lorson, you and I owe
Chance not to trust her once m
thought matters all over, you
Am I not right? And I though
well to drop you a line—hum
marvelous instrument, don't yo
and express clearly what I thin
best for you to become Mary's
time; I have no wish that m
should go into any suttee busi
thought it, this may change her
thought so, this may suggest tha
follow out my idea. With all, a
all, I give you a mutual blessing.
Lorson and Mary exchanged
of thankfulness. The cloud of d
morse disappeared, and th

men
and he wish
was made,
galley beh
the Ag
and
We

Journal from Boston Mass towards Minatitlan Mexico

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 25 day of September 1862
1	2		SEly S	SWy S		
2	2					This day commenced with light
3	2					winds and plesant weather
4	2		WNW	S W		At 3 P M Tack Ship the the westward
5	2					
6	2					
7	3					
8	3					
9	2					At 8 P M Tacked Ship and stood to
10	2		S S E			the southward wind hauling to
11	3		S S W	N W		the westward
12	6					
1	7		SW½S	NNE		At 12 Mid night Strong breezes
2	7					from the North Eastward and cloudy
3	7					
4	7					
5	7		SW½W			
6	7					
7	7					
8	7					
9	7		SW½S	N E		At 8 A M hauled down the Mainsail
10	7					and run under the square sailes
11	7					latter part fresh breezes and
12	7					cloudy weather
						No lat by Obs this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Fryday 26 day of September 1862
1	7		SWly S	N E		This day commenced with
2	7					fresh breezes and passing clouds,
3	7					
4	7					
5	7					
6	7					
7	7					
8	7					
9	7					At 8 P M Set the Mainsail
10	8					and Main Staysail more Moderate
11	8					with passing clouds and rain
12	8					squalls
1	8					Middle part wind increass
2	8					with rain squalls and a bad
3	8					sea running
4	8					
5	8					
6	8					
7	8					Latter part fresh breezes and
8	8					rainy weather
9	8		SSW	E N E		
10	8					
11	7					last part clouds breaks and
12	6					wind moderates
						Lat by Obs 37-10 N

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

TALE OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

"I beg your pardon!"

"Excuse me, sir!"

The first speaker was a fashionably dressed young man, and his interlocutor a beautiful young lady. Their situation was the most embarrassing in the world, for as the gentleman turned the corner of a street, he had been unexpectedly confronted by the fair damsel. After a succession of desperate efforts to pass each other, which only resulted in various disagreeable collisions, and mutual attractions and repulsions analagous to the manœuvres of two electrified pith balls, they had come to a stand-still. The blush on the lady's cheek, although deep and rich as the crimson on a sunset cloud, was nearly equalled by the corresponding hue of the gentleman's face. One last, despairing movement on his part to pass his lovely antagonist, was unfortunately seconded by a simultaneous endeavor on hers; and perceiving almost irrepressible mirth on the countenance of his companion, who stood a few feet distant to watch the issue of the rencontre, the gentleman raised his hat *from his head, and, marching* at right angles directly to the curbstone, gave utterance to the above ejaculation, which elicited its fellow from the rosy lips of the young lady. With a bow and glance from her bright eyes of mingled amusement and vexation, she availed herself of his *retreat*, and passed on, entering a shop a *short* distance below. Our hero cast his eyes behind him as she went by; and, noticing that she had dropped her handkerchief, he hastily picked it up, and was on the point of following her to return it, when, observing a name in one corner, he coolly *pocketed the delicate mouchoir*, and rejoined his companion. The *latter* received him with mock gravity, while merriment evidently filled his soul to the very brim.

"Bravo!" was his salutation. "Ralph, you are in luck to-day; I envy you your *tete-a-tete* with so charming a neighbor. 'Pon honor, now, don't waste your kisses in private on that handkerchief; without doubt, it was a fair prisoner of war; but be magnanimous, and give it to me. It shall be framed in magni*ficent style, and receive* my pro*found* ado*ration*."

"I should like to gag you with it, Harry," retorted his irritated friend. "Could not you have had sense enough not to stand grinning, while I was all in a perspiration with frantic efforts to get out of my scrape? You haven't as much heart as a rotten pear, Harry."

"And you have not as much sweetness as a premature crab-apple, Ralph," replied the imperturbable Harry. "O, that partial judge, Fortune, if she had only put me in your shoes!"

"I wish she had," exclaimed Ralph, vehemently. "I should like to know if anything can set your cool blood afire. You are the most phleg*matic*——"

"Phew!" said Harry, "draw it mild; I left my Johnson at home this morning. But are not the sweet divinities so enchanting on close inspection, eh?"

"Confound you," cried his friend, in a towering passion; "it's the third time I've made a fool of myself *before her*, and she's a *splendid* girl, by Jove!"

"Aha, an old love, is she?" chuckled Harry. "What a romantic rendezvous you chose! The raging mildness of a midday sun shed ineffable fragrance on the pellucid glade where Damon and Amaryllis——"

"Don't, don't!" expostulated poor Ralph, in a wild appeal to his pitiless tormentor. "What do you want to cut a fellow up so for, Harry? If you must know where I have seen her, I'll tell you, just to put a stopper in the bunghole of that barrel of nonsense which you call your head. The day before yesterday I was descending from the Exhibition, and got wedged among a bevy of ladies, whose abundant crinoline nearly extinguished me. I was devoting the energy of my nature to the one object *of reducing myself to the* least possible compass, and was congratulating myself on never *having felt quite* so small before, when, unfortunately missing a step, I only saved myself from diving headlong into that sea of beauty by involuntarily clapping my hand on the talma before me. At the same time I was con*scious of* a mysterious entanglement of my foot, and a simultaneous noise of silk that set all my teeth on edge for an hour afterwards. My fair supporter turned round in wonder and astonishment at my audacity, and gathered up her dress in stately reserve, while I stammered out my apologies as well as I could. But the titters that greeted my ears on every side made me endure agonies untold, until I escaped from the press, *and vanished. Well, that* was bad enough; but my second rencontre was twice as excruciating. Yesterday afternoon I was going out to dine with a friend at Brixton, and as I was somewhat belated, I hailed an omnibus to save time. The driver rolled his clumsy vehicle near the pavement, and I began to ascend the steps; but before I had reached the only seat still vacant, the impudent blackguard whipped up his horses, thereby giving the whole conveyance a sudden lurch to one side. I clutched convulsively at the strap above: and as I found I had lost my balance beyond recovery, endeavored to steer myself into the blessed little harbor I mentioned, without involving my neighbor in my own distress. But with a glance as quick as lightning I measured the distance between the seat and my own awkward carcass, and perceived it was impracticable; with a shuddering presentiment I shot a momentary look at the lady towards whom I was helplessly gravitating, and imagine my chagrin at recognizing the injured princess of the day before. Of course it was only the infinitesimal fraction of a second that I hovered in mid-air, but during that period mortification ran riot in my luckless carcass; the next instant a fall—a little shriek—a roar of laughter—and I was picking myself up from the lady's lap, and begging pardons enough to reprieve all the criminals in Christendom. But my emotions were too much for me; I could not look the lady in the face, and if I chanced to turn my eyes towards any one of the other passengers, an unmistakable smile curled the corners of their mouth. They were amusing themselves at my cost, and I could not resent it; so seizing the first opportunity, when the crazy old thing stopped to put down a passenger, I made my exit quickly as possible. And now," exclaimed the poor fellow, with a comical, yet lugubrious expression of the face, "I am going to-morrow to hunt up this lovely incognita, and return her handkerchief. If rencontre number four is not better than the others, I'll go swimming in a tank of sulphuric acid."

"So I would," returned the sympathizing Harry; "I'll fish for your body afterwards and bait my hook with Celia's handkerchief; dead or alive, you will snap at it. But if you return the dainty article, tie your heart up in it, and label the parcel, 'To the adorable Celia,' for one is as much *her property* as the other."

"You are an unregenerate pagan, Harry," replied the young man, reddening; "If you had the sensibility of a boiled lobster, you would know that self-respect requires me to exculpate myself in her eyes, and—and—"

"O, I understand," interrupted Harry, taking leave of his companion at the corner of a street; "I appreciate the delicacy of your sentiments. But take my advice, be sure to conciliate mamma, and don't forget to send your humble obedient his share of the cake. Adieu, *mon ami—vive l'amour!*"

"Confound the scamp," muttered Ralph, half-nettled and half-pleased at his friend's raillery; "some day I will be even with him. But you might do worse, after all, Ralph Barker; she's a magnificent girl. Pshaw! when a man begins to be a fool, there is no stopping. I wish I had given back her handkerchief at the time; let me look at it again."

With these words he produced the article in question, and scrutinized it thoroughly; in one corner was written, in a delicate, female hand, *"Isabelle Harton."* Having satisfied himself that he had read the name accurately, he repeated it to himself several times, and mentally resolved that he would see its beautiful owner again before sunset.

The afternoon, accordingly, found him strolling about Brixton, inquiring for the residence of Mr. Harton. Several unsuccessful attempts to discover the nest of his bird of paradise were at last followed by one more agreeable to his wishes; and more than half distrusting his unusual method of seeking a lady's acquaintance, he approached a large, handsome mansion, situated on a little eminence, with a tastefully arranged garden in front. He was perfectly conscious that etiquette would hold up her hands in horror at the idea of his not being formally introduced; but he reflected that "faint heart never won fair lady," and mentally snapped his fingers in etiquette's face. He rang the bell, and presently a page appeared.

"Is Miss Harton at home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; will you step in?" replied the buttons, civilly. "What name shall I say?"

The young man's heart beat like a steam engine at the thought of his own audacity.

"Be so kind as to take up my card, and say that Mr. Barker requests to see Miss Harton a few moments."

The page ushered him into the empty drawing-room and disappeared. Ralph braced himself for the coming interview. After a short delay, which seemed to him like the interval between the condemnation and execution of a criminal, the door opened, and the beautiful Isabelle entered the apartment. Without manifesting any surprise at such an unusual visit, she politely motioned him to a chair, and, seating herself at some distance from him, awaited the announcement of his errand.

"I must request your *indulgence*, Miss Harton," said *Ralph, with a perfect* outward self-possession, although inwardly he completely realized the strangeness of his position, "for having taken so great a liberty as to call upon you personally, without ever having had the honor of an introduction. My object is simply to return a handkerchief which I picked up in the street, bearing your name. I might have returned it to you without intruding upon your leisure; but I trust you will pardon the freedom I have ventured to use, in order to apologize more completely for what must have seemed so much like intentional rudeness. By some strange fatality, I have three times caused you great annoyance, although nothing could have been farther from my wishes. I beg you to believe that I deeply regret my own awkwardness, and am most sincerely sorry ever to have placed you in such embarrassing situations."

"Indeed, Mr. Barker," replied the beautiful girl, with a pleasant and cordial smile upon her features, "I beg you never to think of it again; I assure you, you greatly exaggerate the importance of such trifles, which require no apology at all. I am extremely sorry you have taken the trouble to come so far merely to restore a handkerchief which I was ignorant I had lost, until you mentioned the fact."

At the conclusion of his little speech (which we hardly think was an extempore effort,) and during Miss Harton's reply to it, Ralph had been searching his pockets for the lost article, and picture the intensity of his chagrin and mortification as the truth came upon him like an avalanche, that he had left it behind! Isabelle instantaneously divined the real state of the case; she saw the blood rush to his face, reddening it to the roots of his hair, and swiftly retreat, leaving it pallid as marble. If she had not perceived the real distress of the young man's mind, the incongruity and absurdity of the whole matter would have overpowered her self-control; but her quick sympathy with all kinds of suffering took away every inclination to laugh. Ralph at last spoke, with a forced smile upon his countenance, and a voice trembling in spite of himself:

"It may seem, perhaps, a premeditated insult, Miss Harton, when I tell you that the handkerchief I thought I had with me has been left behind by some careless mistake of my own. I have once again made myself ridiculous in your eyes, but I promise you this shall be the last time. Your property shall be sent immediately by post; if I had no other motive than simply to vindicate my own sincerity, I should be concerned to see it restored. If you will only have the same charity for my last misfortune which you have so generously expressed for its predecessors, I will take pains never to need the same indulgence a fifth time."

So saying, he took up his hat and rose to go, but Isabelle eagerly beckoned him to remain.

"Do not feel so keenly about a mere nothing, I entreat you, Mr. Barker," she said, with genuine kindness in her large, beautiful eyes; "I shall never forgive myself for having been the innocent cause of so much chagrin, if you persist in viewing this idle matter through a microscope. Pray laugh at the whole affair with me, for we have both been equally placed in ridiculous light; and believe me, it is true wisdom not to waste feeling on such undeserving objects as little mistakes and accidents."

The unaffected kindness of her tone and manner went to poor Ralph's heart, and as we often feel more gratitude for little favors than great, he felt that her beauty was the least of her charms; for it was only the transparent veil through which shone her true womanly nature in all its loveliness. As he again rose to go, she extended her hand towards him; he took it in his own, and bowing his head, was on the point of imprinting a kiss upon the white taper fingers, when the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Harton entered. Isabelle hastily withdrew her hand, and coloring deeply, said to her father, "Let me introduce you to Mr. Barker, papa."

The large, stout gentleman advanced, and offering his hand, said, with a penetrating glance in the young man's face, "I am always glad to welcome my daughter's friends; how do you do, Mr. Barker?"

Ralph stammered out something about the weather, and was evidently in no little confusion, when Isabelle came to his rescue, and said, with quiet self-possession, "Mr. Barker found my handkerchief in the street, papa, and was so kind as to come on purpose to restore it. I feel very much obliged to him, indeed, for his politeness."

"Barker, Barker," said Mr. Harton, repeating the name abstractedly, (he saw there was embarrassment on both sides, and having unlimited confidence in his daughter, wished to extricate them from it,) "an old schoolfellow of mine was named Barker—Ralph James Barker. Perhaps you are a relation of his, sir."

"That was my father's name, sir," answered Ralph, internally thanking the old gentleman for his tact; "but he died several years ago."

"Then, upon my word," said Mr. Harton, warmly, "it is the luckiest chance in the world that brought you here, Mr. Barker. Your father and I were friends of long standing, and for years and years we corresponded together; but after I went to Calcutta, I suddenly ceased to hear from him, and never knew where he was or what had become of him. You must stop and dine with us this evening; I have a hundred questions to ask. I might have known you were Ralph's son," he added, looking in the young man's face; "same eyes, same hair, same everything. Well, well, it will be my turn, next." And with these words the old gentleman left the room.

The two young folks remained in silence for some time. Ralph at last broke the pause, saying, "May I consider that I have Miss Harton's permission to remain, as well as her father's?"

"I shall always welcome my father's friends," she answered evasively, and a little distantly, adding in a more cordial tone, "I am sure nothing has happened to make your visit other than acceptable. Besides," she continued, a little mischievously, "when you next call, you may as well bring my handkerchief yourself instead of sending it."

Having thus seen our hero fairly launched on the "course of true love," we will hope that it "ran smooth" for the future, and that the little ripples at its commencement were not prophetic of subsequent matrimonial storms. One thing is certain, and that is, that about a year after, the *Times* contained the following notice: "May 11th, at St. Matthew's, Brixton, by the Rev. Alfred Coupler, D. D., Ralph Barker, Esq., of the Middle Temple, to Isabelle, daughter of Frederick Harton, Esq., of Buehey Hill, Brixton."

It may be interesting to add that Ralph's groomsman on the occasion was Mr. Henry Livingstone, and after the ceremony was over, he was overheard to whisper in the bridegroom's ear: "I say, Ralph, if you find any more handkerchiefs, send me one, will you?"

---

ond S Hoffss

pt 1862

with squaly
ling to the
reezing up
sails and
l and min
squalls and
to
d dies away
es up from
ther turned
de all necesary
ges and fair

Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

ht 1862

d with light
e
d Rain Squalls
zes with
ship to the
p to the South
ward
part fresh breezes and cloudy
ther No Obs this day

Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Boston

Onboard Brig Almo

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEE
1	4		WSW	South	
2	3				
3	3				
4	2				
5	2		South	North	
6	2				
7	3				
8	4				
9	4		WSW	South	
10	3				
11	3		South	NW	
12	2				
1	4				
2	5				
3	6				
4	6				
5	6				
6	6				
7	6				
8	6				
9	6				
10	6				
11	6				
12	6				

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEE
1	3		South	N b W	
2	3				
3	3				
4	3				
5	3				
6	3				
7	3				
8	3				
9	3				
10	3				
11	3				
12	3			North	
1	3				
2	3				
3	3				
4	3				
5	3				
6	3				
7	3		S b E	N b E	
8	3				
9	3				
10	3				
11	3				
12	3				

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.

BESSIE BEAGLE AND MR. WINDER'S WATCH.

Thirty years ago I was in the midst of my first grand passion. Its object Bessie Beagle, with whose aunt, old Mrs. Beagle, I then boarded. She was no beauty, but a trim, tidy dumpling of a girl, with soft brown eyes and an olive skin, and a way of wearing her plain dresses which made them prettier than other girl's finery. I had been there six months, and we had grown very intimate. She had not much time, poor child, to spare from household duties, for Mrs. Beagle kept her at work all day and sometimes half the evening, but I contrived to see a good deal of her notwithstanding. Sometimes I sat opposite her, watching her plump fingers as she knitted some womanly trifle in Berlin wool or cotton, and sometimes I contrived to take a moonlight walk with her. At such times, I confess, I had held her hand or stolen my arm about her waist, and on two or three occasions I had kissed her. She knew how well I liked her, and I knew it; though, save a few sentimental nothings I had never said much to her, and there was no absolute engagement between us.

She liked me too. Nobody knew better than I through whose agency I was made so extremely comfortable.

No matter how late Winder & Co. kept me at the office, dinner was always warm for me, and the pudding never quite gone. In fact I had a lion's share of goodies, and and double allowance of clean towels.

I was just nineteen. My salary exactly paid my board; but I had besides a quarterly allowance of five-and-twenty dollars wherewith to cloth myself, and now and then contrived to purchase tickets for some play or concert, whither I escorted Bessie. She enjoyed such things so! In fact she enjoyed life thoroughly, and I used to think would make any man's life happy who should win her. Such a rosy, cozy, orderly little housewife of eighteen was never seen. Janson Gloak, who sat next me at the table, and who was at that time studying medicine, was as much in love as I was, and hated me desperately; but I laughed at him for *he* came in late to cold vegetables and small allowance of *dessert*, and rang *twice* some *mornings* for clean towels. Bridget and old Mrs. Beagle attended to his interests, not Bessie. Good little Bessie who, when I had an influenza, made me hot lemonade, and when I had a headache left a camphor bottle on my table where I found it at night—who was a sort of mother to me, young as she was, for those six months. I thought myself unchangeably in love with her until the day when, with bandboxes and bundles, and shopping-bags and trunks, a cab brought to our door a new boarder—Miss Selina Maydew—who, in the temporary absence of her parents, was intrusted to the care of Mrs. Beagle. She was a blonde, with the most glorious color in the world. A few years ago I saw a picture by Louis Lang, I believe, christened "Day," which put me in mind of her. She had a stylish, dashing manner, and dressed extravagantly. I think she was past twenty, and she loooked five years older than little Bessie.

It was strange how plain the latter grew by contrast with her. How the little round face, with its olive skin, lost its charms beside that of the brilliant blonde. And then, too, Bessie's brown merino had various darns in it, and though trim and neat, was a little dulled by age; while Miss Selina came to dinner every day in some new thing. Now she wore white, now pink, now blue, even trying purples and lavenders, without losing a charm; for no contrast could hurt her complexion. She could chatter, too, about a thousand things, and sing with trills and quavers which Bessie knew nothing of. She took me by storm, and I only knew that I had changed towards Bessie when I saw her looking hurt and offended, behind the green peas, one day at dinner. At first I felt conscience-stricken, but in a little while I plucked up spirit. No man had been, so to speak, *Harrissed* for changing his mind at that date, and I believed *that I* had a right to change mine. Bessie was well enough in her way—a sweet little darling, but Miss Selina was a being of another stamp. It was not my fault that I adored her. I couldn't help it. Bessie had no business to look so glum. I had not pledged myself to her. Conscience brought before me sundry tender glances and whispers, thoughts more tender still, but I turned my back upon them.

What had been was not; I had admired Bessie, but then I had not seen Selina. Therefore I leaned toward her, and asked her if I should pass the butter, in a manner which must have betrayed my devotion. When I turned my head again Bessie was conversing with Janson Gloak. I was content; I did not desire to break the child's heart.

After that I devoted myself to Selina, who condescended to flirt with me, and allowed me such trifling favors as the turning of her music when she played, or the putting on of her shawl—who did not utterly refuse melting glances, and was always willing to eat ice-cream in my company, and I quite forgot Bessie. She was, so said Miss Maydew, quite a commonplace little soul, whose sphere was in the kitchen. I wondered at myself for my former infatuation. Spring glided into summer, summer faded into autumn, and winter came, bringing with it its peculiar gaieties, and by that time I hardly ever met Bessie except at table. Although still, on my late nights, somebody kept my dinner warm and saved me a slab of pudding, and once, when I had a cold, Biddy brought hot lemonade to my room with "Mrs. Beagle's compliments." Mrs. Beagle, bah! I knew Bessie sent it.

I remember the lemonade, because it helped to cure a cold I particularly wished to get rid of in order to take Selina Maydew out sleighing. I had come to a desperate resolve. My quarter's money was due the following day, and, come what might, I should fling it at the feet of my godd- in the form of a sleigh-ride. My stockings were growing airy, and I needed boots. I must do without these and a dozen other comforts for the next three months in consequence, but what of that? Expensive though it might be, I could not forego the pleasure of a sleigh-ride with Selina Maydew. Oh bliss! to have her nestled beside me, the same robe over our knees, to have people whom we passed (for at nineteen who is not the observed of all observers?) see me with the handsomest and best dressed girl in New York at my side. It was worth going barefoot for if need be.

Consequently, defying consequences, I mentally invested my quarter's allowance to the last cent, and asked Miss Maydew, carelessly, as though sleigh-rides were every day affairs with me, for the honor of her company. She accepted the invitation promptly, adding that she adored sleigh-rides; and I went to the seventh heaven of adoring swains at once.

I was too happy to rest all night; besides, a remembrance of the strict account demanded by grandfather of my expenditures set me to thinking. I fear I was divided between the merits of a woeful tale of robbery and an account of myself as *having* been so carried away by the discourse of the latest *returned missionary, that* in a moment of zeal I had *placed my five-and-twenty dollars* at the disposal of the heathen. Never having told the smallest fib before, I presume all my forces had been held in reserve to make this one a "whopper."

Alas? the next day dawned upon the beginning of my troubles; for the first time my grandfather's bulky, red sealed missive did not arrive punctually at ten o'clock on the first of the month.

Indeed, the three regular visits of the postman were paid without bringing a letter for my name. I grew restless *after the first*, anxious after the second, despairing *after the third. I* had not a cent in the world; *I* knew no one would loan me money.

If by untoward chance my grandfather's remittance did not reach me I was disgraced forever; for had not the livery-stable man informed me that "Young gents nowadays is such cheats" that his terms were "Cash down at starting?"

I had a bitter disappointment at noon, when a *small boy brought* me a letter which turned out to be a *circular inviting my* attention to "the best assortment of boots in the *city*;" and at *night* only the hope that my letter had been sent to my boarding-house kept me from losing my senses. I rushed home pell-mell. Alas! Biddy assured me, "no letther hadn't come."

As I conversed upon the subject with *that* handmaiden, Thompson, the practical joker of our es*tablishment*, came in, and called for me—"Letter: bless me Pitcairn, a letter came by express for you five minutes after you left. Run back and get it before the old woman shuts up!"

At any other time I should have known I was being victimized to Thompson's sense of humor; but I was to much excited to understand *that at* the moment. Away I went to find *that I had* been sold.

Only the janitress was in the sanctum of the heads of the firm, whirling clouds of dust about with a broom; and when, after a fruitless search, I turned to depart again, the woman called to me:

"*Mr. Pitcairn, come back—do. Here's some* one left a watch. Whose is it?"

"*Mr.* Winder's," I said, as she put it in my hand, "and a valuable one too."

"I thought so," said the janitress. "Bless ye, it's well that old gentleman's head is glued on. If 'twarn't he'd leave that behind him some night. Sich carelessness! Now, how lucky you was here! I might ha' been suspected."

"Ch no," said I.

"You know it's oh yes, Sir," said the old woman. "I should ha' been all of a tremble. Do'ee now take it along with you, and leave it at Mr. Winder's; you pass his door.

I could hardly refuse; and in fact it seemed my duty to comply. I left the office with Mr. Winder's watch in my pocket.

It was dark when I reached his residence, and found in the area a disconsolate Irish girl looking over the rails with the air of a caged monkey.

"Mr. Winder at home?" said I.

"He isn't."

"Mrs. Winder."

"No."

"Then I'd like to see the housekeeper."

"She's away—gone with missus. There's been an accident on the railroad, an' they've had a tallygraph that Masther Paul is hurt. The three have gone on to wherever it is an hour ago."

"I'm shocked to hear it. Mr. Winder's son is not badly hurt, I hope?"

"I don't know."

There was plainly no one to leave the watch with. This girl *had by* no means and honest countenance.

I walked away with Mr. Winder's watch still in my pocket, and paced the streets until the pangs of hunger superseded all others, when I went home.

The ministering household spirit had kept dinner warm for me, but I could not eat much. What I should do on the morrow was a question I could not answer. Shame, disgrace, contempt, were before me, and when Selina with her sweetest smile whispered, "We have a lovely day for our ride!" I felt as though my senses were leaving me. Oh, cruel grandfather! to delay the allowance on this day of all others—to what a pass had he brought me! I could not rest. I pleaded an engagement, and went out into the streets. The weather was intensely cold, but I did not feel it. I paced the flags, meditating on my position, until in a narrow street, I trod on the draggling skirt of one of two wretched women just before me. She was a ragged creature and smelled of rum, and over her arm she held a pair of trowsers and a little frock. After abusing me for my mishap, she turned into a shop hard by and left me.

It was a pawnbroker's. She was going there no doubt, to pawn those garments. I think the arch-fiend must have led me down that street. Perhaps I had seen him disguised in the shape of that tipsy woman. A desperate thought took possession of me—a thought I batlled with in vain.

My quarterly allowance would surely come tomorrow. I should have the money to redeem it, why not pawn Mr. Winder's watch? Who would know it? I should have it safe again in twenty-four hours.

"Never," I said to myself in reply, "never;" and looked up at the golden balls again. Then I pictured myself in my great mortification on the morrow and covered my face with both hands. Endure this for a mere whim, what folly! The watch would be safer at the pawnbroker's than in my pocket overnight. There was no harm; no one would ever guess what I had done; and there was nothing dishonest in either thought or act. I took a step toward the shop, and found myself in the presence of a gentleman with a hooked nose. What passed here between us I need not record; enough that ten minutes after I emerged into the cold outer air, trembling and burning with agitation, with a pawn ticket and five-and-twenty *dollars in my pocket, while* Mr. Winder's watch remained behind. Only until the morrow, the happy morrow, when I should glide over the snow with Selina Maydew at my side and receive that letter, the delay of which had placed me in *this* plight. "If there is anything wrong in *the* matter," I said, as I wiped my streaming brow, "it is grandfather's fault, not mine."

The morning arose bright and clear, the snow glittered in the frosty air, at ten the sleigh was at the door, and Selina, cloaked and bonneted, ready to accompany me. I *helped her in*, and away we flew. It was *glorious!* My happiness was for a few hours unclouded. I forgot the past troubles and fears for the future in her sweet smile.

About three o'clock we stopped to lunch; Selina, as usual, did justice to the eatables. I was not like Byron. I enjoyed seeing a woman eat, and my romance did not vanish. What a glorious thing it would be I thought, to have that face opposite me at table all the days of *my life!* Perhaps I should have said so, *but there* was at that identical *moment an interruption*.

The waiter entered with some additional delicacy, and, setting it down, paused.

"Miss Maydew, mum?" he said.

"Yes," I replied, looking fierce. What right had he to know her name?

"A gentleman desires to know if he can come in?" he said; and he laid a card on the table.

"Cousin Charlie, I declare!" cried Miss Maydew. "Oh, of course."

A relative of hers. I prepared my blandest smiles, and in an instant a gentleman bounced into the apartment. He was older than I—per*haps twenty-three*. He wore a slight moustache and *smelled* of musk. Such gloves, such boots, such a tailor's fashion-plate of a fit to his coat. I hated him at once. All the more that he took both Selina's hands in his and squeezed them, and returned my courteous bow with a nod, short and supercilious.

"To think *of seeing you!*" said Selina.

"Yas," *drawled the* cousin. "*Vewy* sing'lar. Fact is, I came on last night, went to old Beagle's this morning, heard you'd come here, and took a sleigh, and came after you."

"You good, good child!" said Miss Selina. "Oh, I forgot! Mr. Pitcairn, Mr. Charles Donnybrook."

We shook hands, with hate in our eyes.

"Sit up and take a bite," said Selina. "Waiter, a *clean* plate and glass—and another plate, and another bottle of Champagne. She gave the orders with an air, but I was content. She was acting the hostess at my board *pro tem*.

Cousin Charles did "sit up." Also, good appetites must have run in the family. He did not condescend to talk to me, but he conversed with her, after the fashion many people have, on topics in which I could not take part, because *I* knew neither the scenes nor actors in them.

I glumly started at the cloth, drank more wine than was good for me, and thought of pistols and bowie-knives. But the worst had not come. When we had lunched Selina started up. "We'll *have just time to get* home before dark," she said. "Charlie, help me with this cloak;" and, as he did so, there ensued a whispered confabulation. I suppose she had some shame left in her, for she spoke these words with a blush as she turned toward me:

"Mr. Pitcairn, don't be angry with me if I go home in Charlie's sleigh. I haven't seen him for a year, you know; and I came with you."

Astounding stab; but I received it without *showing* my bleeding wounds *to* that puppy.

"Act as you please, Miss Maydew," I said—and she did.

Ten minutes after I paid my bill, and saw from the open door Cousin Charlie's splendid turn-out skimming over the snow, with Selina under the crimson-lined robe at his side.

I drove home, or rather to the stable, whence I walked to my boarding-house. There Biddy met me.

"The letther ye was so anxious about come this arternoon," she said, and produced it, smelling of smoke, from her apron pocket. I took it joyfully, for Mr. Winder's watch began to lie heavy on my conscience, and went with it to my room. It was grandfather's handwriting—his red seal also; but why was it lighter that usual? Alas! I soon knew. Tearing it open I read as follows:

"APPLEHILL, Dec.

"*Dear Grandson.*—This comes hoping you are in the enjoyment of good health. Go to church regularly, and avoid late hours. We are both well, but laboring under some dispensations. Our best cow is dead; and last week the kitchen chimney fell, breaking the roof, and filling the well with rubbish. It is a mercy no one was injured. As it will cost a great deal to have repairs done, and you can scarcely need clothes—you have spent so much on your wardrobe—I, with regret, omit your quarterly allowance. However, next quarter I will send you thirty dollars at once to make amends. Write soon. Your grandma sends her love.

"Yours, affectionately,
SIMON PITCAIRN."

A great black gulf of despair and shame opened at my feet. I had not a cent in the world, consequently—miserable victim of circumstances that I was—I had stolen and pawned Mr. Winder's watch. What should I do—whither should I fly? Should I commit suicide, or go into a cave and live in solitary misery, beating my breast, scattering ashes on my head, and crying *culpa mea?*" Alas! even were a cave at hand the Metropolitan police would ferret me out and consign me to the Tombs.

And good old grandma's heart would break, and grandfather would disown me, and my little world would look on me with scorn.

I was only nineteen and I am not ashamed to own *that* I cried as a girl might when I thought of *these things*. At this juncture the bell rang, and I washed my face and went to dinner, for I had a fancy that any unusual conduct would bring permanent detection upon my head. Selina was not there, and Mrs. Beagle informed me why.

"She's gone off somewhere with her sweetheart," she said; "and a pretty couple they are! So glad to meet after such a long separation. Why, it's a long engagement—ever since she was fifteen. Ain't it romantic, Mr. Pitcairn?"

Romantic! Ah! I had another name for it—I whom that girl had ruined.

I moped in the parlor a while. Then, as in any great trouble, a great gust of agony swept over me. If you have ever noted the fact, or will note it, you will know that mental or physical anguish always must come in regular pangs with so much time, more or less, between them. I wanted to stamp and rave. I could not endure my misery and what would surely come to me. I started from my seat, and went up to Thompson's room.

"*Thompson,*" I said, "lend me your pistols."

"*What for?*" said *Thompson.*

"To shoot cats. I can't sleep for them," I said.

And Thompson, with a joke about committing suicide, handed me the weapons.

Then I went up into my room, and wrote a long letter explaining what has happened, and inclosing the pawn-ticket; prayed all good and merciful Christians to believe me; directed the note to "Those who shall find my body;" and, taking my pistols, went down on the back porch, where no one ever came. There I intended to end my miserable life.

No need of great haste, the night was all before me. I uttered a prayer. I thought of the kind, pious old people at home. I wondered if dear little Bessie would be sorry for me; if Mr. Winder and the others at the office would believe me. I wondered what heaven was like, and whether I should get there, and I listened to the church clock striking ten. I would give myself one hour of life; at eleven o'clock I would blow my brains out. I was awfully in earnest. Half the people who commit suicide do it, I fancy, with a hope of *being stopped and restored to life in* the very act. I did not. I would not live that hour over again for all the world could give. Eleven came at last. As the strokes died into silence I lifted the pistol to my ear, and said, solemnly, "Heaven have mercy on my sinful soul!" Then I should have fired, but a hand came on my shoulder and another grasped my wrist.

Thompson had pounced upon me, other fellow boarders were there, and Mrs. Beagle with them.

"No suicide, old fellow!" said Thompson, pocketing his weapons, "She ain't worth it."

"Good fish in the sea as ever were caught," said Mrs. Beagle. "Cheer up, Mr. Pitcairn; do now!"

"Though *heart-troubles are* hard to bear," sighed Janson Gloak. "But I'd bleed myself to death were I you."

I struggled with them. I hated them for saving me. I hated them more for thinking I was about to kill myself for love of Selina Maydew.

I remember trying to jump over the balcony and nothing more, until one morning I opened my eyes in bed in a darkened room with ice-water on my temples, and knew I had been ill.

I cast a glance about me. A dumpling of a figure, in a brown dress and white collar, swayed to and fro in a rocking-chair. I knew the shape and the braids of her hair. It was Bessie. I called her, and she came to me.

"Know me now?" she asked, as she might a baby. "Of course Miss Bessie, why not?"

"You haven't known any one for a week."

"Ah! I wish I had died and never known any one."

"Nonsense."

"Bessie, you will know it is not nonsense soon. You don't guess what is before me."

"Oh, to get well and return to the office!"

"Never!"

She put her lips to my ear and whispered, "It's all right about the watch, Mr. Winder has it. Nobody knows any thing about where it was for twenty-four hours but me. You're safe. I could'nt let—aunt's house—be disgraced, so I—arranged matters."

"Oh, Bessie, how—what?"

"Hush, you'll be ill again. I found your note. I read it while they took care of you. (I never told them what I read.) I took the watch out of pawn. I had twenty-seven dollars laid by for a silk, and didn't mind lending it for the sake of—of aunt's house, you know. It's always been respectable."

I caught her hand and would have kissed it,

"God bless you," I said, "you've saved me!"

She tossed her head and put up her lip.

"'Twas for our own sakes," she said. "Such a thing might do us harm, you know. Now keep quiet."

She left me, and I sank asleep praying for her.

After that I grew well rapidly, and went to my office again in a fortnight. Mr. Winder thanked me for the care I had taken of his valuable watch, and asked me "who the little creature who brought it was? a sister—a cousin—or—ahem—a sweet-heart, now Mr. Pitcairn?"

And I only blushed like a girl, and wished I could have answered "Yes" to that.

But alas! she was very cool and proud with me—never sat beside or talked to me. All her familiarity was gone—just when I loved her so. It was hard to bear. For words can not tell how fond I had grown of her. At last the quarter came around, and I was able to discharge my debt to her.

I did it quite humbly and sadly, and she received the envelope with a little nod and "always pleased to oblige a boarder."

"You must despise me very much," I said.

"Oh no; young men are often very silly. I I know you never intended to *steal* the watch." All spoken in such a icy tone without a look at me.

I sat looking at her. Now I had lost her I valued her. How beautiful her eyes were—as much deeper and clearer and more womanly than Miss Maydew's! Just then they turned towards me—a little malice in them.

"Perhaps you know Miss Maydew is to be married to-day," she said, "to her cousin, Mr. Donnybrook?"

"Indeed!" said I.

"I'm sorry to tell you ill news," said she.

"Ill news! You astonish me."

"Ah! well, we all thought you admired her, you know. Aunt told me to break it gently."

"Miss Maydew is a silly, heartless doll baby," I said. She *is* handsome, but I see not other charm in her."

"Fie!" said Bessie, "to speak so of the girl." But she looked more kindly at me.

"And even her beauty is not worth much," said I. "Give *me* an *olive skin* and brown eyes, and *I never care about a blonde.*"

Then she smiled outright.

"We all know fair girls are prettiest," she said.

I arose and sat beside her on the sofa.

"Bessie," I said, *I* can't think so. To me there is only one lovely woman in the world. Can you guess who that is?"

"How should I?" asked Bessie.

"You *know*."

"Oh, I don't, Mr. Pitcairn!"

I stole my arm about her waist.

"Bessie," I said, "I love you better than my life. Can't you like me a little?"

Bessie looked down.

"Will you be my wife?" I asked with a gasping effort.

"Your wife? It would be dangerous—you are so fickle. I'd hate a husband who cared for every new face. I don't consider myself a beauty, you know, Sir; but *he*, if ever I have one, must."

"Bessie, there is nothing like you in the world to me."

"Ah, how long would it last?"

"Forever!"

"Half a day. Besides, poor Janson Gloak—"

"You *don't* love him, Bessie!"

"Love! It's not proper for a girl to *love* people; but I do admire his disposition—he's so constant."

"And you never can forgive me."

"There's nothing to forgive, I'm sure—a gentleman has a right to admire whom he pleases."

But I saw a sly, shy look in her eyes, and caught her to my breast. She struggled like a frightened bird at first, and and then her head rested gently on my shoulder, and I kissed her and called her mine.

So we were married, after some waiting for increase of salary and better times; and I am rich now and prosperous, and she has been my wife twenty years. Yet it is only the other day she came to me and perched upon my knee in her matronly cap, put her rosy, dimpled face close to mine, and made a confession:

"Do you remember long ago, Ned, the affair of Mr. Winder's watch?"

"Can I forget it, Bessie, and from what you saved me?"

"Well, Ned I told you then I did it for the sake of aunt's boarding-house. That was all my stupid pride. I did it for love of you for I loved you dearly all along. I did indeed Ned!"

As if I hadn't known it from the first. But I didn't tell her so. I only kissed her.—*Harper's Weekly*.

—"What capital smacks those Gloucester fishermen have to go to sea in," exclaimed an appreciative gentleman, who has been "looking the thing over." "Yes," replied his companion, "but they're not to be compared to the *smacks* they get on their return home."

—If a pig were without a home, how could he provide himself with one? He might tie a knot in his tail and call it a pigstye. And why would that pig's tail be like the letter K? Because it is at the end of pork.

---

tan Mexico

1862

commenced with light

t weather

t gales and

former so

in.	Lon. by Ob.

1862

North fresh

weather

breezes with

fresh breezes and fine

ather

Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Boston Mass towards Minatitlan Mexico
Onbord Brig Almore David Hoffses Master

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Fryday 3d day of Oct 1862
1	8		SW½S	NNE		
2	8					This day commenced with fresh
3	8					gales and fair weather
4	8					
5	8					
6	8					
7	8					
8	8					
9	8					
10	8					
11	8					
12	8					
1	7					Middle part strong breezes and
2	7		SW			passing clouds
3	7					
4	7					
5	6		SWbyW			
6	6					
7	6					
8	6					
9	6					Latter part fresh breezes and
10	6					Rainy squalls
11	6					At 12 Noon made the Hole in
12	6					the Wall bearing West dist 10 mils

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Saturday 4 day of Oct 1862
1						This day commenced with baffling
2						wind and rain squalls
3						At 2 PM passed in by the Light
4						House on the SE part of Abaco
5						At 5 PM Abaco Light bore ENE
6						distance 12 miles wind breezed
7						up from the ENE
8						
9	8					
10	8		WSW	East		At 9 AM Stirrup Cay bore South
11	8					distance 3 miles
12	8					
1	8		SWbyS			Middle part strong breezes
2	9					and plesant weather
3	9					At 2 AM went on the Banks
4	9					
5	9					
6	9					Lat by Obs 24 35 N
7	9					
8	9					At 7 AM made the Orange Cays
9	8		SW½S			At 8 AM Orange Cay bore NNW
10	7					distance 6 Miles
11	6					
12	6					Latter part plesant gales and
						fair weather

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

TOO MUCH MONEY.

Conceive a young lady with three hundred and fifty thousand pounds, in love! It sounds ridiculous, but it was true. Moreover it was secret, unreciprocated love. I met him several times in society, and I first took an interest in him because he talked to me with frankness and freedom. The young men generally were so tiresomely amiable, or else so shy and diffident, I suppose on account of my unlucky wealth, that I could not tolerate them. But Capt. Ratcliffe seemed totally indifferent to my bank treasure, and treated me as a young lady, whose society he preferred for her own sake. I told Lady Colooney this, and that he actually scolded me (I forget what for, but the sensation was very pleasant). She replied that I little knew the cunning of the masculine heart, and that Capt. Ratcliffe's blunt sincerity was far more suspicious than the most fulsome adulation. "But, my child," says she, "you must not dream of him for a moment. He is a man of good family, but utterly poor. He has only his staff-appointment (worth about four hundred a year) and his captain's pay, with a prospect of ten thousand pounds when his mother dies. You might as well think of marrying the hall porter." I afterwards regretted that I had displayed my *penchant* so transparently to her acute ladyship, for by some Machiavellian contrivance (as I thought at the time), she managed that we should no longer meet. Wherever we went, to dinner-parties, fetes, or "drums,' I looked anxiously for my captain's *tall* figure, but he remained invisible.

One day while I was meditating about Captain Ratcliffe, and wondering whether, on further acquaintance, he could possibly separate me from my detestable money-bags, and love me for my own sake—while I was thus building a day-dream and sipping an afternoon cup of tea in company with my grandfather and his wife, Lord Colooney suddenly set down his teacup, uttered a diplomatic h—m, and then addressed me in the following alarming language:

"Louisa, my dear, I am growing old, and you are nearly nineteen." Two undeniable facts, and of a sufficiently prosaic character, but to me very terrifying, for I guessed what was coming next. "I should much like, and so would Lady Colooney;" (she was only forty-seven, *and did not care* to be addressed as *grandmamma*); "we should much *like, my dear, to* see you engaged to some honorable and respectable man. You will perhaps hereafter appreciate much more than you can at present, the labors and anxieties

both under
ly scarcely
to the gu
Providence

"In fac
Colooney,
lord was be
have been
desired to c
and we *hav*

"Has Cap
and blushin
looney?"

"Certainly
father's wife, a
of were from p
at length a *prop*
ter which Lord C
exceptionable."

"One of the six

"You are right,
ey, smothering any which she might feel at my manner; "it is one of the six dukes."

"I hope not the Duke of Cockermouth, that gouty old creature!"

"No, my love. A most excellent, highly-principled young man—only three years older than yourself."

"Barnstaple?"

"Yes, the Duke of Barnstaple. He is not rich; so that, as Colooney has very pointedly observed, your wealth will gracefully gild his coronet; but he has sufficient to prevent people from saying that he married for money. You will be a nice, snug, comfortable couple, with, I should say, about twenty-five thousand a year. Not a large income for a duke, but an income which a prudent young man like Barnstaple will, I am sure, find sufficient."

I could not help smiling to hear Lady Colooney talk *so glibly* about twenty-five thousand a year, when I remember that in her Parisian troislemeetage days, she did her own marketing, and was reckoned such a keen bargainer, that the Dames des Halles fled at her approach.

"Well, Louisa, what do you think of it?' asked my grandfather.

"I don't know what to think of it," I answered coolly; "I suppose I must marry somebody, if I don't wish to ripen into a millionaire old maid; and, after all, dukes are a very respectable body of men. But do you think, Lady Colooney," I added, with some hesitation, "that the duke can possibly feel any—any—regard for me?

"My love," she said, kissing me affectionately, and shedding a tear as she did so, which rolled down my neck, and disconcerted me extremely, "you shall hear from his own lips to-morrow; he is coming to dine with us."

I often used to wonder, as I sat before the glass, while Euphemia was busy adorning me for the evening sacrifice, whether I was really nice looking. I could not trust my own eyes; they were sure to be partial, and I could not get an opinion from any one else. If I questioned Euphemia, she burst into a subdued little lady's-maidish laugh, and beginning: "Dear me, miss," would pour forth a wishy-washy flood of palpable flattery. Now, I think an heiress has more right to be anxious about her looks than any one else, for if she is pretty, somebody may possibly forget her bank securities, and fall in love with her beauty; whereas, if she is a fright, she may be nearly certain that her cash, and her cash only, is the

Of course, I was anxious to look well that evening when the duke was coming—I should not be a woman if I had not. Besides, it was to be a most private festival. Nobody but my grandfather, Lady Colooney, myself and the future husband. At a large dinner-party one may escape notice; but when there are only four people at table, you can, without any staring or breach of politeness, examine every item of your neighbor's dress, features and expression. Well, the duke arrived, and we all stood quietly at the drawing-room windows admiring the sunset, which, for a London exhibition of the kind, was quite a gorgeous affair; then at a quarter to nine we sat down to dinner—Lord and Lady Colooney at the head and foot of the table, and his grace and myself opposite each other. The old folks prattled very pleasantly to make up for the young folks' silence. I suspect both of us youthful persons were sadly distrait. I knew what the duke had come for, and I wondered whether he suspected that I knew. He was really very nice looking—about the middle hight, with a fair, fresh, open face, and little downy whiskers just budding on his cheeks. Rather given to blushing, but that, perhaps, was because I sat opposite to him. *He talked* with the utmost naturalness and modesty, and was certainly as pleasant a specimen of a "bloated aristocrat" as I have ever encountered.

The conversation during dinner was utterly trivial and uninteresting; but at dessert, Lord Colooney began to speak of the prospects of the forthcoming grouse season in Scotland.

"I've got a letter to-day," said the duke, "that makes me rather despise grouse-shooting, or even deer-stalking. Read that, Colooney." My grandfather raised his glasses, and read the passage indicated: "I had the honor of putting a bullet into the skull of the old lion, while the shiek and his followers settled the lioness. I mean to bring the cubs home, and if your grace will open a menagerie at Dulverton manor, shall have much pleasure in presenting them to you."

"Only fancy, Miss Fitzadam!" said the duke; "this glorious sport is within a week's journey of where we are now sitting—in the Atlas mountains. Capt. Ratcliffe's a lucky fellow."

"Is that Capt. Ratcliffe of the—the regiment?" *I asked,* coloring.

"*Yes. Do you know him?* Capital fellow—splendid shot, and good horseman."

"We knew him very slightly," interposed Lady Colooney, who had observed my blushes.

We ladies now rose from the table and left the gentlemen to that curt enjoyment of their wine, which is sanctioned by modern habits. On reaching the drawing-room Lady Colooney again kissed my cheek, murmuring, as she did so: "My child, no wonder you feel agitated;" (for a girl of nineteen, who was about to encounter a proposal, I felt remarkably cool;) "but I can judge of your sensations by my own. It will soon be over, Louisa," (Lady C. spoke as if it was a tooth,) "and everything is arranged. Colooney will slip quietly out of the room; I shall presently follow: and shall give Lipthorpe (this was the butler) the most stringent orders to admit no one to the drawing-room for twenty minutes following."

Presently the gentlemen came up stairs, and I began to feel really nervous, especially when my respected grandfather, muttering some indistinct remark about an important letter on his dressing-table, left the room. Her ladyship brought a volume of eighteen-century caricatures for the duke to look at, in my company, of course, and then she also slid imperceptibly out of the room. I did not dare look up, nor did I hear her go, yet I knew that she had gone, and that I and the man who wished to make me his wife were left alone together. I felt so silly and so shy, and was so certain that the duke must notice an enormous blush which seemed to spread from my forehead to my shoulders, that I kept on staring at one sketch without uttering a word.

"You seem struck with that drawing, Miss Fitzadam," said the duke.

"No—yes—that is—I beg your grace's pardon—I was thinking how familiar the hooped dress seems to the eye. It gives the picture quite a modern look."

"Exactly, replied his grace. Then with an altered air, and a flurried tone of voice, he continued, after looking up from the sketch-book:—"Miss Fitzadam, I perceive that your grandfather and grandmother (I beg your pardon, I mean Lady Colooney) happen to be both out of the room. May I take the opportunity to say a few words to you on a subject which deeply concerns my future happiness?"

The poor young man delivered this sentence with wonderful glibness; I have no doubt he had learned it by heart, like a maiden speech for the house; but after it he broke into a succession of short, spasmodic ejaculations, of which I can recollect very little, for I was myself quite pale, and much more frightened than I had expected to be. But he said something of this sort:

"Admired you immensely, Miss Fitzadam, the first moment I saw you. 'Fraid you think I'm too young—fault I shall amend every year, ha! ha!—ought to marry—man in my position—never seen any girl—any one, I mean—like so well—if you'll take me, Miss Fitzadam, do all I can to make you a happy wife."

He looked so modest and yet so manly as he said these words, that my heart was touched, and the tears gathered in my eyes. "Perhaps he really loves me," I thought. Then I told him how sudden the proposal had been, that he must excuse me from saying either "Yes" or "No" at present; that we must see more of each other; and that in a few months——

The duke evidently took all this to mean "Yes," for he interrupted my broken utterances by respectfully kissing my hand, and then (I suppose Lipthorpe gave the signal) my grandfather reentered the room in the most hypocritically unconcerned manner, followed by Lady Colooney, who,

ond volume of the caricatures!" And indeed one of Mr. Lipthorpe's myrmidons brought it in on a tray, and so ended the proposal scene.

Of course the wedding engagement (for such it became) of two such great personages as his grace of Barnstaple and myself soon got mysteriously hinted at in the fashionable newspapers. Months passed away; Seymour and I (I give his Christian name) saw more of each other, and liked each other better for the increased acquaintance. The season came to an end. Seymour went to the moors, and my grandfather and his wife accompanied me on a visit to a certain Mrs. Lomax, an old widow lady in Devonshire.

They were rather late risers in that house, and the postman used to arrive before we descended to breakfast. One morning, as I was coming down stairs, I was surprised to overhear Mrs. Lomax, who was usually a lethargic person, saying in an excited tone of voice to one of the servants: "Have you taken the letters to Miss Fitzadam's room?"

"No, ma'am."

"Give them to me then—give them to me; she must on no account have them."

What could be the matter? I entered the breakfast parlor, and found Lady Colooney seated on a sofa, sobbing hysterically; while my grandfather stood at the mantel-piece, his face deadly pale, and an open letter in his hand.

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Lomax hurriedly, "you had better not come in just now. Take her to her room, do, poor creature," she said, addressing another old lady, a tall, venerable-looking personage, "while I attend to the Colooneys."

I did not know the lady—a Mrs. Ratcliffe—who led me gently yet forcibly up stairs, for she was a visitor, who, being as early in her habits as Mrs. Lomax was late, had come five-and-twenty miles by railway this morning.

I was terribly agitated. "Tell me, I beg you, madam," I said, as soon as I reached my room, "what is the matter."

"I really do not know," replied the visitor kindly. "I had scarcely taken off my bonnet when the post arrived, and Lord and Lady Colooney immediately became so deeply affected."

"One of their children must be ill or dead. Please inquire for me; I must know, dear Mrs.—"

"Ratcliffe," said the old lady quietly, and left *the room.*

That name sent a thrill through my heart, for which I felt ashamed. I had reason to be ashamed, for the next instant I was thinking of Seymour. "Perhaps," I thought, "some terrible accident on the moors has——"

"It is neither death nor illness," said Mrs. Ratcliffe, as she quietly entered the room.

"Thank God! thank God!" I exclaimed.

"But as regards yourself, they tell me it is worse news than that."

"Worse than that! What can be worse than that?"

"Miss Fitzadam, you have two uncles, mercantile men?"

"Yes, Uncles Charles and David; what of them?"

"Last year they took another partner into their business."

"Well?"

"My dear young lady, he led them into enormous speculations; they lost severely, and in trying to save themselves from failure, have misappropriated almost all your property."

"And is that all, dear Mrs. Ratcliffe? I am so happy; I——"

But the excitement was too much for me, and I fainted away.

The Duke of Barnstaple (I must cease to call him Seymour) wrote me a very handsome, honorable letter, saying that no reverse of fortune would induce him to recall his declaration; but I fancied I could trace in its sentence a tone of coldness and restraint, so I replied bluntly, that unless he were certain he could love me for my own sake, he had better break off the engagement. Some third party (a friend of the duke's) then intervened, and began a long correspondence with Lady Colooney. The end of it was that the compact was dissolved, to my great contentment. But oh! you can't conceive the buoyancy of my spirits when I found that I was reduced to comfortable poverty! When the bankrupts' estate was wound up, I received five thousand pounds, and perhaps one of these days I shall get a further dividend. Then I went down to the city in great state in a common street cab, and called at my uncles' counting-house. Anxiety and disgrace had turned them into two shrunken old men. They looked at me as if I had been a ghost.

"Uncles Charles and David," I said heartily, "I have come to thank you."

At these words they stared at me with open mouths.

"For losing my fortune. Nature did not intend me for a rich woman. That three hundred and fifty thousand pounds was a terrible burden. I am now comfortably poor, and thoroughly happy."

I believe they thought I was crazy. At last Uncle Charles ventured to speak.

"You recollect that clerk, Louisa, that took you to the pastry cooks six years ago?"

"Of course I do; why, I recommended him to you."

"Ah! so you did," groaned Uncle Charles. "My memory's failing. Well, that clerk was the cause of our ruin. He was what they call an enterprising man. We took him into partnership, and ——"

"He has landed us in Basinghall street," said Uncle David.

"As far as I am concerned," I said, "Mr. Furlong has my full and free forgiveness. But let me ask one question. Did he ever marry the Camberwell lady?"

"He did, and it was her love of dress and gaiety that first set him speculating."

"How hard it is to do good in this world?" I murmured.

---

of the editi of 1861 and 1863. Of the repo
of 1862 there are scarcely two hundred copies y
remaining, the published edition of that year b
ing a small one. There are also many volumes
the Alphabetical Index. The fortunate posses
of a full set of these books will experienc
difficulty, ere the lapse of five years, in disposi
of them for at least $25, if he inclines to pa
with them.

☞ According to the statements of the corre
pondents of such newspapers as the Boston Ad
vertiser and the Philadelphia N
the Whig party is still recogn
lina, where it is nearly id

---

lan Me
1862
ith fresh
g clouds
Dog Rocks
ble head
Shot Light
Miles
Weather
m NE to East
n sail and
ides
rban of
SWlyS
te
ather with
n. in. Lon. by Ob.
1862
fresh breezes
squalls
Ships
& Stream
s former
breezes
n. in. Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Boston Mass towards Minatitlan Mexico

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Tuesday 7 day of Oct 1862
1	6		W 3/4 N	E N E		This day commenced with
2	6					plesant gales and fine
3	6					weather
4	6					Saw a Barque and brig
5	6					standing to the Northward
6	6					
7	6					
8	6					
9	6					
10	7					
11	7					
12	7					Middle part fresh breezes
1	7		"	East	[illegible]	with Rain squalls
2	7					
3	7					
4	6					
5	6					Lat by Obs 24-27 N
6	6					
7	6					
8	6					
9	6			"		
10	6		"			Latter part same as former
11	6					Sounds this day
12	6					

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Wednesday 8 day of Oct 1862
1	6		W ¼ N	East		This day commenced with
2	6					fresh breezes and plesant weather
3	6					
4	6					Saw a Steam ship running to
5	7					the Eastward and a Barque
6	7					standing to the Southward
7	7					
8	7					
9	7					
10	7					
11	7					
12	7					Middle part strong breezes
1	6					and fair weather
2	6					
3	6					
4	6					
5	5		W ¼ S	E S E		
6	5					Lat by Obs 24-23 N
7	5					
8	5		SWly W¼ W			
9	6					
10	6					
11	6					Latter part same as former
12	6					all sail set

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

HOW TO KEEP HIM HOME.

"Out again to-night?" said Mrs. Hayes, fretfully, as her husband rose from the tea-table and donned his great-coat.

"Yes; I have an engagement with Moore; shall be in early; leave a light in the library; good-night." And with a careless nod, William Hayes left the room.

"Always the way," murmured Lizzie Hayes, sinking back upon a sofa; "out every night. I don't believe he cares one bit about me now, and yet we have been married but two years. No man could have a more orderly house, I am sure. And I never go out anywhere; I am not a bit extravagant. Oh, dear! why is it? I was not rich; he did not marry me for money, and he must have loved me then; why does he now treat me with such neglect?" And with her mind filled with such fretful questions, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep on the sofa.

Let me print her picture as she lay *there*. She was a blonde, with a small, *graceful figure*, and a very pretty face. The *hair*, which showed by its rich waves its tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back, and gathered into a knot at the back. "It was such a bother to curl it," she said. Her cheek was pale, and her whole face wore a discontented expression. Her dress was a neat chintz wrapper, but she wore neither collar nor sleeves. "What's the use dressing up just for William?"

Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearily at the long interval still to be spent alone before bedtime.

The library was over the room in which she sat, and down the furnace flue, through the register, a voice came to the young *wife's ears; it* was her husband's.

"Well, *Moore, what is* a man to do? I was disappointed, and I must have pleasure somewhere. Who could have fancied that Lizzie Jarvis, so perfectly sprightly and loving, could change to the fretful dowdy she now is? Who wants to stay at home and hear *his* wife whining all the evening about her troublesome servants, and headaches, and all sorts of bothers? She has so got that knack of drawling, that, upon my life, I do not believe that she could speak a pleasant word."

Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this true? She looked in the glass. If not exactly a dowdy, her costume was not fit for an evening at home, with only William to admire. She rose, and slowly went to her own room, with bitter and sorrowful thoughts, and a firm resolution to win back her husband, *and then, his love regained*, keep it.

The next morning William came into the breakfast-room with his usual careless manner, but a bright smile came on his lip as he saw Lizzie. A pretty chintz wrapper, with a neat collar, and sleeves of snowy muslin, and a wreath of soft, full curls, had really metamorphosed her; while the blush his admiring glance called up to her cheek did not detract from her beauty. At first William thought there must be a guest, but glancing, he found they were alone.

"Come, William, your coffee will be stone cold," said Lizzie, in a cheery, pleasant voice.

Not one fretful speech, nor one complaint, *fell* upon William's ear during the meal. The newspaper, his usual solace at that hour, lay untouched, as Lizzie chatted gaily on every pleasant subject she thought of, warming by his gratified interest and cordial manner.

"You will be at home to dinner?" she said, as he went out.

"Can't to-day, Lizzie; I have business out of town; but I'll be home early to tea. Have something substantial, for I don't expect to dine. Good-by."

And the smiling look, warm kiss, and lively whistle were a marked contrast to his lounging, careless gait the previous evening.

"I am in the right path," said Lizzie, in a low whisper; "oh, what a fool I have been for two years! A fretful dowdy! William, you shall never say that again."

Tea-time came, and William came with it; a little figure, in a tasty silk dress, smooth curls, and oh! such a lovely blush and smile, stood ready to welcome him as he came in, and tea-time passed much as the morning meal had done. After tea there was no movement, as usual, toward the hat-rack. William stood up beside the table, lingering, chatting till Lizzie also arose.

"What are you making, Lizzie?"

"A pair of slippers. Do you not remember how much you admired the pair I made for you ever so long ago?"

"I remember; black velvet with flowers on I used to put my feet on the fender and of blue eyes and light curls, and wished time would move faster to the day when I could bring home my bonnie wee wife to make music in my house."

Lizzie's face saddened for a moment as she thought of the last two years, and how little music she had made for his loving heart, gradually weaning it from its allegiance, and then said:

"I wonder if you love music as you did then?"

"Of course I do. I have often dropped in at Miss Smith's for nothing else than to hear the music."

"I can play and sing better than Miss Smith," said Lizzie, half pouting.

"But you always say you are out of practice when I ask you."

"I had the piano tuned this morning. Now open it, and we will hear its sounds."

William obeyed her joyfully, and tossing aside her sewing, Lizzie took the piano stool. She had a very sweet voice, not powerful, but most musical, and she was a very fair performer on the *piano*.

"Ballads, Lizzie!"

"Oh, yes! I know you dislike operatic music in the parlor."

The mantle clock struck eleven.

"Eleven! I thought it was about nine. I ought to apologize, Lizzie, as I used to do, for staying so long, and, I can truly say, as I did then, that the time has passed so pleasantly I can scarcely believe it is so late."

The piano was closed, Lizzie's work put up in the basket, and William was ready to go up stairs, but, glancing back, he saw his little wife near the fireplace, her hands clasped, her head bent, and large tears fell from her eyes. He was beside her in an instant.

"Lizzie, darling, are you ill? What is the matter?"

"Oh, William, I have been such a bad wife! I heard you tell *Mr. Moore, last evening, how I* had disappointed you; but I will try to make your home pleasant, indeed I will, if you will forgive and love me."

"Love you! Oh, Lizzie, you cannot guess how deeply I love you."

As the little wife lay down that night, she said—

"I have won him back again! Better than that, I have learned to keep him!"

◆

RETURNING A FAVOR.

A tinker was travelling in a country town, and having traversed many miles without finding anything to do, he stopped, weary and hungry, at a tavern. Here he got into conversation with a glazier, to whom he related his troubles. The latter sympathized with him deeply, and telling *him he should have a job before long*, advised him to go in to his dinner and eat heartily. The tinker took his advice, ate his fill, and when he returned to the bar-room he was overjoyed to hear that the landlord required his services to mend a lot of pans and kettles, which had suddenly "sprung a leak." The tinker was at once set to work, accomplished the task, and received a liberal sum therefor, and started on his way rejoicing. Upon reaching the outside of the house, he found the glazier, who said—

"Well, you see I told you the truth. I procured you a *job of work*, and how do you think I accomplished it?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," replied the tinker.

"I will tell you," rejoined the glazier. "You told me you were weary, hungry and dinnerless. I knew the landlord was well off and doing a good business, and so I watched the opportunity and started a leak in every tin utensil I could get hold of."

The tinker, with many thanks, and a heart full of gratitude, resumed his journey, but he had not proceeded many yards before he reached the village church, when a brilliant idea struck him. The glazier had befriended him—he would befriend the glazier. The church, he thought, could afford to bear a slight loss in a good cause; so taking a position where he could not be seen, he riddled every window in the edifice with stones, and then, highly elated with his exploit, retraced his steps to notify the glazier he would speedily have a very important job.

"Sir," said he, "I am happy to inform you that fortune has enabled me to return the kindness I received from you an hour since."

"How so?" asked the glazier, pleasantly.

"I have broken every pane of glass in the church," answered the tinker, "and you of course will be employed to put them in again."

The glazier's jaw fell, and his face assumed a blank expression, as he said, in a tremulous tone: "You don't mean that, do you?"

"Certainly," replied the tinker, "there is not a whole pane of glass in the building. One good [illegible] rves another, you know."

A NATIONAL BABY.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin furnishes the following:—

It is not too late to record an interestting incident that occurred in the illumination on the evening of the Fourth of July, which a legal friend (good authority) and a judge in such matters, related to us as happening under his own eye. He was enjoying the lights and shadows of the occasion, perhaps listening to the melody of some fair one by his side, when, loud as Biddy bewailing her "lost heir," comes these notes of grief—

"My God! where's the mother of this baby? I don't want a baby! Good woman, come, take your child! Where is she? What shall I do? There now! Stop your squalling, you little brat! Poor little thing!"

Our friend stepped up to learn the cause of the strange outcry.

"A woman, a perfect stranger to me," said the speaker, "handed me the baby to hold for just one moment, and, by jabers, she was gone in a moment, and never came back at all—and what shall I do with a baby?"

"Keep it!" shouted out a sympathizing friend; 'it will be worth a thousand dollars to you."

"Get married," said another; "it will be a good start."

"Go to housekeeping; it is a good thing to have in a family."

"Who'll take this baby? Who wants a baby? I can't keep this —— thing?"

Just then, as the air was lighted by the glare of a rocket, a young couple, who had manifested an unwonted interest in the matter, attracted the attention of the possessor of the baby. The moistened eye and quivering lip of the female showed how her woman's heart was working and yearning over the abandoned little one; and to them, with the quick instinct of the Green Isle, the *holder of the treasure trove addressed himself.*

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Got any children?"

"No."

"Take this baby, then."

"I don't want a baby," replied the husband.

"But I present it to you gratis."

"But I tell you I don't want it."

"Why, it's a good baby—a bran new baby. Never saw a better baby! There, now, little pet!"

"Take it, James, dear," whispered the wife; and her appealing look went to the heart of her husband, and won for this cast off waif of humanity a home, and for these twain something to live for—something to love in this vale of tears. May Heaven's choicest blessings crown their lives and brighten all their future!

◆

HENRY W. BEECHER AND THE COW.

A cow had been purchased of a farmer residing two or three miles distant, and, being rather wild, she had led the Doctor, mounted on Charley, quite a steeple-chase, twice swimming the Ohio and back again, and performing sundry other exploits of an exasperating nature. But, by infinite perseverance, the Doctor had succeeded in getting her home and safely fastened in the stable, and was reposing victorious in the house. Just at this time, Henry Ward, who had been absent, and knew nothing of the new acquisition, chanced to visit the barn for some purpose, and finding, as he supposed, a strange cow, was seized with indignation, "Why, here," said he, "here's a strange cow in our barn! Get out! Go along! whey!" And, suiting actions to words, he seized a whip and drove the astonished brute out into the street. "There," said he, coming in, panting, where the Doctor was lying stretched upon the sofa, "there! I guess that cow will not get into our barn again in a hurry!"

"What cow?" says the Doctor. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I found an old cow in our barn, and drove her out into the street, and chased her until I was tired out, and then gave her a good beating."

"Well, there!" exclaimed the Doctor, in despair; "you have done it! Here I have been chasing half the day to get that cow in, and you have gone and chased her out again?"—*Dr. Beecher's Life.*

◆

plesant weather

1862
with
plesant
breezes
ts
in.
Lon. by Ob
te breezes
ather
1862
with moderate
eather
zes with
erate winds

by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Boston Mass towards Minatitlan Mexico

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Saturday 11 day of Oct 1862
1	3		S by W	N E		This day commenced with
2	3					moderate breezes and fair
3	4					weather with passing clouds
4	4					
5	4					
6	4					
7	4			North		
8	4					
9	2					
10	3					from 8 to 9 P M wind light and
11	4					baffling
12	5					At 12 breezes up from the North
1	6					with passing clouds
2	6					
3	7					
4	7					At 4 A M strong breezes from the
5	7					N W took in light sails
6	7					a Norther coming on
7	7					
8	7					At 8 A M furled the Foresail & Topsail
9			Heaving to up W N W off W S W			and double reefed Mainsail
10						and hove to heading to the westward
11						Latter part blowing heavy with a bad
12						Sea running Pumps well attended to

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Sunday 12 day of Oct 1862
1			Laying to up W by N off S by W drifting 2½ knots per hour			This day commenced with a heavy
2						gale from the N Westward Brig
3						Laboring hard with a bad
4						Sea running Brig making some
5						water Pumps well attended to
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						
11						
12						Middle part same as former
1						a heavy gale still blowing
2						
3						Lat by Ob 18-54 N
4						
5						
6						
7	4		N E	N W		At 6 A M it moderated some
8	5					made sail and stood to the
9	5					N Eastward found we were getting
10	5					near the land with a bad sea
11	5					running and blowing fresh with thick
12	4					squally weather
						Pumps attended to

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

CAUGHT AT LAST;

OR,

THE LOVER'S STRATEGEM.

BY MARY W STANLEY GIBSON.

You should have seen Mrs. Willard's tea-table (if you like to see coziness in its highest perfection), and the group that sat around it, one pleasant summer eve, not many years ago. The porcelain cups had pink and white flowers upon them. The plates, almost as delicate, were painted exquisitely with little figures, representing the twelve months of the year. Thus, Rose Willard, when she looked down at the biscuit she was eating, met the saucy smile of a curly-headed and scantily clothed urchin named "May," who offered her a wreath of the flowers whose name she bore;—her grave sister, Ellen, at the other end of the table had "July," Mrs. Willard possessed a fervid, blooming "August," and a fairy-like creature, called "April," danced forever under the eyes of her nephew, Robert Willard, with her lap full of wild flowers, and a crown of daisies on her head.

"When Rose marries," began Mrs. Willard—

"Rose indeed! Rose never *will* marry, mother," said that young damsel, tossing her head. "You mean, I suppose, when Ellen marries."

There was a hidden *meaning* under all this. Rose and her cousin *Robert* had been affianced in their cradles by their respective parents. It was a foolish act—but it so happened, that both being *educated* away from home, and never *meeting till they* had "grown up," the boy took it into his head to fall violently in love with his pretty cousin, who snubbed him unmercifully, and always declared that her mother had no business to make any such promise in her name, and that she should take the liberty of choosing a husband for herself, "when the spirit moved her." Robert was sent abroad, as his father said to "take the nonsense out of him," while Miss Rose beguiled the hours of his absence as best she might.

"Yes, aunt you must have been mistaken indeed. I fancy I see Rose marrying. Rose, who thinks an Emperor hardly worth the looking at! It was Ellen you were thinking of—quiet, good little Ellen—who will be one of the best wives ever man possessed. I have half *a mind to propose* to you, Nelly, on *the spot.*"

Mrs. Willard *stared* and did not attempt to finish *her* sentence; Ellen laughed merrily, and Rose busied herself with her tea, thinking secretly, that she should like above all things, to box her cousin's ears. She did not sit long at the table after that, but strolled into the garden, and went down to the seat where the damask roses were blooming. Mrs. Willard looked after her and smiled.

"Now is your chance, Robert. You have vexed her; and there is nothing like making up a quarrel for bringing about such an explanation as she ought to make."

But Robert stirred his tea very quietly.

"*Are you not going?*" asked his aunt.

"I think not."

"Why—what do you mean?"

Robert glanced at Ellen. An almost imperceptible motion of her head encouraged him to go on.

"Aunt, what did you tease my father to send me to Europe for?"

"*That you might come to your* senses about Rose, whom you acted so *crazily* about."

"Well, aunt, you succeeded."

"I—what do you mean?"

"I have come to them; and so I beg to be excused from dangling at Rose's apron strings any longer. It did very well when I was a green boy, but I can assure you I am not at all ambitious to begin again!"

His aunt dropped her teaspoon, and sat bolt *upright in her chair.*

"Robert, do you want to break your poor mother's heart? do you want to see your father——"

"Wait a bit, aunt. I've told them all I am now telling you."

"And what did they say?" gasped Mrs. Willard.

They forgave me, at last, when I told them why I wanted to leave Rose quite free—and why I must be free myself."

"Then tell *me.*"

Again Robert glanced at Ellen, and got a little encouraging sign. He drew a little locket from his breast, touched a spring within the case, and *held it out,* open, towards his aunt. She gave one look at the pretty, youthful face, with blue eyes, and abundant braids of silky, brown hair, and then turned a horrified glance upon him.

"Robert!"

He replaced the miniature next his heart, and looked quietly at her.

"That ever you should have treated us so shamefully! You have just gone and broken your word, and Rose's heart, and mine, and Elle

ly, and Ellen felt her hand clutch the back of her chair.

"Yes—and not to you—so you need not think of anything saucy to say about it. He told me only to-day that I was to say that you were quite free, and then he showed me a picture of some French actress——"

"Mother," said Ellen, speaking for the first time, "you forget what he said about her."

"Well, if she isn't one now, I dare say she has been, or will be, and I haven't a doubt that she paints—and oh, Rose, how could you be so cruel as to make him do it."

"Come, cheer up," said Rose; "things may not be as bad as you think. I dare say we shall all like her when she comes."

"Never! never! Oh, Rose, do be good, for once in your life, and try and get him back. You can do it if you like," said her mother. "I am quite sure he likes you, though he is too proud to show it."

"Thank you," said Rose, disdainfully. "I shall try nothing of the kind. If Robert likes a woman well enough to marry her, I am not the one to try and drive her out of his head. Talk to him yourselves, if you don't like the idea of the match—but I shall not open my lips to him *on that subject,* nor any other, if I can help it."

"Ungrateful, disobedient girl!" began the chorus, but Rose prudently beat a retreat, and Ellen coming forward, said in a low voice—

"Aunt—mother—I think I can manage her. Stay here quietly till I come back, and I will tell you my plan."

She ran out into the hall. Rose stood on the stairs waiting for her.

"Nell, I want you."

"In three moments, my dear. We will go down to the arbor near the roses, shall we?"

"I don't care where," said Rose, leaning her head upon the bannister, and sighing.

"Run on before me, dear; put your shawl around you, and I will come as soon as I have pacified mother. But we must not talk loud there, or we shall be overheard."

"Don't be long."

Rose took the shawl her sister gave her, and went down the long walk with her eyes bent on the ground. The little arbor was all in shadow, though the moonlight lay brightly beyond the entrance. She sat down, leaned her head on *her hands, and waited.* By and by she heard a *step on the gravel, and Ellen,* wearing a bonnet and shawl, came in.

"Don't speak loud," she said, in a whisper. "Mother and Aunt Sarah are at the other end of the garden; they took it into their heads to come out after you did."

So Rose whispered, too—

"What in the world are you muffled up in that style for?"

"They made me. You know I have the toothache often, and Aunt Sarah thinks it prudent to have one's head covered in the night air. Draw your shawl closer round you, Rose, so that you need not take cold either."

"Don't talk about shawls. I don't care if I do catch cold. So much the better. I shall be out of this miserable world."

"Why, Rosy?"

"It is miserable, and I am miserable, too. Oh, well, is it all true?"

"All true, Rose."

"About Robert?"

"Yes."

"I half fancied at first that they were only doing it to try me."

"No—they would not do that."

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite."

There was a long pause, then the whispering began again.

"Well, did you see the picture?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Just after you went away from the tea-table. Robert showed it to mother."

"Is she pretty?"

"Very."

"Young?"

"Not more than nineteen, I should say."

"Fair or dark?"

"Fair, with blue eyes."

"And he loves her?"

"Robert will never marry a woman he does not love."

Rose sighed deeply. Then she laid her head on her sister's knee, and began to sob.

"What is the matter, dear?"

"Oh, well—I am so miserable—my heart is breaking, I am very sure."

"Because Robert is going to be married?"

"Yes."

"But, Rose, you do not love him?"

"Well, bend down till I tell you a secret. I always did!"

"And yet you let them send him away to break *his* heart, if he saw fit. Rose, I am ashamed of you."

"Oh, but I thought he would always love me. I never dreamed of this French actress, or what-

---

A RICH MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

The following description of a marriage in Illinois by a newly appointed Justice of the Peace, who is something of a wag, is taken verbatim from a letter written to a friend in St. Louis:

"Having been appointed to the desirable 'posish' of Justice of the Peace, I was accosted on the 5th day of July by a sleek looking young man, and in silvery tones requested to proceed to a neighboring hotel, as he wished to enter in the holy bonds of matrimony. Here was a 'squelcher.' I had never done anything of the kind, had no books or forms; yet I was determined to do things up strong, and in a legal manner, so I proceeded to the place, having in my arms one copy of the State statutes, one ditto Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, one copy large sized Bible, a small copy of the creed and articles of faith of the Congregational church, one copy of Pope's Essay on Man, and a sectional part of the map where the victim lived. Having placed a table in the middle of the room, and seated myself behind it, I, in trumpet tones, called the case. With that the young man and woman, with great alacrity, stepped up before me. Having sworn them on the dictionary, to answer well and truly all the questions I was about to ask, I proceeded. I told the young man that, being an entire stranger, I should have to ask him to give bail for the costs. Having heard this so frequently in court, I thought it indispensable. He answered if I meant the fee for performing the ceremony, he would deposit it then and there. As I did not know exactly what I did mean, I magnanimously waived that portion of the ceremony. I then told him it would be necessary to give bail to keep the peace. This he said he was willing to do when he arrived at home, and I then waived that point also.

Having established to my satisfaction that they wanted to get married, and that they were old enough to enter into the blessed state, I proceeded to tie the knot. I asked him if he was willing to take that woman to be his wife. He said he was. I told him that I did not require haste in the answer—that he might reflect a few minutes if he wished. I told him she looked like a fine girl, and had no doubt she was, but if the sequel proved that he had been taken in, I did not want to be held responsible. I said he must love, honor and *obey her as long she lived.* He must not be 'snappy' around the house nor spit tobacco juice on the floor, all of which he promised faithfully to heed. 'Now,' said I, 'Georgiana,' (her name was Georgiana,) 'you hear what Humphrey says. Do you accept the invitation to become his wife—will you be lenient towards his faults and cherish his virtues—will you never be guilty of throwing furniture at his head for slight offences, and will yon get three meals a day without grumbling?" She said she would. I asked them if they believed in the ten commandments, and they said they did. Having read the creed and articles of faith aforesaid, I exclaimed, 'Humphrey, take her

she is yours; I cannot withold my consent. Georgiana, when safe in the arms of Humphrey, you can defy the scoffs and jeers of the world.' I then read a little from the 'Essay on Man' including that passage, 'Man wants but little here below, but wants that little long.' As a finale to the scene, I delivered the folowing exordium: 'Go and sin no more.' The generous Humphrey having placed a fifty cent check in my unwilling palm, I bade the happy pair a final adieu."

---

less it is that you wanted to pay your respects to Miss Josephine this fine morning?"

As I spoke these words, my brother broke out into a profuse blush, and the reflection of it was apparent in the cheeks of Josephine, and Dolly, my daughter. What does all this mean? Are blushes contagious?

Miss Gibson was the first to subside. "I hope," said she, dryly, "Mr. Hayward has not given himself so much trouble on my account?"

"Not at all, not at all, Miss," said my brother, but looking confoundedly guilty in spite of his denial; "the truth is, I was so much taken up with brother Richard's story last night, that I hev come over here this morning a-purpose to hear the rest on't."

"Oh, yes," said Dolly, much relieved, "do continue the story, papa."

Now, when I tell a story, I like to have everybody interested in it, so I turned to another person in the room and said, "Perhaps, Miss Fanny does not care to hear more of it?" But upon her protesting that indeed she would like to hear it very much, I continued:

"My schoolfellow and I stopped upon the little bridge I spoke of. He looked at me with a cool, cunning smile upon his face. I remem-

closes the repast. Light wines are [illegible] into during its progress, and light hearts lend zest to the entertainment. Englishme lugubriously. So do we. Why can't we ry over our meals like the French. Mirth digestion.

A SIN AND A SHAME.

A human body gnawed by rats before it cold! Where? In the cells of a station-hou in the heart of one of the wealthiest wards the city of New York! That's where. Th poor wretch was brought in drunk and laid away as usual in a cell. He died after midnight, and at the dawn of day was found disfigured by loathsome vermin beyond recognition. If this horri ble occurrence does not rouse the authorities t a complete reform in the station-house system they are akin to cannibals. The cells into which the innocent stranger, as well as the harden villain, is nightly thrust, are not fit even for resting-place of the villain. In dealing with very worst characters, we should ever bear mind Hamlet's princely admonition to Polon to use certain poor vagabonds *not accordin their deserts,* but *according to his own honor dignity.*

---

tlan Mexico

Oct 1862

d with fresh

weather with

ings

ifs and stood

land about

ward of Minatitlan

the S Eastward

to the S Westward

d light winds

very light

N

nds from the

m weather

Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob

Oct 1862

enced with

fair weather

wind veering to the N Eastward

middle part light wind and

cloudy weather

Lat by obs 18 45

t 9 A M made the Mountain of

t Martins bearing W S W

Latter part light winds and

pleasant weather

Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Boston Mass towards Minatitlan Mexico

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Wednesday 15 day of Oct 1862
1						This day commenced with light
2						winds from the N Eastward and
3						cloudy weather
4						
5						At 5 P M made the land about
6						12 miles to the eastward of the
7						Coatzacoalcos River and stood
8						off and on until 6 A M the
9						weather being squaly
10						
11						
12						Middle part fresh breezes from
1						the N E and squaly
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						At 6 A M kept away and run in
8						At 9 A M pilot came onboard and
9						we went in over the Bar and came
10						to Anchor at the Mouth of the River
11						Custom house officer came onboard
12						Latter part fresh breezes from the
						N Eastward and pushing clouds

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 16 day of Oct 1862
1	5		E S E	S W	1 1/2	This day commenced with fresh
2	5 1/2					breezes from the Northward and
3						fine weather
4						At 1 P M hove up the Anchor and
5						proceded up the River
6						
7						At 5 P M came to Anchor at
8						Minatitlan and furled
9						up the sails
10						
11						Middle part light winds and
12						Rain squalls
1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						Latter part light winds from the
11						westward and cloudy weather
12						All hand employed in Ship duty
						and discharging Cargo this day
						ends with 36 hours

Isabel F Winchenbach

Isabel F Winchenbach

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

---

light, a
An old n
where to
would p
decks, an
sails to w

DE ME NOT.

BY HERMIONE.

me not for weeping—
t me mourn and sigh:
y, do not *blame* me
For my misery.

For my life is dreary,
And my heart is sore,
And I *long to slumber,*
Waking nevermore.

Life's best joys and dearest
From my reach have gone;
Every hope is withered,
Every pleasure flown.

Cold and rugged duty
Only now remains;
Heavy are my burdens,
Cruel are my pains.

I am over weary,
Suffer me to rest,—
Dust upon my forehead,
Clods upon my breast.

Ease this grievous longing,
Pitiless as vain;
Chide me not for weeping
While my woes remain.

Naught that *earth* will give me
Does my spirit crave;
Broken reeds and cisterns
Cannot help or save.

I am fainting, dying,
Falling by the way;
Help, my soul's true love—
Help without delay.

Oh! forgive my weeping,
Touch my heart with peace;
Take me where life's anguish,
Tears and groanings cease.

Whom have I to miss me?
Who would mourn and weep?
Cover me with darkness,
Father, let me sleep.

I am worn and weary,
Suffer me to rest;
Dust upon my forehead—
Clods upon my breast.

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

Ralph Mortimer and Alice Woodworth were playmates in infancy, for the country store and dwelling of Mr. Mortimer were not a quarter of a mile from the cottage beside *the stream, where* Mr. Woodworth, *who was* overseer of the great Belton *cotton* mills, lived.

Belton had been, time out of mind, a quiet little hamlet; and time was, and not very distant either, when the swift stream that dashed and crawled through its midst had never been harnessed to heavier toil of man's bidding than sawing the boards that built his houses, and grinding the corn that served him for food. But the spirit of improvement and innovation, the old Beltonites called it, saw that there was a vast deal of available power at waste there.

Somebody came and questioned the quick-flowing Dart of its capabilities, and presently the answer *was given* in a huge factory, that roared and shrieked all day, and whose myriad windows glared like tired eyes in the sunlight, and within whose walls scores of pale operatives—men, women and little children—toiled from dawn till the red light faded in the western sky. Ralph Mortimer the elder, therefore, enlarged his tiny store, which, until then, had sufficed for the few domestics and grocer's *stores it* had need to hold, and bought a famous *stock* of goods—gaudy and cheap calicoes, and flimsy gauzes, and bright ribbons for the women, and tobacco and rum for the men—more than ever he had sold before since he had been a merchant. But all these were needed, he saw, if he would compete with the new store down by the factory, where new ways and new goods were almost sure to draw off trade and put him to a disadvantage.

For some reason, not needful here to explain, Mr. Woodworth, when established in his post, chose to buy all that his family needed at Mortimer's. This opened an acquaintance there, and by and by, when Mr. Woodworth's young wife lay ill, Mrs. Mortimer forgot that she was a stranger, and went with all a sister's kindness to her bedside. So without any formal growth of acquaintanceship the two families became fast friends, exchanging, thenceforward, more than the courtesies of life—its real aids and loving cares and thoughts.

So tiny Alice, so puny and pale, with great black eyes and abundant raven hair, that made *even whiter* the milky whiteness of her face, and ruddy *Ralph* the less, sturdy like his father but handsomer, became playmates and fast friends. And many a torn frock and muddied shoes, and lost sun-hood, did Alice owe to Ralph's venturesome disposition, and the long rambles, and strange scrapes into which he led her.

But she grew strong, and the face that looked out from the clustering, jetty curls had soft rose-tints upon its cheeks, and the rounded fulness that bespoke perf[illegible] health.

Yet, spite of r[illegible] limbs and
bright eyes an
manifested the
Alice was stra
terious fever
of cold steal
in winter sh
nursed for
brought i
The go
times as
she wa
aspect
and r
sure
had
lik
an

to spend his days in childish sports with a little girl three or four years younger than himself.

The elders talked over the matter, as elders often do, without reference to the internal life of their children. They argued from expediency and outward seeming, and never thought of the small but sensitive heart-tendrils that for years had been twining around each other, till to separate the tangled mesh was to set a thousand minute arteries of affection bleeding such drops as Time only, and not always he, can staunch.

Ralph resisted stoutly the decree that ordained that he should at once commence his student life. But resistance was of no avail, though half of it, and more, might well have been saved by a few words of sound reason, such as the boy, and mayhaps many another child whose parents never think of them as yet arrived at the status of reasoning beings, could very well comprehend and apperciate. He went away sullen and fierce as thwarted boy-nature is apt to become, and determined that, since he was sent to school against his will, he would not learn at all, or only the love of mischief.

But he liked books, and was happy and studious at school long before Alice *had recovered* the shock of that rude *parting.*

During *the long autumn* and winter days that *followed* it, she sat still and patient by her mother's side, and sewed an infinite number of long seams as befitted the well-conducted child she was learning to be. But the blood that trickled from her finger-tips, when the cruel needle pricked them, seemed all to have been drawn from the white cheeks that grew paler every day.

Six months this martyrdom went on, and then the sorrow, and the stooping, and a slight cold combined in a sad work. Alice fell ill, and the doctors looked grave, and with heads that shook in solemn concert, agreed that her lungs were touched—a little, very little touched—but that unless something could be done to rouse her from the strange apathy into which she had fallen, and to re-invigorate the sluggish powers of life, a quick decline would speedily place her beyond all aid.

The child gathered, perhaps from grave looks, perhaps from careless whispers, that she was in danger of death, and then the long repressed wish of her soul found words. To see Ralph once more before she died was all that she de*sired, and if* she saw him not, she must surely die.

Ralph came home to see his little friend. And then, as the child's life seemed to hang but on the slender thread of his presence, he went back no more.

Alice grew better and stronger day by day, and it was pleasant to see the big-limbed, awkward boy tenderly watching over her, inventing new quiet games for her diversion, reading in the toy books that in his brief school-life he had quite outgrown; aiding her first tottering footsteps, and fetching footstools and pillows with an air of sick-room experience, which, if it had its ludicrous side, did not fail also to bring tears to some eyes.

It chanced that as the spring bloomed into summer, and she was well again, and out upon the green earth once more, that a good school was established in Belton. Hitherto the ancient district school had sufficed, but a growing and wealth-amassing population called for new manners and new privileges. And Belton children, boys and girls, at length had an opportunity of being educated at home.

To Belton High School Alice and Ralph went *together,* to pursue their studies, and *for* some years they remained there. Nor were they separated again until a wider experience, greater variety of association, and the reticence of bashful youth, whether it stands upon the verge of manhood or of womanhood, made the parting easier, at least to all outward seeming.

Even then their separation was but temporary, for frequent meetings broke its dull monotony. Ralph went to the city to learn business on a great scale, so that in time he might take charge of the large interests his father was rapidly accumulating. But Alice remained at home to nurse her mother, whom the disease against which she had successfully struggled for many a year, was at length slowly wearing out.

So several years passed away. Ralph and Alice had long since learned that their love was not that of a brother and sister. They had long been betrothed, but their marriage could not take place while all Alice's time, and so many of her thoughts, were devoted to her long-suffering parent.

At last death set her free from her lengthened task of affection, when the suffering and pain she had watched, was still in the grave. Ralph pleaded, but Alice saw that the time was not yet come when her own happiness might be the first thought. It would be cruel to leave her father utterly desolate in the early days of his affliction. So she bade Ralph wait a year.

Ralph never rebelled against Alice's decisions. Sure of her love, her word was the law he loved to obey. But neither knew how fateful was to [illegible] probation.

strange causes,

side, she who bore the name of the lost Alice was ever his especial pet, and his tongue held lingeringly to the musical accents of the beloved name. Alice was the bride of death, but though another occupied her place here, when the two met in Heaven, would she not be his own again?

THE FIRST GREY HAIR

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

"I feel that I am growing old for want of somebody to tell me that I am looking as young as ever. Charming falsehood! There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words." This was the passage that Millicent Beauregard read from Landor. Her eyes wandered off the volume, and a troubled look stole over their Juno-like irids. Her delicate, white hand was pressed upon the open page, and the faintest contraction, the merest *soupçon* of a frown shadowed her ample brow. Some chord of sympathy with the writer was touched, and its vibration started a train of unwonted reflections.

"Growing old!" when was that sound musical to the ears of womanhood? Millicent could not, even by a stretch of courtesy, be called "young," nor in her "full bloom,"—yet we have some scruples about proclaiming the exact date of her birthday. She had long passed the season when the transient blossoms of an American woman's spring-time wither, and the briefly-expanded rose leaves of her summer fall. Yet Millicent possessed so large a store of internal freshness and buoyancy, her mental powers evinced so little *decadence,*—Time had dealt so leniently with her face and form,—she was so wonderfully *bien conservée,* that the inevitable necessity of "growing old," and—far worse—of *looking old,* had not intruded itself upon her contemplation. Yet, even by the poet's measurement of existence, which says—

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks the most, feels the noblest, acts the best!"

And counting her life by its events, emotions, actions, by what she had suffered, enjoyed, endured, achieved, it had not been short;—for her's was not one of those empty, passive, purposeless lives, that glide on from youth to age without leaving landmarks on the road, to warn or guide others who may pass that way.

"Growing old for want of somebody *to tell* me that *I am looking as young* as ever!" wrote Landor. "Looking as young as ever!" sighed Millicent; "why that was once a familiar greeting to my ears; and Landor is right, truly; its flattery was rejuvenating. But, methinks, no one has told me, of late, that I am 'looking as young as ever.' Was it a mere chance omission, or am I——"

She broke off abruptly, and stifled a half sigh, that crushed, in its turn, a rising regret. What said the reflecting truth-teller yonder? She closed the book, walked up to the large mirror that stood between the windows of her chamber, and scanned her own countenance with uncompromising earnestness, resolved to detect every footprint years had left in their journey. Those cheeks—she remembered when their dimpled fullness was suffused with a soft, auroral tint. Now their hue was that of a rose pressed in a book—their roundness was gone—their dimples had deteriorated into something which was a near approach to wrinkles. The eyes—they had lost their brilliancy—had sunken strangely—and what dark rings encircled them! There were lines, light but distinct, stretching across the brow, curving softly about the mouth, and more sharply around the eyes. Suddenly the vision of the furrowless countenance that glass once mirrored rose before her. The same visage, but in its girlhood—a [illegible], unwritten page.

It is not upon the smooth, blank scroll of storiless youth that we ever find the highest, most eloquent loveliness. As mind and heart develope and mature, feelings and thoughts chronicle their histories upon the countenance, and give new play and more varied expression to the features; lines of beauty may be read that were not visible before—a past is traced upon the face as well as a present; often a poem is inscribed there in the most touching characters with which poetry was ever recorded.

But Millicent made no such reflection—she saw what lustre her countenance had lost, not what charms it had gained; and though she was more free from vanity than handsome women in general, she had womanly weakness enough to be shocked at the sudden discovery.

Almost involuntarily she lifted the comb that fastened her hair; it fell around her in luxuriant masses of shining darkness. It had always been one of her especial beauties, praised by lovers and sung by poets; how could she help smiling to see its length, abundance, hue unchanged? She took up the comb that was lying temptingly upon the toilette, and drew it musingly through one long tress that swept over her shoulder. What glitters so brightly from out the glossy blackness? A single thread gleams whitely through the whole length of the lock—a thread of silver—yes, distinctly, unmistakably [illegible]—a grey hair—the first grey hair! Milli[illegible] thoughtfully—shall we

Was it not a happiness to have watched the working out of the great ends which sprung from causes that once appeared to her so mysterious? to have seen the completed painting of pictures which she never imagined could grow out of those tints on the pallette of life? to have beheld the perfected embroidery on the tapestry of existence, over which she had marvelled during its incompletion, never divining from the groundwork of inharmonious threads, what noble design could be wrought?

And, heart-warming reflection! with every year had not her sphere of love grown wider?—had not her affections radiated further out from herself?—had not her interests in others been more extended and more helpful? then too, had she not more ties in that better land to which many of her beloved ones had led the way,—ties that linked her to that world as the loved who remained attached her to this, until she felt that she had a home in both, and dear ones awaited her there as here!

Next came the startling query which all shall be asked—"what use hast thou made of thy time?" Millicent pondered upon the work she had been made an instrument to accomplish;—she was not content with its amount, though others might have deemed it large. She sighed over her own insufficiency—over the good she might have done which she had left undone—over precious hours wasted and golden opportunities neglected. And now she was "growing old!" "growing old!" What then? Age ought to bring wisdom that would teach her soul larger movements, and give it more glorious fruition. There was time for nobler toil ere God measured the task. That would not be

Until the day's out, and the labor done!

If Millicent could have seen the expression of her own face, sublimed by holy aspiration, she would have known that there was an imperishable beauty which takes the place of the soft bloom, the brilliant tints, the smoothness and roundness which time destroys; a beauty that will clothe the spirit with eternal youth in the life to come.

Millicent still sat thoughtfully winding the long, shining hair about her finger, and smiling at the passing dread that had seized her, at the startling discovery that she might be "growing old."

"Why, what an idle bugbear," she exclaimed, "we make of years! With what silly horror we shrink from the thought of blanched locks! If they are only white records of white deeds, the 'silver crown of age' should be deemed more beautiful than 'the golden circlet of youth.' True, Vanity cries out against grey hair, but that is simply because she is ignorant. Nature (from whom art learnt all her beautifying secrets), sent the snowy frame to soften faces which have been despoiled of their fresh coloring, and to render their losses less apparent. We have heard Landor's groan over 'growing old,' but, if I mistake not, there is a more consolatory voice breathing from some healthier pages at hand."

She approached a small hanging library, filled with choice volumes, her favorite text books, selected a work on "Italy," and, after a rapid turning over of leaves, redolent with the fragrant memories of that "land of the sun," read aloud "growing old seems to depend much upon the temperament, and somewhat upon the will. With an active mind and warm heart all that is dark and unlovely in age may be kept off very long—if not to the end."

"To the end—ay—to the end—so shall it be!" responded Millicent, replacing the volume, while an expression of serene satisfaction played over her fine features—a look which strongly contrasted with the troubled shadow that obscured their beauty when that wail of Landor's set her musing.

from the
weather
Logs of
mised the
ery weather

winds from the
P M hove up
to Town
at Town
zes from the

n the Westward
ed one kast
ut took none

Lon. in. Lon. by Ob.

---

presumption of the Tooley street tailors. Some of these irresponsible writers, who hang on to the skirts of some of our newspapers, and mount into notice like the bits of paper tied to the tail of a kite, by virtue of being attached to a body vastly bigger than themselves, assume the airs of their superiors and give advice to the Emperor of Russia and the President of the United States, with as much confidence as though they were invested with supreme authority. They indicate the course of human affairs with as much swagger as the African Prince who every morning, to the admiration and astonishment of his subjects, describes with his finger in the air, the course which the sun shall take during the day.

But the chief delight of these sub-editorial magnates is to avail themselves of the potential We for the purpose of assailing the conduct and motives of men into whose presence they would not dare, with all their assurance, to intrude themselves. It is the misfortune of Journalism to have such irresponsible underlings attached

by direct hire, or promise of office or emolument, but great parties have promulgated mottoes utterly discreditable to pure patriotism, as for instance: "All is fair in politics," "To the victors belong the spoils," &c. But the use of money in politics in this country, has been virtuous compared with its similar use in England. There investigations show that in many cases the canvass for an election to Parliament is entered upon very much as an ambitious capitalist would set about controlling any trade market. Thousands of pounds are paid to agents, ostensibly to defray committee, printing, and other legitimate expenses—for there are such—but really, in the bulk, to buy up the voting John Bulls of the county. No gambling at Baden-Baden seems more reckless and shameless, than the corruption bids of some English office seekers. A single canvass has been known to swallow fifty thousand pounds, leaving the defeated candidate a bankrupt in purse, as he ought to be in public respect. The evil in our country has been confined mainly to national and municipal elections, but unless it be checked in these directions, it will soon run into every branch of politics.

point of view, missionary exertion is an hon to humanity—a hymn, an exaltation and a glor

POETRY.

Poetry has its origin in that faculty of mind by which man is enabled to create resemblances. Sometimes the subjects are taken from the external and visible world; in sculpture, there is an exact copy, and the imitation is immediately discernible; in painting, the representation is illusion, which, in a skillful production, can be detected; in poetry, proper description conveyed by beautiful and harmonious lan In all these different arts the object is th namely, to produce resemblances; and by which this design is carried out con distinctive feature of each. This, higher function of these arts, in v sume a more dignified charact higher rank among the works productions of poetry are mos genius—a source of exquisite creatures.

THAT calm and elegant sa vulgar call melancholy, is the true a men of knowledge and virtue.

Journal ~~from~~ Laying in Minatitlan towards Loading for N York

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. day of 18
			Saturday Oct 25th 1862			This commened with light winds from the S W and showery weather took in Twenty Six Logs of Mahogany this day Latter a heavy Norther set in So ends this day
			Sunday Oct 26			This day commenced with a heavy gale from the North West and cloudy weather Latter part more Moderate
			Monday Oct 27			This day commenced with light winds from the Southward and rainy Middle and Latter part light winds from the S W and cloudy weather took in 22 Logs this
			Tuesday Oct 28			This day Light winds from the S W and fair weather took on Twenty Three Logs of Mahogany which filled the hold this day
			Wednesday Oct 29			This day commenced with Light and Variable winds and Rainy at noon clears ~~up~~ commenced taking on Deck Load

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. day of 18
			Thursday Oct 30			This day Light winds from the Eastward and Showery weather finished taking on deck Load having Thirty Nine Logs on deck
			Friday Oct 31st			This day commenced with light wind from the Westward a fair weather Second Mate Sick this day at 2 P.M. Pilot came onboard and we dropt of in the River and hove up the Anchor and dropt down at 8 P M came to Anchor five miles below town Latter part calm and fair weather
			Saturday Nov 1st			This day commeced with light winds from the S.W. and fair weather at 5 A.M. hove up the Anchor and proceeded down River at 10 A.M. Sea breeze breeze up and we came to Anchor Second Mate and One Man Sick this day Middle and Latter part Fresh breezes from the N W and cloudy weather Steward Sick this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

---

valcos River

Nov 2 1862

light winds
weather
And dropt
Anchor
Man
and

breezes
showery weather
and clears up

light breezes
weather
they came onboard
part light Sea
the Sick gain very Slow

breezes from
sick gain very Slow
breez and fair weather

Westward and heavy
light winds from
on sick list yet

Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

A NEW IDEA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"They plant their lands with music."
REV. G. L. SEYMOUR.

A traveller mid the heart of Afric, says,
In graphic sketch of new-discovered tribes,
"*They plant their lands with music.*"
Is not that
A hint worth taking? 'Tis the blame, I'm told,
Of Agriculture, that she fails to make
Due progress with the times, and lumbers on
In the slow stage-coach that the fathers used,
While Trade and Commerce ride at railroad speed.
Now, here's a chance to indemnify herself.
Methinks, the spring-work on our farms might be
Help'd on by cheerful music. Why not try?
'Twere difficult to say what instrument
Were most congenial.
Try a merry tune
Whistled or sung,—a hurdy-gurdy's strain,—
A horn, or simple jew's-harp. Drum and fife
Would not be inappropriate. So, the hands
Too delicate to dig, might play on these
And help the harvest still. Perchance, the limbs,
Of some dull plow-horse might be thus inspired
Better than by the hammering of the heels
Of the rough boy who rides him.
Animals
May have an ear for music, and I've read
That lions and some other beasts of prey
Might be thus ruled, but should prefer to keep
At a good distance. Once, I saw an ox
Walk from his grazing to a window near,
Where a young lady her piano play'd,
And raise his honest face and stand transfix'd
Like an admiring listener. Bees, we know,
Take to new homes with music, not precise
Nor hypercritical about the style
Of their orchestra, for they seem to like
The clangor of tin kettles rudely beat,
Their auditory nerves being less acute
Than their olfactory.
Yet not alone
On the inferior races rests our force
Of argument. Analogy instructs
The tiller of the soil, for many an art
Draws life and briskness from the realm of sound.
What were Thalia's "light fantastic toe"
Vithout the viol's aid? Is Flora mute?
he birds will answer, and in dulcet lays
ur sweetest songstress struck the chord "Bring flowers,"
nd countless harps melodiously respond.
on't some of our composers write a book
music for the farm?—adapted well
all varieties of rural toil?
e wise John Wesley did not think it right
at Satan should usurp the noblest tunes,—
d so he forthwith set *himself to press*
ndry grand *roundelays* and choral strains
o a *higher* service.
Yet of old
rs took monopoly of music's corn,
gd Ceres sate in silence. To the field
conflict, urg'd by trump and clarion-cry
ashes the soldier, and scarce feels the shaft
hat lays him low.
Hath not the Art that makes
he green Earth fruitful, as much right to sing
s that which gluts it with its children's blood?
hen strew your seed upon her breast with song,
nd to its garner guide the loaded wain
Vith hymns of praise.

CUPID VERSUS TITLES.

CHAPTER I.

"If I had met you in another sphere, if you were of ny own rank in life, I should ask no happier fate than to all you mine. But the *world*, Jessie—the world comes etween us. *My family would never forgive* me if I maried you. You see how plainly I am *speaking—but I do* ot think you will be offended, at least with *me*—I do not ear that you will suppose, for one moment, that I do not eeply regret our separation. It must come, however; it s imperative that we should part. Very dear and very weet has this part of my life been, and I owe it to you. You have been my darling, my little pet lamb; but you hall not be thrown amongst the wolves to be devoured ow. You have genius, which of itself ought to be rank, the world would only think so; and it will be my greatst pleasure to aid you in develop*ing* it. I shall come to ou this eve*ning*. I *only send this* let*ter* before me to reak the ice, so that we may talk calmly over what is to e—make plans for your future, and then say farewell as wo friends might do, whose roads have long lain side by de, and at last diverge. Do not be angry with me for hat I have said—forgive me the pain I cause you. You ill thank me for it one day, I know. I shall never foret little Jessie—she will never forget one to whom she as been so dear. God bless you—God keep you safely ow and forever. "Yours very sincerely,

"KYNASTON."

These were the concluding sentiments of a tter that was lying on the edge of an artiste's udio. The writer was not present, but the oman to whom it was addressed, sat in a low hair beside the window, her elbows resting on r *knees*, and her face buried in her hands. he was tall and slight, and evidently intended y nature to be graceful in all her movements. he was graceful even in this position which ight have been so awkward. No tears fell rough her small fingers. She was not a girl, it a woman who had been a wife and a widow, d the sorrows of lonely years had taught her ndurance, her cheeks would have been wet oner by a strain of pensive music, or a mute ress from her faithful dog than by such a blow this. But it
r breath—it
e had sunk
ling. After
ich had b
cupation,
rinster wa
discover

as she said, "come in." Lord Kynaston entered—a tall, strongly built man, with heavy features and large, beautiful, dark eyes. They sought her own a moment, as she turned and bowed—then drooped—and saw the letter at her feet.

"You are angry, Jessie," he said, after an embarrassed silence.

"No, my Lord," she said, coldly.

"Why do you not call me Raphael, then? Why did you not give me your hand just now when I came in, as you always have done before?"

"Because, my Lord," she said, trying to be calm, though anger and wounded pride shone in her dark, gray eyes, "nothing can be with us as it was before. Your letter has taught me that. You say that we must part—I do not ask the reason why——"

"I will tell you," he said, without lifting his eyes: "*I am going to be married.*"

If he thought she was going to receive the news with a hysteric or fainting fit, he was mistaken. There was a dead silence for a moment; then she went on:

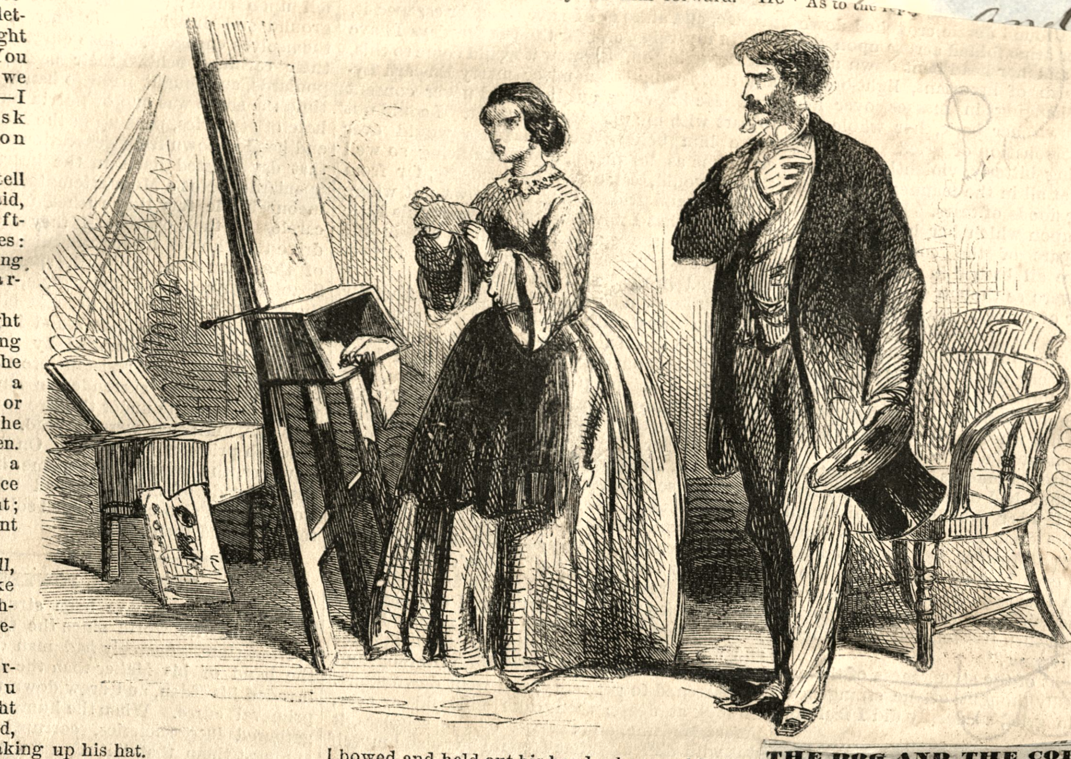
"Very well, my Lord. Take my good wishes, and—farewell."

"I understand—you think I ought to go," he said, haughtily, taking up his hat.

She bowed. He made three steps towards the door, hesitated, and came back again.

"But you have not forgiven me—you will not forgive me! Oh, Heavens! that we two should part as enemies. Will you not give me your hand, Jessie?"

She held it out. The slender fingers he raised to his lips were cold, but they did not tremble. The large, dark gray eyes met his calmly, and followed him towards the door, without clouding over with tears. He bowed himself out, feeling smaller and meaner than he had ever thought it possible for a peer to do.



CHAPTER II.

It was "opera night," and the boxes of Drury Lane were crowded with the rank and fashion of London. A group of young men, lounging in the stalls, between the acts, all had their glasses turned one way, and were discussing some lady present, (as Englishmen always discuss women,) very much as if she had been the favorite for "the Derby." They were mostly officers and younger sons, but when the enthusiasm was at its hight, one or two peers joined the group. *Among these was our old acquaintance, Lord* Kynaston, who had just returned from a three years' residence on the continent. Strange to say, people's memories will sometimes stretch over that vast expanse of time, provided a peer of the realm is in question, and every glass was laid down, every hand stretched out in welcome, as the wearied looking man approached.

"Kynaston at last!" cried one, who constituted himself spokesman for the entire party. "My dear fellow, we had quite given you up. They told me to-day at the club that you had returned, but I declared that I knew better—that you had positively gone to Greenland, and were quietly eating 'blubber,' with a wife and nine little ones, on the shores of the Arctic Ocean."

"Thanks, my dear Courtenay," replied his lordship, with a languid smile. "You see that I have finished the feast at last. Pray, what were you all looking at as I came in? Has any new star arisen on benighted London? I have been so long away that I really do not know a soul."

"A star, my Lord? Yes, a star of the first magnitude—a planet—a full moon—a regular Aurora Borealis, by Jove!"

"Ah! who may she be?"

"The Contessa D'Urbino; it is one of those confounded foreign titles that might belong to the man in the moon. But, at all events, it is a title; and the fair Contessa has a palace in Venice, and a most gratifying banker's book, if one can judge by the style in which she lives.

"Who is it?" he asked, as Courtenay joined him. But the three had passed into the vestibule, and much to his disappointment he was unable to point them out among the crowd. So they went on towards the box where the contessa was sitting.

Lord Kynaston felt his heart beat strangely as he entered, and caught a glimpse of the lady in the front of the box. She was looking around the house, and something in the stately turn of the head, reminded him of Jessie Barinster. The next moment he almost fainted with surprise, for turning at the sound of the opening door, he saw that it was Jessie herself, and that she smiled as Courtenay led him forward. He bowed and held out his hand; she gave him hers and smiled again as she motioned him to a sea beside her.

"Jessie," he murmured, bending towards her much to the surprise of Courtenay, who looke uneasily towards the door, "is it really you?"

"It is, my Lord. I trust you are as muc amused at this strange meeting as I am."

"Amused? Do you think me quite insensible to the past—though I could not blame you if you did—God knows I gave you reason. Tell me, Jessie, where have you been all these years?"

"Everywhere almost," she said quietly. "Very much of my time has been spent in Italy—it is like a second native land to me."

"And have you been happy?"

"Very."

"Without one thought of me, perhaps—without one memory of a time when I was your friend—"

"My Lord," she said gravely and haughtily, "I only think of my friends—I only remember the days in which I have been happy."

He sighed, and taking up her bouquet, began pulling the delicate ro part, as if he was discussing them, for he sa ondering glances passing among the friends he had left below, who could not account for this sudden intimacy.

"You must let me s one word for myself," he continued. "I did not know that you were so dear to me; after we parted I missed you bitterly. Nay stop," he said, seeing her glance towards Courtenay, who stood discreetly in the back of the box; "this may be my only time for seeing you; I do not know—and I beg you if ever you cared for me, not to shorten it. I have not married, Jessie, I never shall marry until you take pity on me. I have said it now—it is what I have longed to say for three long years—tell me what my fate is to be, quickly."

He read it, even before she spoke, in her calm, scornful glance.

"My Lord, I should call this an insult, if what you have just said, had not convinced me that you do not understand my position."

"They told me your rank, your title," he said, hurriedly.

"And how did you think I gained that title?"

He turned as pale as death. The mad passion which he had nourished for three years had sprung into fruition the moment he met her glance, and blinded him to all except the fact that she was there before him. The truth came to him now with a terrible shock.

"I think I know what you are going to say. I believe I have gone mad, or I should have thought of it before. Is it true, Jessie?"

"I am married."

The bouquet dropped from his hand upon the floor.

"How long since?"

"Two years, my Lord," she said, looking at

THE DOG AND THE COPPERHEAD.

BY DAVID BARKER.

I.

One day last week, as the railroad train
Just east of the Etna bog,
Was thundering along through the State of Maine
It came to a yelping dog.

II.

And I saw that the dog looked poor and mean,
As he stood on his hinder part,
And yelped like sin as he sat between
A sled and a broken cart.

III.

But the train passed on through the Etna bog—
Passed on from the sled and cart—
Passed on from the lousy, yelping dog,
Still left on his hinder part.

IV.

One day this week, as Freedom's train
On its holy mission sped,
And thundered along through the State of Maine,
It came to a Copperhead.

V.

And it made me think of the railroad train
That dashed through the Etna bog,
And thundered along through the State of Maine
In spite of the yelping dog.

VI.

For the train on its holy mission sped,
And gladdened each loyal heart,
But it left the grumbling Copperhead
Still flat on his hinder part.

February, 1865.

Journal from Laying in the towards Coatzacoalcos River

H K F COURSES. WINDS. LEEWAY. REMARKS. Tuesday 11 day of November 186

This day commenced with verry light land breezes and plesant weather The Sick recovering Slowly Middle and Latter part Light breezes from the North and plesant Weather .

Wednesday Nov 12

This day commenced with light winds from the westward and Showery The sick on the mending hand Middle and latter part Light breezes [illegible] the North and fine weather

Thursday Nov 13th

This day commenced with light wind from N W and plesant weather Middle and Latter Parts Light Sea breezes and fine weather Sick mending slowly

Fryday Nov 14

This day commenced with light breezes from Southward and fair weather At 7 A.M hove up the Anchor and proceded out over the Bar At 12 Noon the Coatzacoalcos River bore S W by W dist 10 miles this day ends with 12 hours

Course. Distance. Diff. of Lat. Departure. Lat. by D. R. Lat. by Ob. Variation. Diff. of Lon. Lon. in. Lon. by Ob.

H K F COURSES. WINDS. LEEWAY. REMARKS. day of 18

Come all young men and maidens
Attend unto my ~~[illegible]~~ Song
Wich relats concerning gold
that guids so many long
young Emily was a servent girl
who loved a sailor bold
it was for gain he ploughed the main
for gold as Ive been told

2 Six long years and better
Since Edwin left his home
he came unto young Emilys house
as she was all alone
he came unto young Emilys house
his gold all for to show
That he had gained upon the maine
he ploughed the low sands low

Course. Distance. Diff. of Lat. Departure. Lat. by D. R. Lat. by Ob. Variation. Diff. of Lon. Lon. in. Lon. by Ob.

Behind the Scenes.

"Four o'clock, and no Ellen yet! What can detain her so—she that is usually more punctual than the clock itself?"

It was scarcely a room in which Laura Avery was sitting—rather a magnificent bay-window with draperies of embroidered lace.

"Poor Ellen," she murmured, "how different our lots have been ordered in this world. Her parents dead—their wealth irretrievably lost and she too proud to accept a cent that she has not laboriously earned. Oh, dear!" and Laura sighed again, just as the clock's liquid voice chimed the half hour.

"She doesn't come," soliloquized the puzzled little damsel. "There's something the matter. Perhaps she is sick—oh, yes, she must be sick! I'll send James to inquire—no, I'll go myself."

Before the sentence was out of her lips she was up in her own room adjusting a soft gray shawl over her black silk dress, and tying the string of a quiet little brown velvet bonnet, whose own crimson rose among its trimmings of enameled moss was not unlike the bloom of her own cheek.

"I dont think it is going to snow," she pondered, looking out at the gray threatening sky, as she drew on her perfectly-fitting kid gloves. "At any rate, I shall walk very fast."

As she came through the softly-carpeted vestibule a servant approached her.

"A note, Miss Laura. It came five minutes *ago*."

Ah? the rose was several shades in the back ground now, as Laura Avery broke open the scented seal, and glanced over the delicate, cream-colored sheet, with a bright, half-suppressed *smile dimpling the corners* of her mouth. Yet the note was a very simple one after all:

"MY DEAR MISS AVERY.—May I promise myself the pleasure of accompanying you to hear the new opera to-night? Unless I receive a message to forbid me, will call for you at half-past seven.
Your most devoted slave and subject,
FLORIAN RICHLEY."

Laura instinctively slipped the note into her bosom, as if fearful lest the very pictures on the wall should catch a sight of the elegant chirography, and *pursued* her way down the *gloomy* street, with eyes that saw the *murky* atmosphere through a radiant glow of *couleur de rose*.

Meantime, the gray October light was fading away from a dreary room on the third floor of a house situated on one of those streets where decent respectability strives, hand to hand, with the grim assailant want.

Singularly out of keeping with the shabby and poverty-stricken aspect of the apartment was a newly-finished dress of lustrous purple silk, bright as the dyes of Tyre, that lay folded on the table beside the window in such a manner *that* you could see the costly trimming—a wide border of purple velvet, edged on either side with a fluting of white point lace. For poor Ellen Waynall was nothing more important than a hard-working and poorly-paid dress-maker.

She lay on the little white bed in the corner, *with her flushed* cheek pressed close against the pillow, and *her slender* figure partially covered by a coarse plaided *scarlet* shawl, while the occasional involuntary contraction of her forehead bore witness to the pain she was meekly suffering.

As one or two quiet tears escaped from her closed eyelids, and crept softly down her

---

enough to ride, and in a few days the pleasant old homestead gladdened his sight. How beautiful it looked as the sun shone on the vines in which it was embowered, with their wealth of grapes just purpling in the autumn sunshine. No one so joyful as Mr. Heath, who, after being gladdened by hearing Alfred say he would never go to sea again, expressed his opinion of newspapers in general, and his own newspaper in particular on this wise:

"I am so glad, Millicent, that you took that paper, for I count a newspaper just the most necessary thing in a family. We should never have had a boy here strong and well, if it had not been for it. It is an excellent thing, and I shall subscribe for it as long as I live."

---

as to accept charity. Don't look so hurt and grieved, dearest. You know how sensitive I can not help being on some points. It is only for a little while. When I am well enough to take that dress home, and receive the money for it, I shall then be enabled to purchase whatever I may require."

Laura Avery knelt down at her friend's bedside, with soft, *pleading* eyes.

"Dear Ellen, you will not refuse to accept a temporary loan from me."

Ellen shook her head with a grave smile.

"I can wait, Laura."

Laura looked from the dress to Ellen with a face of pained perplexity. Suddenly a bright inspiration seemed to strike her.

"Let me take the dress home, Ellen!" she exclaimed. "The walk will be just what I need, and I can stop at Dubour's on the way back and order the wine for you. You will never be strong unless you cosset yourself up a little. You will let me, Nell?"

Ellen hesitated a moment.

"But Laura—"

"No buts in the matter, if you please, Nell," laughed Laura, gleefully beginning to fold the rich dress into the little basket that stood upon the table beside it. "Where is it to go?"

"To Mrs. Richley's in Rivers Street. Why, Laura, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, only I am folding this dress wrong," returned Laura, in a low voice. It was well that Ellen did not see the scarlet blush that rose to her friend's lovely cheek, as she stood with her back to the bed smoothing the lustrous breadths of purple silk. Mrs. Richley's! Laura was almost sorry that she had volunteered to go, but it was too late to retract her offer now.

"What a selfish little creature I am," she mused. "Poor Nelly needs the money so much, and cannot go for it herself, and it isn't at all likely that I shall see Florian. I will go—there is an end of it."

"Thank you, dear Laura, it is so kind of you said Ellen, fervently, as Miss Avery came to the bedside with the basket on her arm, and a blue veil drawn closely over the brown velvet bonnet. "She owes me three dollars for this dress, and there are seven dollars on the old account that she has never yet paid me."

"Ten dollars! I'll collect it, never fear," said Laura gaily, as she disappeared, while to poor Ellen it seemed as if the sunshine all died out with the bright presence of her beautiful friend. It was nearly dusk when Miss Avery, summoning up all her resolution, ascended the brown stone steps of the Richley mansion and rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Richley at home?"

"What's your business with Mrs. Richley?" asked the servant, suspiciously scrutinizing the little basket that she carried. Laura bit her lips. This manner from servants was entirely a new experience to her, yet how often must poor Ellen have endured it.

"I have called to bring home a dress that was finished for her," she said in a tone of quiet dignity.

"Oh—ah—yes, well, I s'pose you'd best walk in."

The servant conducted her up stairs to a sort of sitting-room, or boudoir, where Mrs. Richley, a portly dame of about fifty, gorgeously dressed in crimson silk, was sitting in her easy chair in front of a glowing coal fire. Laura was inwardly grateful that the gas had not been lighted, particularly when she observed that Mr. Florian Richley was lounging on a velvet sofa in one of the window recesses. Mrs. Richley looked up as the servant ushered in the new comer.

"Well, young woman what do you want!"

Laura's cheek tinged at the tone of coarse insolence in which she was addressed, but she commanded herself to reply meekly:

"I have brought home your dress, Mrs. Richley."

"Where is Miss Waynall?"

"She is ill."

"Very well, lay down the dress; it is all right."

But Laura stood her ground valiantly.

"Miss Waynall would like the money to-night, Madam—seven dollors on the old account and three for this dress."

"It is not convenient to-night."

"But Mrs. Richley, Miss Waynall is ill and needs the money, persisted Laura.

"There Florian," said Mrs. Richley petulantly, addressing the young man in the Turkish dressing-gown and elaborately arranged *hair*, "I told you just how it would be."

"What the deuce is the matter now?" snappishly asked Florian, for the first time condescending to evince any interest in what was going on.

"Why, these impertinent dress-making people are always clamoring for money, just when you have drained me of my last cent.

"Let 'em clamor, then, that's my advice," said Mr. Florian, without taking the trouble to move his head.

"Just give me back that ten-dollar bill, Florian," urged his mother: "You cant' want it to-night."

"But I do want it, it happens," said Florian coolly.

"You are just going to fritter it away in some of those gambling places, to drink yourself stupid again," fretted Mrs. Richley. "It's too bad, getting my money away from me just to indulge in those horrid habits! Why don't you earn money for yourself?"

"Easy, mamma, easy," said the dutiful son, lazily dragging himself to a sitting posture. "Don't lose your temper, for it isn't worth while. This ten-dollar bill is going to help make my fortune. It shall take the lovely Laura to the opera to-night."

"Nonsense; this fine scheme will flash in the pan just like all the rest of your castles in the air.

"She won't have you."

"Oh yes, she will, my incredulous mamma; wait and see. I shall bring her to the point pretty soon. Then I'll pay you back the money with interest out of my lady's bag of shiners."

"And will you leave off your gambling habits? Oh, Florian, they will be the ruin of you yet."

"Perhaps, perhaps not," returned the young man insolently. "That will be very much as I please."

Both the mother and her hopeful son had, apparently entirely forgotten the presence of the young girl who was standing in the dusky shadows near the door, until this moment, when Mrs. Richley, turning sharply round saw her.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked, irritably. "I have already told you that it was not convenient to pay the money to night—Why don't you go about your busi-

ra Avery composedly advanced forward. She took one of the wax tapers from its china shell and lighted the gas with a steady hand whose flash of rich rings struck Mrs. Richley with astonishment.

"I am sorry that you can not pay your just debts, Madam," said Laura, quietly looking the amazed mother and son in the face; "but I am not sorry for any occurrence that has had the effect of opening my eyes to the true character of Mr. Florian Richley. I will take the ten dollars, sir, to my sick friend, as you will find it entirely unnecessary to go to the expense of taking Miss Laura Avery to the opera to-night."

Florian's handsome cheek had grown pale —his knees quivered beneath him as he mechanically took the bill from his pocket book and placed it in the hand of the imperative beauty, while Mrs. Richley sank back aghast into the cushioned easy-chair.

Florian made one desperate attempt to retrieve his lost fortune, even in the moment of sore defeat and discomfiture.

"I am very sorry—awkward mistake—hope you will afford me an explanation," he stammered.

"I require no explanation, sir," was Laura's cold reply, as she withdrew from the apartment, haughty and unapproachable as a statue of ice.

She hurried homeward through the twilight streets, with a burning cheek and a beating heart, and it was nearly dark when once more she entered Miss Waynall's room lighted only by the faint glow of the low fire.

"Back so soon, Laura?" asked Ellen, somewhat surprised.

"Here is the money, Nelly, and the wine," she said, thankful for the dim light could not betray her tell-tale features. "And now you must get well as fast as you can."

"Oh, Laura, I am so much obliged to you," said Ellen, earnestly.

Laura stooped to kiss her friend's pale cheek, inwardly reflecting how much she had to thank Ellen's indisposition.

But she never told Ellen of the discovery she had unwittingly made, while *fulfilling the gentle mission* of friendship, and no one even *knew the* precise manner in which the contemplated match between Florian Richley and Laura Avery was broken off.

There are some things that bring their own reward in this world—and the one act of kindness had saved Laura from unconsciously taking the step that would have percipitated her into a life-time of misery.

A teacher, a young lady, put this question to her scholars, one morning: "Who made you?" The oldest boy in school could not tell, neither could any of the scholars, till she questioned the smallest and youngest urchin in school. He answered promptly. The teacher turning to the largest boy, said, "Are you not ashamed not to know what this little fellow knows?" "He?" replied the big 'un, "Thunder!" I should think he might know; *taint a fortnight since he was made.*"

Parson Brownlow throws out the following challenge to his enemies: "Come you cowardly rascals and malicious traitors, try your hands upon us in connection with some new and greater charges. Can't you, with your large corruption fund, bribe some one to swear that we have robbed a bank? Can't you convict us of horse-stealing? Prove counterfeiting upon us? You have not out a case plain enough to keep loyal men from supporting us for Governor, and if something is not done we really expect to be elected. And when these rascals are convicted by our courts of high crimes, and sent to the penitentiary, we may be slow to pardon them out."

A paper in Wales thus begins one of its paragraphs:—"The inhabitants of Llanbedrgoch and of the parish of Llanfarimathafarneithaf." A very pleasant sound those last twenty-three letters must have.

Edwin Forrest, the actor has built a private theatre in Philadelphia for the education of poor boys and girls in declamation and recitation. He benevolently proposes to fit for the stage those who have an ambition for it.

The Canadian Parliament seems disposed to make all the reparation in its power to the sufferers by the St. Albans raid.

A HANDY ARTICLE.—Adam Slomaker, a number of years ago, came to Huntingdon, France, and seeing there for the first time a pair of snuffers, he asked:

"What's them for?"

"To snuff the candle."

The candle just needed attention, and Adam with his thumb and fingers pinched off the snuff, and carefully poked it into the snuffers, saying:

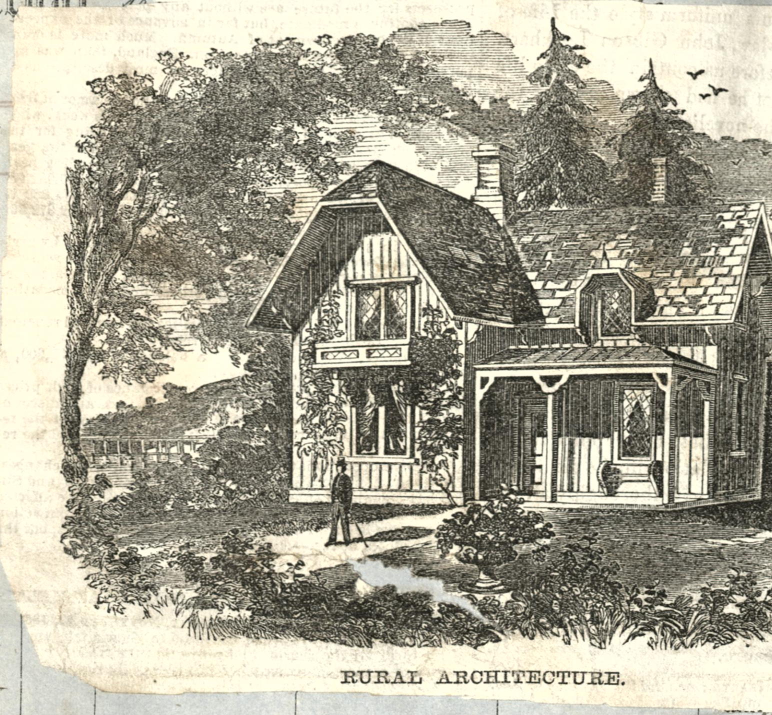
"Well, now them's handy."

A man came to the Duke of Wellington. "What have you to offer?" A bullet-proof jacket, your Grace." "Put it on." The inventor obeyed. The Duke rang a bell. An aid-de-camp presented himself. "Tell the captain of the guard to load with ball and cartridge." The inventor disappeared, and was never seen again near the Horse Guards. No money wasted in trying that invention.

---

board
ember 1862
with light
weather
lcos River
miles
to the
breezes and
le the Sick
Lon. by Ob
1862
ed with
westward
er
derate
iddle
Lon. by Ob.

Journal ... wards ... D Heffs ma


RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

nd ... 1862

H	K	F	Courses	Winds	Leeway	Remarks	
1	2						
2	2					ligh	
3	2					the	th light
4	2						ther
5	2						
6	2						
7	2						
8	2						
9	2						
10	2						
11	2						to the west
12	2						
1	2					Mid p th	winds and
2	2						in light
3	2						
4	3						
5	3		NbW	ENE			to the east
6	3						
7	3					Lat by Os	
8	3						
9	3						
10	2						to the westward
11	2					Latter par	
12	2					sick imp	reez and mending slowly

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variatio	Lon. by Ob

Tuesday ... 1862

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS.	
1	2		N by W	E N E		This day	with stormy
2	2					light w	clouds
3	2					weather	to the Eastw
4	2						Top Sail
5	2						Main sail
6	2						
7	2						Sail and
8	3					S	
9	3						
10	3		"				
11	3						
12	3					Middle sun	
1	4						y, Gale blow
2	4						ning Ru
3	4						making some
4	3						ht wor
5	2						to
6	1		"				
7	calm					Lat by Ob	
8							N
9							
10							a little with
11						Latter par ont	ad Sea
12						weather	

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variatio	Lon. by Ob.

DEATH IN LIFE:

OR, A MYSTERY IN AN ATTIC.

BY DR. SAMUEL G. WARREN,

Author of "Ten Thousand a Year," "Now and Then," &c.

I think I have on more than one occasion mentioned that in the early part of my career I was glad to make terms with a general practitioner or two, who would take upon themselves to recommend me, if I did the same good office by them. There is nothing in these arrangements that the most fastidious folks can possibly object to. The chemist recommends a man whom he knows to be a pains-taking and good physician, and the physician recommends a chemist of whom good drugs may be procured.

I was one day lounging by the shop counter of a Mr. Martin, with whom I had made an arrangement, when a dashingly dressed female came into the shop, and with a smile and a whisper produced a small bottle, saying—

"I want the usual quantity, Sir, if you please."

"As you please, Mrs. Coates," said the chemist, "but I warn you, as I have often done before, that this sort of thing must and will ultimately tell upon your constitution."

"Do you think so?" she replied with a glittering smile, that showed a mouth full of good teeth.

"I am quite certain of it, madam," added the chemist, as he filled the little bottle with laudanum; "this gentleman is a physician," indicating me, "and he will tell you the same, I'm quite sure, if you ask him."

She turned, and gave one of the glittering smiles, and I said,—

"Certainly, no person can make a habit of taking such a drug with impunity. It must indeed prove fatal in the end, by the very means that the constitution seems to get used to it."

"But won't the constitution in time get used to it, Sir?" she said.

"O, certainly; and when that time comes, the patient dies, that's all," said I. "But you do not mean to tell us, madam, that you indulge yourself in so dangerous a habit as taking that narcotic *continually?*"

"This small quantity lasts me a week. I should be quite wretched without it. Good morning, gentlemen."

She gave us both a smile of the same complexion as the former ones, and left the shop. I followed her to the door, and saw her get into a handsome chariot that was waiting for her, and then off she went.

"Well," said Mr. Martin to me, "you have head of such cases before, I suppose, doctor.—They are common enough."

"Yes; but I don't think this is one of them."

"Not one of them really? She has been to and fro here for more than a year, for laudanum; she uses that much a week."

"You confirm me now," I said, "in my opinion that this is not one of those cases. It is quite out of the question that she could have taken that quantity of such an extract without showing manifest symptoms of the practice. You may depend upon it, Mr. Martin, that *the tincture of* opium is for *somebody else.* None of it passes those *lips that* covered themselves with such bewitching smiles, you may depend."

Mr. Martin looked puzzled for a few moments.

"Well, doctor," he said, "you certainly put the affair in another light altogether. It never struck me in that way at all. And so you really think Mrs. Coates don't take the laudanum herself?"

"That is my opinion. I have no sort of hesitation in saying positively that she has not taken that quantity per week for anything like twelve months. Why, she would have lost all her characteristic looks if she had. Her eyes would have told the tale at once."

"Well, upon my word,—I—I—you make me rather uneasy. I should like to know who does *take it, then,* that's all. God bless me! she must have quarts of it by her if she has saved it all. She only lives in the next street, and is a highly respectable person, keeps her carriage, as you see; but she always comes herself for the laudanum, perhaps from a natural feeling of keeping quite from the knowledge of her servants that she is addicted to the use of any such drug. If she don't, however, take it herself, who does, I wonder? That is the question."

"And one we cannot answer, I should say; so it is of no use troubling ourselves about it."

At this moment there arose a tumult in the street, and loud cries of "Stop him! stop him!" which convinced us something had gone wrong in the quadrupedal department of some body's menage. Of course we rushed to the door, which, as good fortune would have *it,* we just reached in time to receive almost in our arms an elderly gentleman, who was thrown from his horse, and who fainted, either from fright or the injuries he had received before we could drag him into the shop. The horse went at a furious rate down the street, followed by a mob, who seemeed intent, by various cries, upon driving the creature quite mad, while a crowd of more curious persons surrounded Mr. Martin's shop, and many a nose was flattened against his plate-glass windows in his owner's anxiety to see what was going on within.

This curiosity, however, was not gratified, for the old gentleman was carried into the surgery, which was at the back of the shop, and effectually screened from observation.

We made a hasty examination of him, from which we came to the conclusion that he was a good deal more frightened than hurt, and by the aid of a stimulant he soon recovered sufficiently to look about him, and wondered where he was.

"You are not much hurt, Sir," said Mr. Martin.

"Hurt! O no—no—no. If I had but been killed, what a mercy it would have been—if I had but been killed!"

"Indeed, Sir," said I, "the mercy is usually considered to lie the other way exactly."

"O no,—no. That horse has been the death of others, but not of me. I bear that charmed life that belongs to the wretched. The sword will not touch them—the bullet is not to them a swift-winged messenger of death—the ocean casts them up from its billowy surface—and fate seems to cry out aloud to them, 'live to suffer!'"

Mr. Martin and I were silent for a few moments. Indeed, it was rather a difficult thing to make any reply to what the old gentleman said. We could not take upon ourselves to contradict that the world to him might wear all the sort of aspect that he painted. He apparently saw that he had placed us in some sort of fix, for he added,—

"Pardon me, gentlemen, for troubling you upon *such matters,* but what lies upon the surface of the heart will at times find too ready expression from the lips. I feel quite able to walk home which is close at hand. Here is my card, and whatever charge you may please to make will be duly liquidated."

"Will you allow me," said I, "to give you a call to-morrow? You may feel then the effects of your fall much more than you do now. Such is frequently the case, I can assure you."

"I know it, Sir," he said, "and do not wish to refuse your courtesy. I shall be happy to see you at any time between the hours of eight and ten *in* the evening, if such a period will suit you."

"Better than any other," said I. "Good morning, Sir."

Mr. Martin would have accompanied him, to give him an arm home, *but he would not have it* so; and we *not liking to be too pressing, let* him accordingly go by himself.

It would have been indecorous to have done so before, but now that he was fairly gone, we looked at his card, and on it we found the name of "Major Campbell, 34 Grafton Street."

"34," said Mr. Martin, "34,—why—why it's at No. 34 that Mrs. Coates lives. It can't surely be 34 Grafton Street, or perhaps it's some other Grafton Street."

"Ah," said I, "that may be, *but did he not say* that it was close at hand?"

"He did. Well, it's very odd. I never heard of anybody but Mrs. Coates herself living at 34. To be sure I was never in the house, so it might be, without my knowing anything about it, after all."

"Bravo! Martin," said I, "you are a capital wonder-monger. But I shall avail myself of the old major's leave to call to-morrow evening, and if there is anything peculiar in the place, I will let you know. I think, however, we may now conclude that we know the mystery of the laudanum. No doubt Mrs. Coates buys it for the major, although why she says it is for herself I cannot divine, unless it be from that strange love of having something to say of an out-of-the way character, which often induces people to say so at the expense of truth."

"It must be so. I shall be anxious to hear what you have to tell me about No. 34. Don't fail to call after you have been there to-morrow evening."

"You may depend I will not."

* * * * *

I attached no sort of importance to my call at 34 Grafton Street. The only mystery about the affair had consisted in the question of who the laudanum that Mrs. Coates purchased was intended for, and that I now consider as perfectly solved by the discovery of the residence of Major Campbell in the house; so that when I knocked at the door at half-past eight, on the next evening, I certainly had no idea that out of this transaction there would grow an interesting passage for my Diary.

When I knocked at the door, it was opened by an old woman, who certainly *did* not, to my thinking, look the most respectable servant in the world, but upon my saying that I wanted to see Major Campbell, she replied—

"O, you are the doctor. He has been asking for you. You may come in. This way—he lives on the first floor. You can follow me."

She led the way up stairs, and ushered me into a handsome room on the first floor, where, reclining upon a sofa, I found the old gentleman who had been thrown from his horse. He tried to get up, and as he evidently gave himself pain by the effort, I prevented him, saying,—

"I grieve, Sir, to find my prediction or supposition that you would be worse, fulfilled. I beg you will not stir, Sir, on my account. Pray continue in any posture you find the easiest."

"You were right, Sir," he said, "you were right. I do to-day feel much more acutely the effects of my fall of yesterday. I think there is nothing serious done, and I am sure no bones are broken."

"In that case, then," said I, "a very short time will lead to your recovery, but I would not rest too much, and—and if you are in the habit of taking the tincture of opium, I would advise you to repress it as much as possible."

"The habit of taking what, Sir? Opium! What in the name of all that's d———able—I detest the drug, Sir. I am not in the habit of taking any thing at all. What the devil——"

"Pray calm yourself, Sir," I replied. "Perhaps I have arrived at a wrong conclusion, but I rtainly had my own reasons, which I feel bound communicate to you, for supposing that you lged in what I may call the pernicious habit king continued doses of laudanum, and I felt ty to say something against such a roceeding."

irly related to him the manner in as led to the belief, by Mrs. Coate's purchases at my friend Mr. Martin's shop, and when I had concluded, he immediately rung the bell, saying, "You surprise me, sir, very much. There must really be some mistake in this matter. I will ask her."

"Nay, sir," I said, "that would place me in a very disagreeable position indeed. It is no business of mine whether this lady takes opium or not; and I detest having the appearance of prying into any body's affairs. I beg, sir, as a particular favor, you will let the matter drop, and I beg pardon for alluding to it for a moment."

"Certainly, doctor, certainly, if you wish it. Of course I can take some private opportunity of speaking to her about it, without compromising you in the matter in the least. That is easily done. I'm afraid I owe you some apologies for very extraordinary language used by me while in the chemist's shop; but the fact is, I was hardly myself, and I have suffered so much misery that I may be excused for it just now, and the making rather mal apropos exhibition of it."

"I pray you, sir," I replied, "not to mention it. I only deeply regret that you should have had any cause of anguish."

There was now a moment or two of pause, after which he said, "I don't know what impels me to speak to you upon a topic interdicted in this house, and which for twelve months now I have said nothing concerning to any one. But I do feel inclined to break through my rule of silence. I—I—had—a daughter."

"The grave, sir, is no respecter of feelings."

"The grave!" he exclaimed. "O, that I knew she was there. By this time I should have wept all the tears that her loss, in such a way, would have wrung from me. No, no, it is worse than death, for it is uncertainty. It is the agony of doubt, of supposition."

"You are, then, sir, in a state of uncertainty regarding her fate?"

"I am—I am! O, that Heaven would end it by leading me to some spot of earth, where I might be fully convinced she slept the long sleep that knows no waking. Then, I think, I should know what peace was, but now all is conjecture; the mind so tortured, ever falls back upon the most painful ideas and conjectures. I am very wretched, sir; *Mrs. Coates is my cousin;* I am *much indebted to her for her kind consideration;* she suffers greatly in our loss; *I say our loss,* because she was, to the fault, as tenderly attached to my lost daughter as myself."

"Indeed," I said, and the recollection of Mrs. Coates' glittering smile came across me, as a sort of practical refutation of the statement made by the major regarding her suffering; but still I had no right to make a sceptical remark, for after all, Mrs. Coates might be like the young lady who never told her love, as secret about her grief.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, "we often, unmanly as it may appear, upon my part, mingle our tears as we think of our lost one. O, my poor Annie, what has become of you? If your fond, doating father could but, for one moment, be permitted to look into those sweet, blue eyes, he could lie down and die content."

"But still, sir," I said, "you have not told me how you lost her."

"I cannot—I can only tell all the world that she is lost. I came here to reside with my cousin, who was to play the part of a friend by attending to the household for me, bringing my *child with me, after the death of its mother,* at Lisbon, where we had *taken* up our abode; I need scarcely say my *fortune* is ample, and there was every prospect of happiness before us, duly tinctured by a recollection of her, whom death had robbed me of; but still that was in the natural course of events. The security of a residence, however, did not last long; my child, who was twelve years old, went one day with a little portfolio of music under her arm to call upon a neighbor—she never got there, and, alas! has never been heard of since."

The major rose, and paced the apartment for some seconds, to control his emotions.

"I suppose every thing has been *done?*" said I.

"*Every thing done!*" *he cried* with asperity. "Sir, more than enough has been done. I have heaped offers of reward one upon another, until they have come to half my fortune, but nothing was heard. She passed before me like a bright exhalation, and then was gone forever—forever. All things grew distasteful to me—the establishment was reduced—I could not bear to see the servants, that had waited upon her, looking as well as ever. An old woman now forms the whole domestic house, and she can neither read nor write. Mrs. Coates, you perceive, makes great sacrifices for me."

"But she keeps a carriage?"

"O, yes, but the servants never come here; they live at the stables. Now, doctor, you know all, what hope is there for me? What right, now, have I to do otherwise than absolutely despair?"

"Every right in the world."

"Indeed, why Mrs. Coates gives the affair up."

"Mrs. Coates," said I, "may do as she pleases, but I never give any affair up at all."

"You, then—then would even still think—"

"That there was a chance of recovering your child; certainly I would, until I had the most positive information of her death, and I never would, for a day, relax in my endeavors to find her; all my relations should be put upon the watch, and you should let them all know that the disposal of your fortune would be most favorable to that one who restored to you your daughter."

"Relations! I have no relations in the world, but Mrs. Coates; she shall have, as she is entitled to by her kind sympathy with me, everything, and I care not how soon I bid adieu to this world. I am one who may, indeed, say that he is sick of many griefs."

"Despair and hopelessness may make you think so. But, for all you know to the contrary, you may yet pass many happy years, surrounded by those who may love you. I cannot say that at this present moment, I am prepared to give you any advice; but believe me, sir, I feel sufficiently interested in your statement to give it so serious a consideration that I hope I may be able to suggest some course that will present a prospect of success."

"You—you really think so?"

"I do, indeed."

"O, doctor, your words come across my darkened soul like a ray of sunlight into a dungeon."

"I will visit you to-morrow," I said; "in the meantime keep yourself calm, and do not be afraid of being too hopeful, major. All may be well, you know; and why should not you give yourself the advantage of the supposition?"

"I will—I will. I am confident that continuing to reside in this house, where everything reminds me of my lost daughter, has materially added to the gloom of my spirits. To be sure, by the suggestion, and it was a kind one of Mrs. Coates, we have completely shut up the other part of it, where my child used most to be."

"Shut up the house?"

"Yes, I have never been above the drawing-room, in the back room of which I sleep, since Annie was missed."

"Most extraordinary. Well, good morning."

He bade me adieu; and I went down the stairs slowly, thinking to myself as I went. In the passage I met the old servant, who told me that her mistress wished to see me, if I would wait a moment in one of the parlors; she added that she would be with me directly, as she was decorating for the theatre.

I accordingly went into the dining-room, and in the course of about ten minutes, Mrs. Coates came into the room. She artfully stared at seeing me, and putting her hand up to her eyes, she looked down, saying,—

"I have certainly seen you before, sir. I—I think I have. O, I recollect now. Good God! I—I have a great favor to ask of you, sir. I—I hardly know how to name it. Dear me, what a coincidence that the major should be thrown from his horse at your very door, sir."

"It was not at my door, madam, but at the door of the chemist where you buy your laudanum. I am a friend of his."

"Hush! hush! for heaven's sake. Hush! The *favor I have to ask of you, is, to say nothing of the laudanum to the major.*"

"I am afraid you are too late, madam."

"Too late! What do you mean?"

"I have said something to him about it, and he is going to speak to you upon the subject."

"I am at all events prepared," she muttered. Her whole countenance was expressive of great anxiety, contrasting strangely with the splendid dress she wore, and the magnificent jewels with which she was profusely adorned.

I was completely puzzled, and after a pause, I said,

"Madam, I don't think you need to put yourself so terribly out of the way about the laudanum business. The only mystery, and it is one which you can no doubt explain, is what becomes of it."

"What becomes of it?" she cried. "I take it. How dare you hint that I—I—I—nothing—nothing. I have said nothing."

"And I hinted nothing."

"Good evening, sir. I have the honor of bidding you good evening."

She rose, and fairly bowed me out. The night was very dark, and when the street door was closed upon me by the old domestic, I popped over the way, into a door-way, from a natural sort of anxiety to look at the house in which there was so much suffering and so much mystery. I saw, as the old major had told me, that the whole of the upper part was shut up, and a most dingy appearance it certainly had, to be sure. The windows had evidently stood the brunt of months of rain and dust, and were terribly begrimmed, presenting quite a contrast to the rest of the house, which was kept in good order.

I was about to saunter slowly, for I had no engagement on my hands, when a circumstance occurred that quickly chained me to the spot, and I don't think I would have gone away for the largest fee I received from the most liberal and confiding patient.

This circumstance was neither more nor less than seeing a light in one of the upper rooms of the house. There was but a faint ray that came struggling through a very small crevice in the shutters, and I doubt, so dim and dubious was it, if I could have seen it, had not the night been one of uncommon darkness.

It was clear that somebody did not hesitate to visit those rooms, and the question arose of who was it, and what the object? I waited till the light disappeared, and then the street door was opened, and Mrs. Coates' carriage rattled up to the curb stone—she came out and stepped into the vehicle—the door was closed, and I heard the footman say, "to the opera," and then a way she went.

When the carriage had got out of the street, I crossed the road, and knocked at the house door, which was speedily opened by the old servant.

"I am sorry to have been so long. Has the major asked for me? I can find my way, thank you."

"Was you to come back?"

"Of course I was; that'll do; I can see."

She held a candle to light me, and I ascended the drawing-room stairs. She went down to the kitchen, and then instead of entering the dining-room, I silently passed it, and ascended the next flight of stairs. All was dark, and I reached without interruption the second floor landing. I tried the doors of three rooms, but they were fast. I hesitated a moment, and then ascended the next flight of stairs, but with similar bad success, for all the doors were shut, and I was debating in my mind what to do, when a gleam of light shot up the staircase, and upon looking over the banister, I saw the old woman coming

Journal from Minatitlan towards N

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Friday
1	2	1	WSW	NbW	3	This day
2	2	1				strong b
3	2	1				running Big
4	2	1				close reefed
5	2	1	ENE			At 5 P.M. W
6	2	1				Sreastward
7	2	1				
8	2	1				
9	2	1				
10	2	1		[illegible]	[illegible]	
11	2	1				Middle par
12	2	1				at 12 Mid Nig
1	3		NE½E		2	
2	3					
3	3					
4	3					At 4 A.M. tur
5	3	1				of Top Sail
6	3	1				and set the
7	3	1				
8	3	1				Lat by Ob.
9	4					
10	4					Latter part
11	4					set whole m
12	4					trail sick

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Saturday 2
1	3		NE	NWbN		This day com
2	3					breezes and
3	3					all nessesar
4	3					
5	3					
6	3					
7	3					
8	3					
9	3					
10	3					
11	3					Middle part
12	3					passing cl
1	3					
2	3					
3	3					
4	3					
5	4		NEbN	NW		Lat by Ob
6	4					
7	4					
8	4					
9	3		NE	NWbN		
10	3					
11	3					Latter part
12	3					fine weath

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.

ANTONIA.

[WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH BY LIZZIE ASHTON.]

'T WAS on a most lovely day in the month of April,—(we do not know the precise date) and April is not, in Spain, as here, cold and showery, with but few pleasant days, few smiles in proportion to the tears she so plentifully sheds,—it was in the month of April, then, that a young Spanish girl was seated in an alcove, meditating. Her residence was in the suburbs of Cordova, and the garden was separated from others on one side by the Guadalquiver—that river so famed in song and story—the "*golden river*," as the Spanish poets call it. What the Donna Antonia was meditating upon, we cannot tell; but her thoughts, if not pleasant, were at least interesting, for still she remained in her accustomed seat, listlessly gazing upon the lovely scene around her, until the shades of evening began to close over the fair city. Rising from her seat, she at length seemed about to leave the alcove, but lingered, to take a last look at the river. "I wonder if the Count will come again with my father?" she said, and then paused, as if in deep thought. "How beautifully the sun gilds the boughs of those orange trees! and there are Donna Elvira and her lover, taking a sail upon the river. I wish I had a lover: not one like the Count, old enough to be my father, and always talking of State matters, and looking grand enough to be the Chancellor of Spain; but like Don Guzman, there, handsome, young and gay, with a heart formed to love and be loved, and an arm to defend his lady-love from danger. I saw a cavalier once ——" and the maiden paused again and blushed, although alone, at the recollection of the cavalier who had gazed so admiringly at her, when she last witnessed the bull-fight in the plaza.

As she turned to leave the alcove, she suddenly perceived a beautiful bouquet lying on the ground near her. She took it, and as she examined the flowers, a billet fell from among them. Antonia wondered how the flowers came there—she knew that no one could have entered unperceived, and she did not believe in magic. She pondered for sometime, and still the billet lay where it fell; at length a gentle breeze wafted it near her, as if inviting her to read, and she took it up and opened it. Lo! her wish was granted, if the note might be believed; for it breathed the most fervent love, and its writer seemed to have been cradled in the halls of romance, so devoted and chivalric was his *language*.

"I wonder who he can be!" said the lady *Antonia*, looking to see if her adorer had given his name—"Carlos Cevennes!—who he is, I do not know—none of my acquaintances, I am sure;" and again she thought over the names of her friends, but no! that one she had never heard of.

Just then, her page Albert came to her, and she inquired of him if he knew who Don Carlos Cevennes was. Perhaps he could have solved the mystery of the billet's appearance, which had so puzzled his lady, for his rogueish smile was hardly repressed as he saw the flowers in *her* hand, and heard her question.

"Yes, Donna," he answered, "do you not remember the cavalier who came with offers of service when my lord's chariot was overturned, and who—"

"THE cavalier!" exclaimed the lady, whose heart, perhaps, recalled too well the image of one to whom Albert referred, but who cared not to own it. "*The* cavalier! why, Albert, there were a dozen of my father's friends around us, and if among them one was more assiduous than the rest, it was the Count Olivaro."

"The one, Donna Antonia," answered the boy, with a mischievous glance, as if he read her thoughts, "who passed by the carriage several times, gazing at you each time as if he could not behold your beauty enough; and who came that evening with his guitar, under your balcony, and sang such sweet lays to its music."

"Was that Don Carlos? Give me my mantle, Albert; I will leave the garden now."

When the Donna Antonia was alone in her chamber, she read the billet again, and then put it into her casket with her jewels. Perhaps she thought it as precious as her diamonds; we *suppose*,—alas! we *know* not by experience, ancient maiden though we be,—that young ladies always prize the first love-letter very highly. And when the Donna slept that night, she dreamed of her unknown lover, and very pleasant were her dreams.

Till she lost her mother, four or five years previously, she had never known sorrow. The only child of her parents, they loved her to excess, and all the pleasures affection could procure, were lavished upon her. She was now about sixteen, and as she had seldom appeared in public,—for her father loved retirement, and since the death of his wife, his life had been more secluded than before,—the young lady had no lovers, if we except the Count Olivaro, a proud, haughty man, who possessed great influence with her father, and who had sometimes said something to her of love and happiness, which seemed to her so much at variance with his appearance and manners, that if ever she thought of wedding him, it was with a smile at the absurdity of the idea. Her father had never contradicted her, and though she loved him tenderly, she supposed that he would always allow her to please herself in the selection of a husband, as well as of a dress or a set of jewels.

Antonia had never received a love-letter before, and as was natural, her first action the next morning was to read it again; and then she thought that though Don Carlos was certainly very bold and very presuming, yet he might not have considered himself so, and it would be but right to tell him her opinion, that he might not offend again. Then she wondered what could make him fall in love with her; and when she looked on her mirror, she wondered no longer—for she was very beautiful. Her raven tresses broke into a thousand shining ringlets, and floated over a neck pure and white as the orange blossoms in her own garden; and her eyes were large, soft and black, with an expression whose variableness would have puzzled an artist to catch, now full of mirth, then deepening into tenderness, then shaded into a deeper seriousness *by compassion*, and now *glancing* with joy, which seemed contagious, for no one could look upon her and be sad.

Such was Antonia de Montalvar—and no wonder was it that the young Don Carlos thought her the most beautiful creature he had ever beheld, when he saw her bending in anxious apprehension over her father, who had been stunned by being thrown from his carriage. The horses of their chariot had become unmanageable, and after running at full speed through several streets, in turning a corner, upset the carriage, and the Marquis was thrown with violence against a pillar of the church of Santa Maria. The young man had noticed Antonia's great beauty before, but now he was perfectly bewildered with delight, and indeed she looked lovelier than ever. Her graceful attitude, as she knelt by her father's side, and eagerly bent over him, the expression of filial love mingled with apprehension, which gave a touching softness to her dark, lustrous eyes, charmed the young cavalier, and that night he ascertained her residence, and exerted his musical powers to serenade his idol.

The Donna Antonia, I said, decided that her lover ought to be told that he was guilty of great presumption in writing to her thus; so she took her writing materials, and seated herself to express, in the most decided terms, her disapprobation of his conduct. But there was something at her heart pleading for him, and she could not reprove him as she wished; she was not at all satisfied with what she had written, and when at last she sealed her note, she thought it might be improper in her to answer him. But Antonia was young and inexperienced, and she had no duenna to prevent all intercourse with a lover; so she concealed her note in a bouquet,—the flowers of which it was composed were not such as would convey discouragement,—and left it in the alcove where she had found the other; and as she turned away, she could not help wondering *if he would write again.* At eve, as was her custom, she walked by the river-side, to enjoy the delightful scene, and watch the boats gliding up and down the stream. After a while she entered her summer-house, and glanced upon the seat, half in expectation of finding there another billet from her lover. She was disappointed; her own bouquet had disappeared, and perhaps had fallen into other hands than those for which it was designed. Poor Antonia! she was distressed and sadly puzzled; if her father should discover of what imprudence she had been guilty! and how bitterly did she repent it now! The tears fell fast as she sat and mused upon this, and she almost vowed in her alarm, to become a nun. She was wakened from her revery by the sound of sweet music under the window, and as she started from her seat, another bouquet of flowers fell at her feet. A strange flutter of delight ran through her young heart, as she took it up, and with a trembling hand disengaged the note she found within. She did not open it, however, until the last notes of the music had died away, and even then did not venture to read it, but sought the solitude of her own chamber. Happy was the young Donna now!

It was not long before the young Cevennes sought an introduction to the Marquis, and through him to his lovely daughter. An attachment in Spain is not of the slow growth it often is in colder countries, and it was not very long before Carlos had declared his love, and obtained from the artless girl the confession of her affection. Antonia was now happier than a princess; every day came a beautiful bouquet from Carlos, and every night his guitar was heard under her balcony. His visits were not unknown or unnoticed by the Marquis; on the contrary, he seemed to take pleasure in observing their increasing intimacy, and though he had never spoken of it, they thought he knew their affection for each other.

But their happiness was not of long duration; one morning, a few months after our tale commences, the Marquis entered his daughter's apartment, and saluting her affectionately, seated himself by her side.

"Well, my love," said he, as he twined his fingers in her long ringlets, "I suppose I must soon lose your sweet company. Do you wish to be married?"

"I? no, father, not even if I could be a Duchess."

"Pshaw, my dear! all young girls want husbands, and I have found one for you; an old acquaintance."

"Who is he, father?"

"Count Olivaro, my child. He will be a most affectionate and indulgent husband. I know you will love him."

"As a *father*, or a *guardian*, perhaps I might, but *not* as a husband. I cannot marry him."

"You must, Antonia."

"No, I shall not; he is too old, and he is neither handsome, witty nor brave. I will have a cavalier, young, beautiful and chivalrous."

"*Like Don Carlos?*" said the Marquis.

Antonia blushed, and remained silent.

"I wish it might have been thus," he continued, "but it may not be. I have hitherto allowed you your own way in everything, and now, the first request I make you refuse me. I am sorry to distress you, but you must marry the Count. I have given him my word as a Spanish gentleman, and I shall keep it."

Antonia burst into tears. "I am not ungrateful for your kindness, dearest father," she said, "but indeed I cannot marry the Count."

"I have *promised it*," replied the Marquis, and left her to her reflections.

For some time she remained with her face buried in the cushions of her sofa, sobbing violently. At last she raised her head and said,

"I cannot see Carlos to-day. I will write to him."

So she wrote, with the artlessness and confiding love of a child, and told him that her father had promised to give her to the Count. Albert carried the letter to Don Carlos, and when he received it he seemed thunderstruck.

"Can this be possible, Albert?" said he. "Will the Marquis not yield to his daughter's entreaties? And can he sacrifice her thus?"

"My lord is a stern man, and his decisions are irrevocable. I do not think even the lady Antonia could induce him to alter any determination."

"This must not be," exclaimed Carlos passionately, "I cannot give her up to Count Olivaro. Albert, you are both faithful and capable; cannot you contrive some means by which we can save your lady from such a fate?"

Albert sighed, and shook his head, then departing he left Don Carlos to his meditations. He was pacing his apartment with a frown upon his handsome features, when the door was thrown open and he was clasped in the arms of his most intimate friend, Juan d'Alcantara.

"But you are sad, Cevennes; what troubles you?"

Carlos poured into the attentive ear of his friend, the story of his love, and ended by declaring that he could not endure to have her wed the Count.

"No, by my honor," said Alcantara, "'tis a thing not to be thought of for a moment. Cannot you carry her off?"

"No, she would never consent to that, and beside, her father knows my love for her, and will be on his guard."

"Indeed!" said the young man, "I must not allow you to lose your fair one; but who is this Count? You have not yet told me his name."

"Count Olivaro, formerly governor of Toledo, a proud, haughty, tyrannical noble, who cannot love her, and who only wishes her wealth."

"Olivaro, Count Olivaro! My dear Don Carlos, you shall be the happiest man in Spain, if wedding the Donna Antonia will make you so. Leave all to me, and assure her that she shall not be forced to wed the Count. And now I must leave you."

"You were ever my guardian genius, Juan!" exclaimed Don Carlos, "but farewell for the present, and success attend you."

'Twas not long before the Church of Santa Maria was decorated as for a bridal.—The bride with her friends was there, and Carlos too, though he almost doubted his friend's power to give him the fair Antonia, was standing near, half hidden by one of the lofty pillars, fearing and yet hoping. For sometime they waited the appearance of the bridegroom, but he came not. Antonia was very pale, sorrow had taken the roses from her cheeks and left there nought but lilies. Suddenly her eyes met those of Carlos, she felt, she knew not why, a ray of hope. The Marquis grew impatient.

"Can any one explain the absence of Count Olivaro?" he asked.

An elegantly dressed and noble looking cavalier, wearing the uniform of the royal guards, approached, and bowing gracefully, said,

"If you wait for the Count Olivaro, my lord Marquis, *your patience will be sorely tried*. He was arrested this morning, by the orders of his Majesty, and is now on his way to Madrid, to receive the punishment of a traitor."

Then, without noticing the Marquis's amazement, not unmingled with pleasure, he continued—

"But these gallant preparations should not have been made in vain. Is there no one here who will supply to the Donna Antonia the place of her unworthy bridegroom?"

As he spoke, he turned his laughing eyes upon Carlos. The young man sprang forward, and taking the unresisting hand of Antonia, he knelt at her father's feet, and prayed him to sanction their love. The Marquis glanced from his daughter to her lover, and then to the young cavalier who had so unceremoniously proposed the marriage of the young lady.

"You do not know me," said the latter, smiling; "I am the son of your sister, and my name is Juan d'Alcantara. And, uncle, I pray you to allow my sweet cousin to have her own way in this matter. Don Carlos is worthy of her."

The Marquis turned to the lovers.

"Take her, Don Carlos, and make her happy."

The priest performed the ceremony willingly, and the day so much dreaded by the Donna Antonia, was changed into a day of rejoicing.

Whether the young couple were always as happy as their bridal, I know not; but as I have never heard any thing to the contrary, it is but fair to presume that they were so.

Original.

THE SPOT WHERE I WAS BORN.

HOW pleasant to recall the past,
  To think of life's first dawn,
To think upon the lovely spot,
  The spot where I was born;

To look back on that sparkling brook—
  The school-house on the green,—
And 'neath that shaded "oak" I've sat
  Beside some "lady queen."

The "arbor," too, all covered o'er
  With richly-scented flowers,
Beneath whose shade I've often spent
  So many happy hours.

That tall and spreading forest tree
  I'll never now see more,
Whose branches waved caressingly
  In front the "school-house door."

And then that "meadow," low and green,
  With cattle grazing on,
There oftentimes I've sped my way
  To watch the playful "fawn."

But now, alas! those days are past—
  That meadow and the spot,
Where playfully did skin the fawn,
  Are faded and forgot.

"Stern fate" has wrought its changes,
  Those arbors where are they?
Like others things as fleeting,
  They, too, have passed away.

"That meadow and that grassy field
  I've strolled cross many a morn;
They, too, forgotten, are as is
  The spot where I was born."

JAS. S. WATKINS.

Hoffses Mas

Nov 1862

ced with
pleasant weather
k to the westw
s fine
ails to the
ed
the Northward
s fine

	in.	Lon. by Ob.

Nov 1862

ced with
pleasent
oderate with
inds
s
came
sick list yet

	in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Minatitlan towards N York D Hoffses mast

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Tuesday 25 day of Nov 182
1	3		N N E ½ E	East		This day commenced with
2	3					light winds and fair weather
3	3					
4	3					
5	3		N E	E S E		Saw a Sail standing to the
6	3					westward
7	3					
8	3					
9	3		E by N	S E		
10	3					
11	3					
12	3					Middle part light and baffling
1	2					winds with passing clouds
2	2					
3	3		N E by E	E by S		
4	3					
5	3		N by E	East		
6	3					Lat by Obs 25 12 N
7	3					
8	3					
9	3		N E ½ N	E S E		
10	3					
11	3					Latter part same as former
12	3					the Captain Steward and five men on sick list one man very sick

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Wednesday 26 day of Nov 1862
1	4		N by E	East		This day commenced light
2	3		S S E	"		breezes and pleasant weather
3	3					At 1 PM Tack Ship and stood
4	3					to the Southward
5	3					
6	3					
7	3					
8	3					
9	3					
10	3					At 10 PM tack ship and stood
11	3		N E	E S E		to the N Eastward
12	3					Middle part wind verry light
1	3					
2	2					
3	1					
4	1					
5						
6	Calm					From 4 to 7 calm
7						Lat by Obs 24 57
8	1	1	East	W N W		
9	1	1				
10	1	1				
11	1	1				Latter part light airs from
12	2					the westward

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Honesty the Best Policy.

A farmer called on the late Earl Fitzwilliam to represent to him that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured, in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his lordship's hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.

"Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you."

The farmer replied, that anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that as the crop seemed quite destroyed, fifty pounds would not more than repay him. The Earl immediately gave him the money.

As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were most trampled, the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said,

"I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood."

His lordship immediately recollected the circumstance.

"Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?"

"Yes, my lord, I find that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the hounds had most cut up the land the crop is the most promising, and I have therefore brought the fifty pounds back again."

"Ah!" exclaimed the venerable Earl, "this is what I like; this is as it should be between man and man."

He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a cheque for one hundred pounds, saying,

"Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it."

We know not which to admire most, the honesty of the farmer on the one hand, or on the other the benevolence and wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.

A Serenade in North Carolina.

Not a thousand years ago, and not a thousand miles from Windsor, N. C., lived a young lady, the daughter of very plain country folks, who had just returned home from a boarding-school—having finished her education. Her residence was on the western bank of a "little river" in that country. The period of which I write was September. Between the family mansion and the water's edge, was a five acre potato patch. The roots were cultivated in hills, and the vines were luxuriant.

On the opposite side of the river, quite a number of young gentlemen lived, who were noted for gallantry. Their devotion to the sex had induced them to unite their accomplishments in the forming of a serenading band. The return of the young lady referred to, afforded them an opportunity of doing the genteel. They accordingly met on a clear moonlight night, and, each furnished with his musical instrument, betook themselves to their boat to give a musical treat to the "fair returned."

With muffled oars they noiselessly crossed the river and gained the beach. With stealthy tread they approached the house at the hour of midnight, and ranging themselves in line, at a signal from their leader, violin, flute, clarinet and trombone, in one mighty blast, to the tune of "Old Dan Tucker," broke the stillness of the night and the old folks' slumbers. The mother screamed from affright, and called to the daughter for an explanation of the unusual noise—and was informed, in reply, that it was a "*serenade!*" Mistaking the reply, she flew to the old man, who, a little deaf, was sitting bewildered at the—to him—confused sounds. The wife's report "they are *cannonading* us!" satisfied him. He flew to the gun-rack, and taking down the old "blue trigger," hurried down stairs and aroused the house. Meanwhile the young lady stood at her window with the curtain half drawn, drinking in the melody as it was wafted up. The boys, innocent as Sir Isaac's dog Diamond, of the mischief they had made, were laying themselves out upon the last variation, when at twenty feet distance, the old man shoved around the corner his old musket, and drew the trigger. She did not shoot, but the fire rolled, bright as falling meteors. A stampede of electric suddenness took place—the "leader" of the band leading in a bee line for the boat, followed in commendable nearness by his company. They hurried in the start, but the repeated efforts of the old man to get his "piece off," increased their effort at speed—and a call by him for a "chunk of fire" to touch the priming, told still more. They forgot the potato vines, and such a scene of confusion was never witnessed. Headlong they fell, and at each fall the sound of broken fiddle-strings or battered drums, foretold the death of that band. Helter skelter, rolling, crawling and stumbling along, they gained the water's edge and their boat—and *such pulling*—men-of-war's men might have learned something from them then.

The vines so impeded the old man's progress, that he did not reach the bank with his "chunk" till the *cannonnaders* were out of gun shot, and he returned well satisfied that his timely appearance and courageous manner had achieved the salvation of him and his. In the *melee* the old lady flew "for safety and succor" whence she could not be found that night. Next morning she was discovered under the wheat barn, and, after many assurances that the cannonaders were routed,—was prevailed upon to come forth.

All the parties to the frolic are so sore upon the subject, that we dare not mention it—and I would not have them know that I had written this for the dowry of the girl and herself to boot.

THE BROKEN SAW.

A boy went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys: they ran away, or gave notice that they meant to quit; so he was half the time without, or in search of a boy. The work was not very hard—opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands, and helping round. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him. "Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy now-a-days that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man who has no confidence in you; because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, he would try; the wages were good and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days, before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawer, too, for a boy of his own age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"And Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the wood-house with him. "Why, of course, I didn't mean to, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorry air on the broken saw. "Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy, "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't." "Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam. "No," said the boy; "he was 'fraid to—Mr. Jones has got such a temper." "I think he'd better owned square up," said Sam. "I reckon you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy; "I'd run away before I'd tell him;" and he soon turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

It was after supper, and he was not likely to see Mr. Jones that night. The shop was shut, and his master has gone to some town-meeting. The next morning he would get up early, go into the wood-house, and see what was done, for Sam would never hide the saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable, or happy. He shut up the wood-house, walked out into the garden, and then went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones; but she wasn't sociable, and he had rather not. "O, my God," said Sam, falling on his knees, "help me to do the thing that is right." Sam had always said his prayers; but he had not put his own heart into his prayers as he did that night; that night he prayed. I do not know what time it was, but when Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen. "Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you 'fore you saw it in the morning." "What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones; "I should think morning would be time enough to tell me of your carelessness." "Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I'm sorry I broke it: but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then stretching out his hand, "There, Sam," he said, heartily, "give me your hand. Shake hands; I'll trust you, Sam. That's right; that's right; go to bed, boy: never fear. I am glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he; Sam thinks justice has not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above board," he would have been a good man to live with. It was their conduct that soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is; I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.

* * *

"Sallie," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me, you'll set me on fire." "No danger of that," said Sallie, "you are too green to burn."

* * *

JOKES ABOUT JUDGES.—A Judge having fallen asleep, the President of the Court, who was taking the opinions of his brethren, asked him for his. "Hang him! hang him!" said the roused sleeper. "But it concerns a meadow!" returned the surprised President. "Mow it! mow it!" cried the other.

There is a somewhat similar story extant of a Scottish Judge, who having been asleep, wakened up just as the counsel pleading happened to say, "Now, my lord, there is a lien on the property." "If there is a lion on the property," interrupted the somnolent Judge, to show that he was attending to the case, "decidedly it ought to be chained."

"But here is the last story of the kind we shall offer. A young judge newly appointed to an inferior court, having had a cut-purse before him, was told that the criminal should be condemned to lose an ear. He accordingly drew up the sentence himself, and next court-day proceeded to read it: "We have condemned and hereby do condemn the said criminal to have his ear cut off." "Which ear?" asked the prisoner sharply. The Judge, taken by surprise, replied, touching one of his own ears, "Why, this one." "Very well, very good," said the criminal; "I shall not appeal; and what is more, I will cut it off myself if you like!"

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—Many a glorious speculation has failed for the same good reason that the old American Ranger gave when he was asked why he didn't buy land when it was dog cheap. A correspondent tells the story:

"'Well, I did come nigh onto taking eight thousand acres onest,' said old Joe, mournfully. 'You see, two of the boys came in one day from an Indian hunt, without any shoes, and offered me their titles to the two leagues just below here for a pair of boots.'

"'For a pair of boots!' I cried out.

"'Yes, for a pair of boots for each league.'

"'But why on earth didn't you take it? They'd be worth a hundred thousand dollars to-day. Why didn't you give them the boots?'

"'Jest 'cause I didn't have the boots to give,' said old Joe, as he took another chew of tobacco, quite as contented as if he owned two leagues of the land."

"But, John, I tell you they do not!" "Indade I tell you they do, ma'am." "John," replied his mistress, somewhat nettled at his contradiction, "you had better tell me I lie!" "Indade I don't tell you, you lie, ma'am; but I know you're not spakin' the truth."

A YANKEE BUGLE-PLAYER IN LONDON.

Some ten or twelve years since, an American bugle player concluded to make a trip to England, to learn by personal observation the state of instrumental music in that country. A day or two after his arrival in London (in which place he was almost a total stranger) he saw an advertisement in the *Times* for a bugle player in one of the regiments of the Guards. Our American presented himself, the next morning, to the band-master of the regiment, and introduced himself, by saying that he had seen an advertisement for a bugle-player, and he had come to offer himself as a candidate for that situation.

The band-master, not thinking the stranger presented a very promising appearance, treated him rather cavalierly, but finally told him that there would be a rehearsal the next morning, and he might come and show what he could do, intimating at the same time that his qualifications must be very high to obtain the place. Nothing daunted, our American made his appearance, with his E flat bugle in his hand.

The rehearsal commenced with a new piece, containing a solo for the clarionet, which the performer upon the instrument found great difficulty in executing.

After several failures the Yankee bugle-player requested permission of the band-master to play the solo upon the bugle.

The band-master laughed at him, and ridiculed the idea of his being able to perform it upon that instrument. However the American being very sanguine, consent to the trial was finally obtained, and the band having performed the prelude, the solo was commenced, but scarcely had our hero sounded half a dozen notes when everybody else ceased playing, and listened with wonder and admiration at the music notes!

The solo was concluded, having been executed to perfection. An universal storm of applause shook the building.

"The band-master, rushing up to the performer and grasping his hand, exclaimed: "Who are you?" "My name is Kendall," replied the Yankee.

"What! Edward Kendall, of Boston? You are not only the great bugle-player of America, but also of the world," said the band-master.

The rehearsal was over for the day, and Ned Kendall was the guest of the band during his stay in London.—*Peabody's American Chronicle.*

* * *

THE "WHAT IS IT,"—A milkman from an adjoining town picked up a curious thing in a street in this village a few days ago. Not knowing what it was, he carried it home. "What in thunder is this?" said he to his better half. "Don't know—looks like a workbag," said the good woman. The daughter was called. "Why father," said she, "that is a '*waterfall*,' and then explained its use. The gentleman was astonished, He said he thought he had seen about every thing in this world, but a "waterfall" in that shape put his knowledge at defiance.—*Woonsocket Patriot.*

* * *

Hoffses Mast

ov 1862

ed with fresh

weather

light Sails

le Topsail

breezes

with passing

the Reefs and

l

day again

with passing

n. in. Lon. by Ob.

18

fresh breezes

breezes and

with

to the

n. Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Minatitlan towards N York & D Hoffer

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Saturday 29 day of Nov 1862
1	4		SEbyE	West		This day com with light
2	4					breezes from the westward
3	4					and plesant weather
4	4					
5	4					
6	4					
7	4					
8	4					
9	4					
10	4					
11	4					
12	4					Mid part same as forme
1	4		"	"		
2	4					
3	5					
4	5					Lat by Ob 23·38 N
5	4					
6	4					
7	4					The Captain second mate Steward
8	4					and two men still on sick list
9	3					
10	3					Saw a Brig standing to the
11	3			"		Northward
12	3		"			Latter part same as former

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Sunday 30 day of Nov 1862
1	2		East	WNW		This day com with very light
2	2					winds and plesant weather
3	1					
4	1	1				
5	1	1	Ely N			Made the high Lands of
6	2	1				Cuba
7	2	1				
8	2	1				
9	2	1				
10	3					
11	4		ESE	NE		Mid part wind hauls to the
12	4					NE and breeze up
1	4	1				
2	4	1				
3	4	1				
4	4	1				Lat by Obs 23 44.
5	4					
6	4		ENE	SE		At 5 AM wind hauls to the
7	4					SE Tack Ship and Stood to
8	4					the NE
9	4		NE ½ E	SEbyE		
10	4					
11	4					Lat part fresh breezes from East
12	4					ward and fair weather

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

TAK[illegible] A RIGHT STAND.

'The way is my boy, the way to do is, e your *stand right* in the first place.'

"And stand by your stand," added Richard.

"Just so!" and the sad expression of and-father's face, for a moment passed way to one of pleased approbation, as he oked down upon the yellow haired boy at s feet. "Just so! you know the little rook yonder," the old man nodded towards t, "you know the brook."

"Yes, sir," answered Richard briskly, jumping up on his feet, for he knew the little brook and loved it too; he thought it was a queer question. "Yes, sir, I know the brook, well enough."

"You see how the water runs down."

"Fast and quick!" exclaimed Richard, going and looking over into the gully.

"Easy, enough, don't it? down, down!"

"Yes, sir, it rather go than not; it skips along from stone to stone," and Richard smiled over the brook, "carrying every thing along with it, except now and then a great stone stops it."

Grandfather left his bench, and walked up to the brink of the gully.

"You see that rock there," he said, pointing to one with his staff.

"O yes, that is the great one, that if it foams and dashes and splashes ever so much, maddening and scolding as you know how it does after the rain, grandfather, carrying all the little rocks before it, that one never moves—*that* rock *won't!* it won't budge anyhow! and I don't believe all the rains in the world can make it." And Richand looked up very decidedly. Grandfather had heard the children talk about it before, when they used to run and see what changes the rains had made, in the gully.

'That rock seems to have taken a *stand*, don't it, Richard?"

"Yes, sir," answered he, looking up into his grandfather's face, "yes, sir, it's taken a stand, hasn't it!—and won't be moved—taken a stand!" repeated Richard, his eyes glistening as if a new thought had struck him.

"It has, has it not, Richard?" again asked the grandfather.

"Yes sir, it has, I am sure it has, and *nothing* will move it!"

"Just so, I want *you* to stand, my boy—firm as a rock—doing wrong will carry you down, fast and easy, just like the waters, down! down! and if you dont wan't to be-carried down you must take a stand jus like the rock—take a stand and *keep it*,' and grandfather brought his cane firmly down upon the *gravel*, "*if Micah had done* so, he would not be where he now is—no—no!" and grandfather, sighed, "no—no!"

Richard looked down with intense interest upon that rock; "it's taken a stand!" repeated the boy, "just as I must, and if the waters come ever so much, it won't move, so I must take a right stand, and keep it;" and he never perhaps watched the boiling, scampering brook with such eagerness; as he looked he was almost afraid it would go; no, there it stood, as if it neither heard nor felt their gurgling or their pushing.—[Mrs. Knight.

SMALL PAY.

As several gentlemen were passing down o of our southern rivers, a short time since, o board one of the ten thousand steamers whic ply on their waters, one of them was struck wit the beauty of an elegant farm which was then i sight, and addressing a plain, rustic gentlema who stood at his elbow, asked who that elegan place belonged to. "Mr. Johnson is the owner, as the reply. Presently another plantatio ttracted the attention of these gentlemen, an the rough-looking man was again applied to fo the name of the proprietor. "Mr. Johnson is the owner," said the man. "Indeed!—the same man that owns the other? What a fortunate an this Mr. Johnson must be, to have two such establishments as these." A third, a fourth and fth plantation fell under the notice of the gen-emen, and in reply to their questions they were informed that they also belonged to Mr. Johnson. "And who takes care of all these farms for Mr. Johnson?" "I take care of them," answered the plain-looking gentleman. "Well, it must be a great deal of trouble, and he ought to pay you well for it." "He does not, if he ought," said the man. "What does he give you?" asked the gentleman. "He only gives me my victuals and clothes," said the gentleman, who happened to be Mr. Johnson himself. "Only your victuals and clothes for doing all that! Why, he must be too mean a man to live!"

I'LL TAKE THE LOT.

Our friend Burgess, of the well known house of Burgess, Stringer and Company, tells a capital anecdote of himself, which should not altogether be privately 'hushed up.' He is a member of the Methodist Church, and being at a camp-meeting near Sing Sing, last summer, he had the misfortune, after two or three days' and nights' attendance, to fall asleep in the midst of a powerful sermon. It was just after the New York Trade-Sale of books, and Mr. Burgess was dreaming thereof: and to the searching questionings of the speaker—'Will you longer delay?—will you not choose to-day whom you are to serve?—what course you are to take?' 'Take the lot—the balance to Burgess, Stringer and Company!' exclaimed Burgess eagerly, as he awoke and stared wildly around him, when he saw everybody staring still more wildly at him, and the minister himself petrified with amazement. [Knickerbocker.

The Battle for a Violet.

We do not vouch for the truth of the following story, but it serves well to illustrate the folly and needlessness of fighting.

Ruth and Amy were sisters. In early spring, as the violets began to bloom, they were playing in a meadow near their father's house. They both, at the same time, happened to see a violet before them. Both ran to it. Ruth, the eldest sister, was first, and plucked it. Amy was angry, and cried out, "I saw it first, and it belongs to me." "No, it is not yours; it is mine," said Ruth, "for I saw it as soon as you did, and I got to it first, and plucked it; so I have got it, and you shall not have it." Amy was quite furious, snatched at the flower and struck her sister. Then Ruth became angry, and struck Amy. So they fought about it, and screamed, and beat each other. Their mother came to see what was the matter. "What does this mean?" asked she.

"Ruth got my flower," said Amy. "No, I did not, mother," said Ruth; "it was mine; I saw it first, and plucked it."

"But where is this flower?" asked their mother. It had been torn to pieces! In fighting to decide who should have it, both lost it.

How could this fight have been prevented, and the sweet violet, and the still sweeter spirit of sisterly love and affection have been preserved? Though Ruth had the violet in her hand, she could have said, "Sister, if you think this pretty flower is yours, you may have it. I would rather have your love than all the flowers that grow." Would there have been any fight, or any coldness, or unkindness between the sisters? They would have saved their sisterly affection from so rude a shock, and the sweet violet too.

Love and kindness we must measure
By this simple rule alone;—
Do we mind another's pleasure,
Just as if it were our own?

SIGNS OF RAIN.

We offer the following as a rule by which rain may be predicted with certainty. We have never known the signs to fail, except in cases where their fulfillment was prevented by dry weather.—*Mobile Tribune.*

When hushed and still the zephyr's breath—
When leaves hang motionless as death—
When winged insects fill the air—
When vengeful bed-bugs quit their lair—
When frisky fleas for food foray—
When midday airs mosquitoes play—
When lowing cows the barn-yard seek—
When bleating calves calf-language speak—
When thick black clouds obscure the sky—
When fitful gusts of wind pass by—
When large round drops of water fall—
When housewives scold and children squall—
When damp pervades from roof to cellar—
When you can't find your umb-r-rella—
When lightnings flash and thunders roar—
When corns once healed, need *'Ealing o'er*—
When drops bedew the window-pane—
When these occur—*look out for rain!*

I MIGHT HAVE DONE!

O, to recall the many years
Which have gone by since I was young,
And then take up its sad refrain—
I might have done! I might have done!

I might have done! how many a heart,
Sinking beneath its load of care,
I might have cheered with kindly words,
And made its burthen light to bear!

How many a wayward, erring child,
Treading the flowery paths of sin,
I might have to the Saviour led,
And whispered, "put thy trust in Him."

O, had I done the good I might,
Improved the moments as they passed,
Across the sunset of my life
Were no such lengthened shadows cast.

O, Heavenly Father, pity me!
My span of life is almost run,
And yet, the burden of my song
Is ever this, "I might have done!"

Brookfield, May, 1859. Miss Kate A.

AIMS.

BY CHRISTIE PEARL.

It was a pleasant summer evening, just after sunset. Archie was walking with his mother in the grounds of the Public Garden, in the good old city of Boston. There was a beautiful glow in the sky, and it was reflected in the waters of the little pond, where the white swans were still swimming about, curving their graceful necks, and dipping their heads under water. It was very nice to walk among the flower-beds filled with rare, sweet roses, and to smell the rich fragrance of the new-mown hay.

Archie enjoyed the ramble, and the cheerful talk of his mother, but he had still another source of enjoyment. He carried a bow and arrows in his hand. In the good old Primer which our grandmothers used, it says "A was an Archer, and shot at a frog." I think A was a very cruel man or boy to shoot at a frog. I hope he did not hit him, and that none of the little a-b-c-darians of ancient time laid to heart the lesson of cruelty to animals, conveyed in the first letter of the alphabet.

Archie amused himself for awhile by shooting at bushes and shrubs, and the stone benches around the garden. He looked longingly at the ducks and swans, but he had never heard about it, and if the thought of aiming at one of those white birds entered his head, it was not with any design of hurting them.

After a while he shot his arrows up in the sky. They sped upward like golden-winged birds, flashing in the soft sunset light, and then came bounding down like falling stars, and Archie had a long search for them in the grass. At last he got tired of this sport, and came close to his mother's side, putting his little hand in hers. Then she knew he was ready to listen to what she said. "Archie, when you want to hit anything, what is the first thing to be done?"

"Well, mother, in the first place, I fix my bow and arrow, and then, I *aim*. You can't ever hit anything unless you aim at it, and then you can't, unless you *aim well*."

"That's it. And I want my little boy to aim well, all through life."

"I think I should look funny, carrying a bow and arrows when I am a big man. It would not be *dignified* I dont mean to shoot always!"

"What kind of a man would you rather be, Archie?"

"I would like to be very tall—but I suppose you mean inside and not outside. I should like to be noble and generous hearted, and very honorable and upright, and just as good as I could be."

"Yes, then you must aim that way. You know the 'boy is father to the man,' and what you are when a boy, you will be like when you are a man."

"I mean that everybody shall know what I am. You know in the little song we sing at school, about the little boy who never told a lie; it says that all people used to point him out, and say: 'There goes the curly-headed boy: the boy that never told a lie.' I mean they shall all say: 'There goes a good, generous, honest man!'"

"Ah, Archie, I see you are aiming at the applause and approbation of men. It is very natural and desirable that we should wish others to speak and think well of us, but can you not aim higher!"

Archie looked thoughtfully at the golden glow in the sunset clouds before he replied.

"I suppose that you mean I ought to think of God, and try to please him. I know what I will aim at. Some day I want to be a bright, pure, beautiful angel, and go beyond the sky. And if I try to be good here, God will take me to Heaven when I die. I will try to make myself fit to go there. But it's hard work, isn't it, mother!"

"Yes, my boy. Life is a hard battle. It's hard work to be good, and fight down the hosts of sin and Satan. But Jesus will give us strength, if we ask him. Do you think you are going to fight your way to Heaven all alone, and make yourself fit to be with God, and the holy angels?"

"I don't know, mother; I am afraid I can't."

"Not in your own strength, you couldn't do that. Satan and his angels are very busy with little boys who think they can do great things, and they always get the worst of the battle. There is a little verse I want to tell you of, about God; 'He is a shield unto them that put their trust in him.' 'If we make God our shield, all the fiery darts of the wicked one will fall away powerless."'—*Student & Schoolmate.*

& D Hoffer mark

ce 1862

fresh breezs

d,

vessels in sight

light sails

South East

s with passing

n sight

and two men

p duty

and fain

Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

ce 1862

light winds

the South Eastern

the westward

said then

Tack Ship

s with passing

La

At the Northward

A number of vessels in sight

the captain very sick this day
and the rest of the sick about the sam
Latter part fresh breeze with a bad
head beat sea fair weather

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Minatitlan towards N. York D Hoffses Master

REMARKS. Wednesday 3 day of Dec 1862

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS.
1	3		N by W	N E by E		This day com with light
2	3					winds and fair wether
3	3					
4	3					
5	4					At 4 P.M made cape Florida light
6	5		S E by E			House
7	5					At 5 Tacked ship to the S Eastward
8	4					
9	4					
10	4					At 10 P.M made Gun Cay light from
11	4					Top sail yard bearing E by N dist 20 miles
12	5		N N E	E N E		Mid part moderate breezes and
1	5					plesant weather
2	5					At 11 P.M Tacked ship to the North
3	5					
4	5					
5	5					
6	5		North	East		
7	5					
8	5					The Captain still very sick the rest
9	4					of the sick about the same as
10	3					yesterday
11	3					Latter part light and baffling
12	2					winds and showery

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

REMARKS. Thursday 4 day of Dec 1862

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS.
1	2		North	S E		This day com with light winds
2	3					and plesant weather
3	3					
4	2					At 4 P.M had a signal from the
5	2					North west
6	1			S W		
7	2					
8	3					
9	3					
10	3					
11	3					
12	3					Middle part moderate breezes
1	4			West		and fair weather
2	4					
3	4					
4	4					
5	5					
6	5					Lat by Obs 28 54 N
7	5					
8	4					
9	4		N by E	N W		The Captain some better today the rest
10	4					of the sick recovering slowly
11	3					Latter part light winds and
12	3					plesant weather

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

The Newspaper.

The old farm house wore a quiet, pleasant look, as the setting sun gilded its small windows, over which the luxuriant grape vines were carefully trained. In the door sat the farmer, with a little morocco covered book in his hand, on which his attention had been fixed for the last hour. He was a man of method and order—old Richard Heath—and aside from his regular account book, which he always kept with scrupulous care, he always set down in this little book, in the simplest manner possible, all his expenses (no very complicated amount by the way,) and all that he had received during *the* year, in the metal, as he said by the way of trade.

The last account he had just reckoned up, and the result was highly satisfactory if one might judge from the pleasant expression of his face, as he turned to his wife and addressed her by her pretty old fashioned name, "Millicent," said he, "this has been a lucky year. How little we thought when we moved to this place twenty-five years ago, that we should ever get five hundred a year out of the rock barren farm."

"It does pay for a good deal of hard work," said she, "*to* see how different things look from what they did then."

"Now I'm going to figure up *how* much we have spent," said Mr. Heath, "don't make a noise with your knitting needles, because it puts me out."

The wife *laid* down her knitting in perfect good humor, and gazed over the broad, rich fields of waving grain which grew so tall around the laden apple trees, that they look like massive piles of foliage. Hearing her own name kindly spoken, led her own thoughts far back to the past; for after the lapse of twenty-five years, the simple sound of the *name* she *bore* in youth, means more to a wife than *all* the pleasing epithets of dearest love, and *darling*, so lavishly offered in a long past courtship.

Very pleasant was the retrospect to Millicent Heath. The picture of the past had on it some rough places and some hard trials but no domestic strife or discontent marred its aspect. There were smiling faces on it—happy children's faces, without which no life picture is beautiful. Soft blue eyes shone with unclouded gladness, and wavy hair floated over unwritten foreheads. She forgot for a moment how they were changed, and almost fancied herself again the young mother, and tiny hands stole lovingly over her bosom, and young heads nestled *there* as of old.

The illusion vanished quickly, and she sighed as she thought of her youngest born, the reckless boy who had left her three years before for a home on the sea. Once only had tidings reached her of the wanderer. The letter spoke of hardships and home sickness, in that light and careless way that reached the mother's heart more surely than repining and complaint. To know that he suffered with a strong heart, with noble and unyielding resolution, gave her a feeling of pleasure not unmingled with a feeling of pride. "He will surely come back," murmured the affectionate mother to herself, "and I read the paper so carefully every week, *that if it says* anything about the ship Alfred sailed *in*, I shall be sure to see it."

"Mrs. Heath," said her husband, interrupting her meditations somewhat rudely, "we have spent thirty dollars more than usual this year; where can it have gone to?"

"The new harness," suggested Mrs. Heath, "that don't come every year."

"Well, there's twenty dollars accounted for."

"We had the carriage fixed up when you bought the harness," continued his wife.

"Well, that was eight dollars, that's twenty eight we don't spend every year—but the other two, *where* can they have gone?"

Glancing his eyes over the pages of the memorandum book, he continued—

"I'll tell you what 'tis, the newspaper costs just two dollars, and we can do without it. It isn't anything to eat, drink, or wear. I don't do anything with it, and you only lay *it* away up chamber. It may as well be left out, as not, and I'll stop my subscription right away."

"Oh," said his wife, you don't know how much I set by the newspaper. I always have a sort of glad feeling when I see you take it out of your hat and *lay* it on the mantlepiece, just as I do when some of the children come home; and when I'm tired I sit down with my knitting work and read. I can knit just as well when I am reading, and feel so *contented. I don't believe* Queen Victoria herself takes more *solid comfort* than I do, sitting by the east window, on a summer afteanoon, reading my newspaper."

"But you are just as well off without it," answered her husband, for want of anything else to say.

"I never neglect anything for reading, do I?" asked Mrs. Heath mildly.

"No, I don't know as you do," answered her husband; "but it seems an extra, like—I shall stop it," he added in a tone that showed plainly enough he wished to stop the conversation.

"I shall take the paper if I have to go out washing to pay for it."

This was not spoken angrily, but so firmly that Mr. Heath noticed it, though by no means remarkable for discernment in most matters. It sounded so different from her usual quiet, "as you think best," that he stopped a moment to consider whether it was at all likely she would do as she said.

Mr. Heath was a kind husband, as that indefinite description is generally understood, that is, he did not beat his wife, and always gave her enough to eat. More than that, he had certain regard for her happiness, which already made him half ashamed of his decision, for like many other men who have more obstinacy than wisdom, he could not bear to retract anything, and above all to be convinced by a woman.

However, with a commendable wish to remove the unhappiness he caused, he suggested that as the papers were carefully saved, and she had found them interesting, she could read them over again, beginning at January, and taking one a week clear through the year—they would just come out even, he concluded, as if it were a singular fact that they should do so.

Notwithstanding this admirable proposition he felt some uneasiness. It followed him as he walked up the pleasant lane to the pasture, and it made him speak more sharply than was his wont, if the cows stopped while he was driving them home, to crop the grass where it looked greenest and sweetest on the sunny slope. It followed him till he heard his wife call him to supper, in such a cheerful tone, that he concluded she didn't care much about the newspaper after all.

About a week after this as Mr Heath was mowing one morning, he was surprised to see his wife coming out dressed as for a visit.

"I am going," said she, "to spend the day with Mrs. Brown—I leave a plenty for you to eat," and so saying she walked rapidly on.

Mr. Heath thought about it just long enough to say to himself, "She don't go visiting to stay all day once a year hardly, and it's strange she should go in hay time."

Very long the day seemed to him, to go in for luncheon, dinner, and supper, and have nobody to speak to, to find every one so still. The old clock ticked stiller than usual, he thought, the brood of pretty white chickens, that were almost always peeping round the door had wandered off somewhere, and left it stiller yet, and he even missed the busy click of the knitting needles that was apt to put him out, when he was figuring.

"I am glad," he said to himself, as he begun to look down the road at sunset, "that Millicent don't go a visiting all the time, as some women do—there she is just coming."

"How tired you look," said he, as she came up. "Why didn't you speak about it, and I'd have harnessed up and come after you?"

"I am not very tired," she answered; but her looks belied her, indeed her husband declared she looked tired like for a day or two after.

What was his amazement to see her go away the next Tuesday in the same manner as she started before.

To his great dissatisfaction every thing seemed to partake of his wife's propensity for going from home. "A man don't want cold feed in hay time," said he, as he sat down to dinner. In the same grumbling mood he recounted the mishaps of the morning, which seemed to have been much after the manner set forth in a certain legend of olden time; for he embellished his recital by *allusion to*

> "The sheep's in the meadow,
> The cows are in the corn."

adding that they wouldn't have been there, if Mrs. Heath had been at home, because she'd have seen them before they got in, and halooed. She would have seen the oxen, too, before they got across the river, and saved him the trouble of getting them back. But after tracing all these untoward events to her absence, he said to himself consolingly, "I guess she won't go any more, she always was a home body."

Mrs. Heath did go again though, and again, and the day she went for the fourth time, her *husband took counsel* as to what he should do to "stop her gadding." Seated on the doorstep, in the shade of the old trees, he spent an hour or two in devising ways and measures, talking aloud all the time, and having the satisfaction of hearing nobody dispute him.

"It is hard to think of her being a visiting woman, said he, and it's clear it ain't right. 'Keep her at home,' I've read in the Bible, (old Richard's Bible knowledge was somewhat confused, the quotation varying slightly from the scriptural phrase, 'keepers at home,') 'but it says, too,' he added, with the true, sincere man, "that husbands must set great stores for their wives, and treat them well. I won't scold Millicent, I'll harness up and go for her to night, and coming home I'll talk it all over with her, and tell her how bad it makes me feel, and if that won't do I'll try something else."

In accordance with his praisworthy resolution, he might have been seen, about sunset, hitching his horse at Mr. Brown's door, for strangely enough, her visits had all been made at the same place. Going up to the door, he stopped in amazement at seeing his wife in the kitchen, just taking off a great woolen wash apron, and putting down her sleeves which had been rolled up for washing. He listened, and heard her say, as she took some money from Mrs. Brown, "It won't be so I can do your washing again."

"It has been a great favor to have you do it while I have been so poorly," said Mrs. Brown, "and I'm glad to pay you for it. This makes four times, and here's two dollars. 'Tis just as well that you can't come again, for I think I shall be well enough to do it myself."

"Two dollars—just the price of the newspaper," exclaimed Mr. Heath, as the truth flashed across him. Rather a silent ride home they had, till at last he said—

"I never was so ashamed in all my life!"

"Of what?" asked his wife.

"Why to have you go out washing. I ain't so poor as that comes to."

"Well, I don't know," replied his wife, "when a man is too poor to take a newspaper, his wife ought not to feel above going out washing."

Nothing more was said on the subject, although some ill-feelings lingered in the hearts of each. The making up was no mawkish scene of kissing, embracing, and crying, such as romance writers build their useless fabrics with, but as Mrs. Heath was finishing her household duties for the night, she said, quietly—

"I don't think I did quite right, Richard."

"I don't think I did, either," responded the husband; and so the spark was quenched which might have become a scathing flame—blighting all the domestic peace under their humble roof.

At last the long voyage is almost ended, and the sailors talk only of home now. They talk of those they are to meet, of their wives and children to whom their thoughts have so often wandered during their three years absence. They wondered if the young sailor, Alfred Heath who lies so sick, will ever see his home again, and with their rough tones subdued almost to gentleness, they speak of his anxiety to see his mother.

He is so hopelessly ill that his heart is now where the worn spirit ever turns in its hour of bitterest sorrow or its approach to the unseen land—to God and his mother. Faintly as his heart beats, it still throbs with earnest desire for life. Dim as his keen eye has become he fancies it would brighten once more at the sight of mother and his failing mind become cleared could he lean on her breast.

With folded hands the young sailor prays; his words are confused and indistinct to those who listen, but all clear and earnest are they to the Great Listener above. And when the ship had reached her distant port, and mingling voices are all around the sick sailor, his comrades bear him comfortably to a home—a miserable home—but better to him than the rocking vessel in the midst of the sounding sea. Now if I could see mother, he murmured to the strangers around him.

She is sitting by the vine covered window, patiently reading the shipping journal and thinking it was time for him to return, and hoping that he will never go to sea again. How quick the words catch her eye—Arrival, ship Banner, Lowell.

And it was a week ago; he could have been home by this time; he will come to-night, she said, joyfully, as she went to communicate the good news to her husband.

They watched for him in vain that night, and then Mrs. Heath suggested that no mother ever failed to suggest, when the long absence of a child was unaccounted for—he must be sick; when night after night passed, and they neither saw nor heard anything of Alfred her anxiety would let her rest no longer.

"We will go for him or at least go where we may hear of him," said Mr. Heath, who now, as well as his wife, readily assented.

Their simple preparations for the journey were soon made, and with heavy hearts they proceeded in search of their son, with little hopes of gaining anything more satisfactory than definite intelligence of his death.

It was a dark and rainy evening when they entered the city, and after an hour of fruitless enquiries, they found the place where Alfred had been carried. Little care had he received in the crowded boarding house. There was none of the neatness and order that shows better in a sick room than anywhere else. Rough hands had roughly tended him, and pale and death-like as he looked it seemed as if it mattered little what care he had now. In the agony with which the parents bent over the unconscious sleeper, and marked the sunken cheeks and wasted form, there was but one ray of comfort; they could watch over him—they should not hear of his death with the sad thoughts that none but a stranger had smoothed his dying pillow.

The sufferer awoke from a troubled dream, to find his aching head supported by his father, and see his mother's eye resting on him with a look of unutterable tenderness. So faint was the smile of recognition with which he greeted them, that only a parent's eye could have caught the fluttering expression.

"Can't live, can't live," said the doctor with professional carelessness, as he entered the house next morning. "But his mother has come!" said the landlady.

"That alters the case; he may get up again," answered the doctor, whom none knew better how much a mother could do.

But how frail seemed the thread that held that young and promising life. For days it quivered and trembled with the slightest breath and the mother tearfully prayed that it might not be broken. As gentle care and kindly watching as ever blessed a sick bed, had young Alfred Heath, and not in vain; gradually he grew better, and was able to walk with his parents and asked them how they chanced to come to him in the hour of need

"It was the newspaper," said Mr. Heath, "just three words told us your ship had come. You didn't arrive at home and so we came to see if you were sick. You'll soon be well enough to go home, my boy—God be thanked, he added, fervently, for sending us to take care of you."

At length Alfred was pronounced well

D Hoffses Master

Dec 1862

th light and

l plesant weather

h from the

eezes with

e incessant

lowly

esh with

Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

18

fresh gale

m the Main

t Gallant Sail

y signal from

the Top Sail

y with a bad

rate mad

as yesterday

and fair

Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Minatitlan towards N York D Hoffses Mast

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Sunday 7 day of Dec 1862
1	2		N b W	N N W		
2	2					This day com with Light
3	3					winds and fair weathr
4	3					
5	4		N b E ½ E	N W b W		
6	5					Wind breezes up from the westard
7	5					
8	5					
9	5					
10	5		N E	N N W		
11	3					
12	4					Middle part blowing heavy with
1	2					passing clouds
2	2		E S E			At 12 furled Topsail and fore
3	2					sail and hove to
4	2					
5	2					
6	2					
7	2	1				
8	2	1				
9	2	1	E N E	N N W		At 4 Am Moderates set close
10	2	1				reef Top sail and fore sail
11	2	1				Latter part Moderat breezes
12	2					and cloudy with a bad sea

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Monday 8 day of Dec 18
1	4		E N E	N N W		This day com with moderate
2	4					breezes and Cloudy weather
3	4					
4	4					
5	4					
6	3					
7	3					
8	3					
9	3					
10	3					
11	3					
12	3					Mid part same as former
1	3					
2	3					Lat by Obs 34 58
3	3					
4	3					
5	3		W S W	″		At 4 A M Tacked ship to
6	3					the westward
7	3					
8	3					
9	3					
10	3					
11	3					Latter part light winds and
12	3					cloudy weather ~~No lat by Obs~~

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Good for Evil.

During the year 1855, a break occured in the banks of a canal in the northern part of the State of New York, and, in consequence thereof, the boats were compelled to stop for nearly ten days. Near the canal is situated a small village called B——, and on the outskirts of this village and immediately on the banks of the canal and facing a lock, was a very wide two-story frame building, in the front of which was a large glass show window, (the panes of which were more or less dirty,) flanked on one side by a narrow door. Over the door was nailed a weather-beaten strip of board, which had once been painted white, and on which the word "Store" could barely be distinguished. In the interior of the store and near the window was a mean looking bar, over which was dispensed various villainous compounds of various hues, dignified by the names of Rum, Brandy, Gin, &c. At the other end of the place, dry good, groceries, boots, shoes, empty barrels, and old iron were mingled in almost hopeless confusion, and all in a very filthy condition. The proprietor of the place was an Irisman named Thomas Healy. He was a very tall, raw-boned man, with huge features terribly seamed and scarred by the small-pox. In his youth he had been noted for his feats of strength and agility, and even now, though he had passed his fiftieth year, but few of the young men of the village dared to face him in a fair fight. Within twenty feet of the store stood a tumble-down stable, which also belonged to Healy.

Owing to the break we have mentioned, a large number of boats had congregated just below the lock, and Healy was doing a thriving business with the boatmen.

One night, during the continuance of the break, two men were seated on a log which was lying in front of the stable we have mentioned. They were two rough looking specimens of humanity, with hard, sun browned faces, and were dressed in a very careless manner. At the first glance they would be recognized as boatmen. They were conversing in low tones, and at the appearance of any casual passer-by, would instantly cease their conversation.

"I tell you Bill," said one of them, "If we can get it through all right we needn't work for a year."

"Are you sure it's there, though Hank?

"Sure! Certainly, man. Didn't I tell you that I saw him take it from behind that big molasses hogshead, that stands in the far corner of the store, last night? The roll of bills was as thick as my wrist, and there must be hundreds in it. I saw him count it and put it back again, and he thought no one was looking at him; but I was watching him through a crack in the shutter of the big window."

"Yes, but we'll make a noise getting in," said Bill, "and you know Healy is an awful man when he is mad."

"You are afraid, you fool," growled Hank.

"No, I ain't afraid to try it," replied Bill.

"If there's any chance of getting through with it; but they say Healy always sleeps with a loaded revolver under his pillow."

"Pshaw! I'm as good a man as Healy ever was; and if I'm not here's that which will make us equal any day," said Hank producing a pistol from under his coat.

"I didn't know you had that," said Bill. How are we to get in? From the front of the house?"

"Of course not, you d——d fool. There is a back window to the store, and the shutter is shaky."

"But the ground at the back of the house is much lower than the bank of the canal.

"Well, there's a ladder back there that we can put up against the back of the store and reach the window."

"All right, then; I'll help you; now lets go in and have a drink," said Bill, and the two men rose and entered the store.

They had scarcely disappeared when the stable door was cautiously opened and a wild looking figure stepped out into the moonlight. It was that of a girl about 18 years of age, tall and ungainly in form, with long matted locks of red hair, and a face browned with the sun and covered with freckles. The only garment she had about her person, was an old blue frock which went just below her knees, exposing her bare legs and feet, the latter being covered with a crust of hardened mud. She was known throughout the village by the *sobriquet* of Red Mary, and was looked upon with terror and disgust by the female portion of the inhabitants. She had frequently fought with boys of her own age, and invariably proved the victor in every such encounter. She had been taken from the poor-house when a child, by Healy, and now she was a sort of servant in his house.

After she had emerged from the stable, Mary stood motionless for a moment, as if undecided what course to pursue, and then muttered in a thick, guttural tone, "I'll fix them fellows for this," she turned and quickly entered the store.

In the store all was riot and uproar. The place was dimly illuminated by two or three tallow candles stuck in bottles, and every one of the inmates seemed to be trying to make all the noise he could. A party of half-drunken canalers were standing before the bar, greedily swallowing the liquid poison which was being dealt out to them at three cents a ss by Mrs. Healy. Near the back door of store, and just beyond a door which opened into a room that Healy called his parlor, was placed a small pine table, at which Healy and three canalers were engaged in a game of "Forty fives for drinks." Evidently luck was against Healy on this particular evening for his face was flushed with rage, and he poured forth a constant stream of oaths both loud and deep. He had just lost a game when Mary stepped up to him and said with a voice which trembled with fear.

Mr. Healy, can I speak to you for a moment?

"Go 'way from me, ye red-headed divil, or I'll murder ye," yelled Healy, angrily.

"Only for a moment," pleaded the girl.

"Get out you slut," roared her master, rising from the table and striking her a blow in the face which sent her staggering against a barrel, and immediately after giving her a kick which tumbled her on her face.

The girl rose and limped from the store, and on gaining the open air, sat down on a stone and cried like a little child.

"They'll rob him to night. Well, what do I care? Dinn't he beat me when I came to warn him? What did I ever get from him but kicks and curses? I won't speak another word to him, not if it were to save him from——." She stopped for a moment and then said: "Yes I will too, for they will murder him if he wakes up. He is kind to me sometimes, too. Dosen't he give me enough to eat and drink, and clothes to wear, and didn't he take me out of the poor-house? If he won't let me speak to him, I'll watch and maybe I'll get a chance to speak to missus, and that will do just as well, for she'll tell him."

Mary sat quiet for some time, gazing up at the sky and then at the dark mass of trees which grew on the opposite side of the canal, and at last her chin sank on her breast and she fell into a deep slumber.

In a couple of hours the last of the canalers left the house, the shutters were put up at the window and door, and all become dark within. About half an hour afterwards, the door was opened, and a woman appeared and called "Mary!" Receiving no answer, she went over to the sleeping girl and shook her violently. Mary woke up, and gazed at her mistress with a stupefied air.

"Come, wake up quick; I can't stay here all night," said Mrs. Healy.

"I want to——," said Mary.

"Never mind what you want; come in right away. You'll have to sleep in the store any way you can to-night, for we've let one of the boys have your bed."

"Yes, ma'am, but I want to tell you about ——," said Mary as she entered the store.

"Never mind that now," broke in the mistress. "Healy's dead drunk, and you know he's like a devil when he's that way. If he knew I had let you in he'd be ready to kill me. You can tell me in the morning just as well as now," and Mrs. Healy entered the parlor, locking the door after her.

"She won't listen to me either. What shall I do? what shall I do?" cried the poor creature, wringing her hands in despair. All at once her face brightened, and, muttering in a low, determined tone, "I'll watch," she sank down behind a hogshead near the back window, and her form became lost in darkness.

An hour elapsed, and then there was a dull sound, as if something was being placed aganist the back of the building, and then it seemed as if some one was fumbling with the shutter; there was a sharp snap, the shutter flew back, and a man's face appeared at the window. The girl did not stir. The man slowly raised the sash, and after listening for a moment, quickly entered the room; as he did so the head of a second man appeared above the window sill. "It's *all right Bill*," *whispered the first*; "and now for——." He could say no more, for at the instant the last word passed his lips, a wild figure sprang from behind a hogshead, grasping a heavy iron bar. There was a dull sound as the bar came down on the man's head, and he sank to the floor, insensible. Bill instantly sprang through the window to his comrade's assistance, and dodging a blow aimed at him by Mary, grasped the bar and tried to drag it from her.

There was a struggle for the possession of the weapon, and Bill soon found that he had to deal with one as strong as himself, and he did not dare to let go his hold, for he knew if he did so, the next moment might be his last on earth. At last they fell to the floor, and Mary made the place resound with her cries for assistance.

Suddenly there was a sound of quick footsteps, the door leading to the parlor was thrown open, and Healy appeared in the store with nothing on him but his pants and shirt. Although he was still laboring under the effects of his recent potations, he comprehended the situation of affairs at a glance; dashing forward like an infuriated lion, he grasped Bill by the shoulders and broke his hold from the bar; then raised him from the floor as if he was an infant, he dashed him through the open window. There was a crashing, sickening sound as the body struck the earth below, and then all was silent.

"There is another one," said Mary.

"Where?" roared Healy, furiously; his blood was up, and he would have faced a dozen men.

"Under your feet," replied the girl.

Healy started back in astonisnment, and on looking down, perceived the man Hank, lying in a pool of blood.

"You have saved my life girl," said Healy "for they would have found nothing here and then they would have come to the bed-room to search for money, and they couldn't have got it without waking me, and then they would have murdered me and my wife to prevent being found out."

"You won't lick me again sir, will you?" said Mary.

"No, my God! no!" said Healy

"I hope not, sir. Hadn't we better see how the other one is?" said Mary,

They went outside the house and found the body lying under the window. Bill was dead his neck having been broken by the fall.

On returning to the store they found Mrs. Healy in a terrible fright. The man Hank had recovered his consciousness, but was too weak to move. Mary kept guard over him all night, and in the morning Healy and one of the neighbors took him to jail at K——. About two months afterwards, Hank was tried convicted and sentenced to State Prison for ten years, while Mary was highly complimented for her bravery.

After the night of burglary Mary was treated with the greatest consideration by Healy. He gave her handsome clothes, sent her to school, and in fact took as good care of her as if she had been his own child. At present she is the respected wife of a comfortable farmer in the vicinity of B——.

Mr. and Mrs. Healy are still living, and can be easily found by any one who inquires for them at B——.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

A French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. O, sir! what can he do for me?"

"The Court must send you to the House of Correction."

"Here I am, sister—here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court, and at the same instant a little boy with a lovely countenance started forth from amid the crowd, and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rome, the brother of this little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim my sister Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille."

"O, how good you are, James!"

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate, "the Court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. But you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago," continued the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will be an artist, and when I know a good trade I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brush-maker. Every day I used to carry her half of my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept in my bed while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself, 'Come, my boy, things cannot last so, you must find something better.'

"I soon found a place, where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needle-work. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy, "I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." Then turning to the magistrate, he said: "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?"

He threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept tears of affection.

OUR SECRET DRAWER.

There is a secret drawer in every heart,
  Wherein we lay our treasures one by one;
Each dear remembrance of the buried past;
  Each cherished relic of the time that's gone:

The old delights of childhood long ago;
  The things we loved, because we knew them best;
The first discovered primrose in our path;
  The cuckoo's earliest note; the robin's nest;

The merry hay-makings around our home;
  Our rambles in the summer woods and lanes;
The story told beside the winter fire,
  While the wind moaned across the window panes;

The golden dreams we dreamt in after years;
  Those magic visions of our young romance;
The sunny nooks, the fountains and the flowers,
  Gilding the fairy landscape of our trance;

The link which bound us later still to one
  Who fills a corner in our life to-day,
Without whose love we dare not dream how dark
  The rest would seem, if it were gone away;

The song that thrill'd our souls with very joy;
  The gentle word that unexpected came;
The gift we prized, because the thought was kind;
  The thousand, thousand things that have no name.

All these in some far hidden corner lie,
  Within the mystery of that secret drawer,
Whose magic springs, though stranger hands may touch,
  Yet none may gaze upon its guarded store.

Hoffses Mast
1862
Moderate
clouds
to the
ing to the dearth
ales and
il set
middle
ly
Lon. by Ob.
cembr 1862
plesant breez
to the
ght and
ds and
Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Minatitlan towards N York D Hoffers Mate

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 11th day of Dec 1862
1	5		N b W	West		This day com with plesent
2	5					breezes and fair weather
3	5					
4	5					
5	6					
6	6					Saw a number of sail of vessels
7	6					passing to the Southward
8	6					
9	6		North	WSW		
10	5					
11	5					
12	5					Middle part same as forme
1	5					At 2 A M made Cape May
2	5		"			bearing N Wly distan 15 miles
3						
4						
5						
6				SW		At 9 A M passed Absecum
7						
8						
9						At 12 noon passed Little Egg
10						Harbour and Took a Pilot onboard
11						from Boat No 4
12						Latter part same as former

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Fryday 12 day of Dec 18
1						This day com with pleasant
2						breezes from the South Westward
3						and pleasant weather
4						
5						At 4 P.M. passed barnaget
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						
11						At 11 P M passed the High lands
12						At 12 mid Night p[illegible]ed in by
1						Sandy Hook
2						
3						At 2 A M came to Anchor at
4						Quarantein
5						
6						
7						At 8 A M the Docter came onboard
8						and we hove up the Anchor and
9						proceded up to Town at 9 A M
10						came to Anchor of the Batery
11						Latter part same as former
12						

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

The Rebuke.

He sat his empty kettle on the table, and threw himself on the homely lounge. He was a laboring man, his face was brown with toil. All day long he had been out in the hot sun upon the top of a house, slating the roof. Sometimes his head was giddy and his back weak, but he straightened himself with thoughts of home and the treasures there. And now at sound of his feet, at sound of his voice dimples break over smooth red cheeks, and loving fingers play with his curls. He shuts his eyes to frame the picture in his heart—the picture of his wife getting supper—the picture of his prattling baby. He feels the cool of the evening, and all these things comfort him, yet he is not grateful—not wholly; for to-day he saw another picture that made him envious; rich Sam Marlowe, riding out with his wife and child—a handsome two; Sam portly, contented smiling, his wife with a dainty color in her cheek, and rich garments folded about her.

"He and I were boys together," said the poor man to himself, bending to his work again; "and see how Providence has blessed him, though he began with almost nothing. Now he keeps horses and a carriage, lives in a beautiful house, has married a fortune, and with plenty of leisure, can bring up his one boy just as I have longed to my Tom. I, by marrying early and poor, have brought burdens upon Mary's shoulders that must be hard to bear. Five little ones, and I a day laborer yet!" and he sighed wearily.

All day the heavy heart never left him, and his fellow laborers wondered what had come over their usually merry friend; now he had brought that shadow home with him—the phantom horse and the envy and the care.

"My Mary is a handsomer woman than his wife," he muttered, nursing his misery, "and yet she never knew rest. As for taking her out to drive,"—he ended the sentence with a bitter laugh.

Moments passed, during which the cloud grew thicker and heavier. A neighbor passing by, told of a strange disease that had lately appeared in their midst. The doctors called it diptheria, she said, and it was a terrible and fatal sickness. Then the door shut, and the voice faded away, but something dreary did not pass from the man's heart.

Suddenly there was the sound of alarm in the bright kitchen.

"Harry come here."

He arose slowly, and passed through the door of a plain little parlor.

His wife held the baby in her arms: and the other children were gathered anxiously about her, looking on.

"What can be the matter with him? He seemed well enough till now. But his lips are blue, and suddenly he ceased play; and hear how he draws his breath! Harry, he is very sick, you must go for the doctor."

Harry started at once; little Herbert was his idol—a most beautiful and attractive child, winning and loving—a very angel in the *humble home. It* was not long before the physician was in *their midst.* His first glance was startling, his second *grave. Herbert* was very ill; the terrible sickness was upon him in its most fearful form. All that day and night they ministered to him in agony for they felt that in such struggles the frail little flower would soon be broken from the stalk, though shielded by tenderest care. And, alas when morning broke in unclouded brightness, the sweet face of the babe was set towards it, but it saw no light; the spirit had gone to its upper home and left the house desolate.

How long a time elapsed no one knew in that household, for the hours passed by unheeded; but death came again and again, and Harry *and his wife stood in their lone* home desolate. The strong man was bowed to the earth with agony. For a time his reason was threatened. He accused God; he heaped curses upon himself.

"I was envious of another," he cried, "and see how God has smitten me. O, give me back my children! Only give me the blessings of my eyes, the jewels of my heart, and I'll toil like a slave—not only through the burning hours of the days, but into the blackness and chill of midnight. I would live on a crust—I ask not for comforts—but give me my children, Lord, for I am bereft!"

His wife, in the midst of her own grief, tried to comfort him; but he would not listen to reason. *He* saw only through the crowding earth, black with damps, and horribly alive with insect vitality, the beautiful brows of his five little children, hidden away from him forever and ever.

While this cruel sorrow was still fresh upon him, came a letter post-marked England. His wife opened it, and learned that an uncle of whom they had heard nothing for years, had died within a few months and left her husband his heir.

Over the five graves of his little children a treasure of gold was ready to be poured. Harry listened with a stony glance. What was wealth to him now? "O, for just one loving smile from the blue eyed baby. Take the treasure, dear Lord, I don't want it now—rather give me a few feet of earth beside my children. Heap up the gold, and put my little Berty beside it, living—only for one hour let me feel his dear lips pressed to mine, and for that choice I would barter every dollar. O, for poverty, blessed poverty, with my children!"

"I say, Harry, do you know you're fast asleep in the draft?"

Bewildered, up into the thickly bearded face of the speaker the day laborer gazed.

"Well, haven't you a word of welcome for your brother? What do you see with those wild eyes of yours? Is the man crazy?"

For Harry had flung himself upon his knees and, with strong cries, thanked God again. Then he sprang up and grasped the hand of his sailor brother, ran past him, caught his wife and kissed her, and, gathering his babies about him, held them all to his strong, loving heart, while great tears rolled down over his cheeks. Then, as his wife looked on wondering and frightened, he cried, in a choking voice,

"I dreamed they were all dead, Mary, all dead, and I thank God that it was only a dreadful dream. Never, never shall I be envious again. O, Mary, to see them as they lay there"—and again he covered their smiling lips with kisses, sobbing in his joy.

And that was the way the repining husband and father was led to give up envy uncharitableness. Truly sometimes t it doth come to instruct us in our dre

Slightly Acquainted.

Several years ago the—the Regiment United States' Regulars were quartered at A—— near Niagara Falls. Among the privates of that gallant regiment was B——, a tall, lank, red haired Vermonter, who was always in some scrape or other. One day he obtained leave to take a day's shooting on the Canada side. He went early in the morning, and hunted all day with very poor success. Late in the afternoon he was slowly wending his way home, ill pleased with his poor success, when he saw seated on a tree within easy shooting distance a large crow. To level his gun and fire was the impulse of a moment, and down tumbled the crow almost at his feet. Now it happened that the crow was a tame one, and a pet of Gen. C——, who was one of the wealthiest landowners in Canada, and who owned the property on which B—— stood. And it so happened that the General was an unseen witness of the death of his favorite. Enraged at its loss he determined to punish the offender in a manner that he would be likely to remember.

So coming forward in a friendly manner, he nodded to B——, who saluted him in return.

"You've got a fine gun there," said the General.

"Yaas," said B——, handing it to the General; "that's the neatest double-barrelled gun around these diggings.

The General turned the gun round and examined it carefully, then putting the barrel still loaded at full cock, to his shoulder and pointing it at B——, said,

"You have willfully shot the greatest favorite I had, and now you've got to eat it.

B—— explained, and begged and prayed, but to no purpose—the General was unmoved by his entreaties, and told him he must eat it or die. B—— once more turned his eyes piteously towards the General, but the cold, wicked eye glanced along the gun barrel convinced him (as he afterwards said) that there was fire in it. So with a groan, he picked up the crow, and shutting his eyes, commenced his disagreeable meal. He worried down three or four mouthfuls, and then stopped, unable to eat more of the disgusting carion; and then the General thinking he had gone far enough, told him that would do; and after advising him to be more careful in the future what he shot, handed him his gun and told him he could go. As soon as B—— got his gun in his hand he turned fiercely upon the General, and said:

"It's my turn now. You eat the remainder of the crow."

In vain the General stamped, and swore, and finally prayed to be let off. B—— was as firm as he himself had been a few minutes before. Nothing would satisfy the enraged soldier but that *the General should* eat the whole of what was left, and which he had to do before B—— let him off.

The next day the General went to B——'s Colonel, and complained that he had been grossly insulted by one of his soldiers the day previous.

The Colonel inquired what one.

"Why," said the General, "he was a tall, lean, ill-favored fellow, with red hair."

"Ha!" said the Colonel, "I know him; he's always in some scrape. Orderly, bring B—— here immediately."

In a few minutes the Orderly returned, bringing B——, who was wondering what scrape he was in now.

"B——," said the Colonel, "do you know this gentleman?"

"What! me?" said B——, looking as amazed as possible.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "do you know him?"

"Yes, we are slightly acquainted," said B—— (a happy thought striking him.) "*We dined together yesterday.*"

The General could hold in no longer; but bursting into a hearty laugh he told the Colonel to let him go, as he hearily forgave him.

Rabbit Catching.

"Father, won't you please make me a rabbit trap? John Shores has one and he catches a rabbit almost every night. They eat the rabbits and he sells the skins to the hatter."

"I have no time to make traps. You may get Mr. Beckwith to make one for you," said Mr. Shores.

"Thank you, sir," and with the eagerness natural to youth he ran to give the order.

In a few days the trap was made. It was what is called a box trap. John took it into the woods and set it carefully, baiting it with a piece of sweet apple.

The next morning he arose early and went to his trap. An inch or two of snow had fallen during the night. There were tracks of rabbits on the snow, and they led toward the trap. The trap was sprung, and he felt sure he had caught a rabbit. He peeped into the trap, and there at the further corner of it he saw two shining eyes. Sure enough he had caught a rabbit the first night. He had something to tell of at school.

He put his hand into the trap, and with some difficulty got hold of the rabbit's hind legs and took him out. The poor little fellow seemed dreadfully frightened. What was to be done with him? Must he be killed? That was what he was caught for. John could not find it in his heart to kill him. He trembled so, and tried so hard to get away, and never attempted to bite, that John did not know what to do. "He never did me any harm," thought he, "why should I do him any?" You want to eat him. We are not suffering for want of food. You can get sixpence for his skin. His life is worth more to him than sixpence is to me. John looked at the timid captive while these thoughts passed through his brain, and the result was that he determined to let him go. I'll give a chance for his life This is the first time he has been caught. I will let him go this time. If he gets caught again, I shall take his skin from him." He suited the word, and the rabbit was soon bounding through the woods at a great rate.

"No rabbit this morning?" said his father as John entered the house.

"Yes, sir, I caught one."

"Where is he?"

"In the woods."

"Did he get away from you?"

"No, sir, I am almost ashamed to say that I let him go, he seemed so innocent and was so frightened."

"Never be ashamed, my son, of yielding to a generous impulse, though your interest may suffer by so doing. You had a right to kill the rabbit and you had a right to let him go. I have no doubt you are happier than if you had killed him."

"If I let them all go, there is not much use in catching them."

"Certainly not. I do not advise that you let them all go; but I would not have you ashamed of acting from the promptings of a tender heart."

In Season.

"I am very sorry to have kept you waiting, Uncle," said George with a blush, as he took his seat in the carriage for a drive; "I hope you have not been here long."

"Just thirty minutes," said the old gentleman. Then carefully folding up his newspaper, he gathered up the reins and gave them a little admonitory shake.

"I am very sorry, indeed; but you see I was detained, and could not get off."

He would have colored still deeper if obliged to explain the frivolous cause of his delay.

"If it could not be helped," said the other, "of course it is all right; but if it might have been avoided, why then it is another matter. Half hours are precious things, my boy, and you will find them so if you live long. Punctuality must be a young man's watchword if he ever hopes to make anything of himself or orportunities. I had a young friend once in New Haven, who went into business for himself, just as you hope to this fall, but he had this standard failing, he was always a little behind time.

I remember once he had need of a thousand dollars to make a payment on a certain day. He could have gathered it up easily enough if he had begun in time. But the day had arrived, and he was in a great perplexity. Still there was an easy way out of the difficulty. He ran around to an obliging neighbor and borrowed the sum for three days. Well, he felt quite at his ease after the bill was paid, and the three days slipped by thoughtlessly, and he was no more ready to pay the borrowed money than he was to pay the other. It could make no differency with the merchant, he was sure, and he hastened to him with abundant apologies.

"It will make no difference with me at all" said the gentleman blandly, "but it will make much difference with you."

"How so?" asked the other.

"I shall never lend it to you again," he said, as politely as if it were a pleasant fact he was communicating.

I was young then, and I always remembered the little circumstance, and have often been influenced by it. Poor E. did not succeed very well. Business men will soon lose confidence in you, George, if you are not always as good as your word, and every one needs the good-will of his fellows. Perfect punctuality should be your highest aim in this respect. You will lose untold amounts of time for want of it, and cause others to do the same. This is the worst kind of pilfering. Stolen gold can be got back, or replaced, but no power can bring back a lost half hour.—*Methodist Free Churches Magazine.*

1862
n the
at Came
hurf
with 36 hons
th Westwall
onboad
nt cargo
ges from
commenced
s' day
weather
weather
day
tree
in. Lon. by Ob.

18
N Wo
cold
of Lat. Departure. Lat. by D. R. Lat. in. Lon. by Ob.

Journal ~~from~~ in New York Loading ~~towards~~ for Philadelphia
on board Brig Almon D Hoffses Master

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. day of 18
1	Friday					This day light winds from the South West
2	Jan 2 1863					and plesant weather at 10 A M hauled in
3						to Wall Street Wharfs Brooklin At 1 P M
4						Stevadore came onboard and commenced taking
5						in cargo to in 45 Hhd Molasses this day
6						one man and Steward came onboard this day
7	Saturday					This day light winds from the southward
8	Jan 3					and fair weather took in 84 Hhd and 87
9						Bbs of Molasses which is our cargo
10						
11	Sunday					This day light winds from the southward
12	Jan 4th					and cloudy weather latter part fresh breezes
1	from the					South East
2						
3	Monday					This day light winds from South West
4	Jan 5th					and plesant weather At 2 P M crew came
5						onboard and Tow Boat came along side
6						And took ~~us~~ to North River at 8 P M came
7						to Anchor
8						
9	Tuesday					This day commenced with light and baffling
10	Jan 6th					winds from all quarters and foggy weather
11						latter part fresh breezes from the N W and
12						Squally weather All hand employd in Ship duties

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.
From N York towards Philadelphia									

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Wednesday 7 day of Jan 1863
1						This day commenced with strong
2						breezes from the N W and snow
3						squalls
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						At 8 A M hove up the Anchor
9						and proceeded to sea with fresh
10						breezes from N W and fair weather
11						Brig under double Reefs
12						At 12 noon passed out by Sandy
1						Hook
2						
3						
4						At 4 P M passed Barnegat
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						At 8 P M made Absecumb light
10						Moderate breezes from the North West
11						turned one Reef out of Top Sail and
12						~~Mainsail~~ and set Top gallant Sail
						Latter part very moderate

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

THE OLD CARTMAN.

I have a mind to tell a story. That it is brief, may be seen at a glance; that it is true I most emphatically avow.

About five years ago, or thereabouts, John Ainsley—or "Pap Ainsley" as he was familiarly called—was the owner of a handcart and earned a living by conveying miscellaneous parcels from one section of the city to another, and receiving therefor the reasonable remuneration of fifty cents per load. To designate the occupation in the prosiest language possible, he was a handcart man, and when not employed, could always be found during working hours at the corner of Montgomery and California streets. His hair and long beard were quite gray, and his limbs feeble: and if he could not shove as heavy a load through deep sand or up the steep grades above him as the stalwart Teuton on the opposite corner, thereby losing many a job and many a dollar, all the light loads in the neighborhood fell to his lot, and kind-hearted men not unfrequently travelled a square or two out of their way to give an easy job to "Pap Ainsley."

Four years ago last September, (I recollect the month, for I had a note of four thousand dollars to pay, and was compelled to do some pretty sharp financiering to meet it) having two or three dozen volumes to transfer to my lodgings, I gave "Pap Ainsley" the task of transportation. Arriving at my room just as he had deposited the last armful on the table, and observing that the old man looked considerably fatigued after climbing three flights of stairs two or three times, I invited him to take a glass of brandy—a bottle of which I usually kept in my room for medicinal purposes. Although grateful for the invitation, he politely declined. I urged but he was inflexible. I was astonished.

"Do you never drink?" said I.

"Very seldom," he replied dropping into a chair at my request, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Well, if you drink at all," I insisted, "you will not find as fair an excuse in the next twelve months for *indulging, for you appear fatigued and scarcely able to stand.*"

"To be frank," said the old man, I do not drink now. I have not tasted intoxicating liquor for fifteen years, since—"

"Since when?" I enquired, thoughtlessly observing his hesitation.

The old man told me. Sixteen years ago he was a well-to-do farmer, near Syracuse, N. Y. He had one child, a daughter. While attending a boarding school in that city, then a girl of sixteen years of age, she formed an attachment for a young physician. Acquainting her father with the circumstances, he flatly refused his consent to a union with a man whom he had never seen, and removing her from school, despatched a note to the young gallant, with the somewhat pointed information that his presence in the neighborhood of the Ainsley farm would not meet with favor. The reader of course surmises the result, for such a proceeding, could have but one result. In less than a *month there* was an elopement. The father loaded his *double-barrelled gun,* and swore vengeance, but failing to *find the fugitives*, he took to the bottle. His good wife implored him not to give way to despair, but he drank the deeper, and accused her of encouraging the elopement. In three months the wife died, and at the expiration of a year when the young people returned to Syracuse from Connecticut, where they had remained with the parents of the husband, they learned that the old man had sold his farm, squandered the proceeds, and was almost destitute. Learning of their arrival, Ainsley drank himself into a phrenzy, and proceeded to the hotel where they were stopping, attacked the husband, wounded him in the arm by a *pistol shot, and attempted* the life of his *daughter*, who happily escaped uninjured through the interposition of persons brought to the spot by the report of the pistol. Ainsley was arrested, tried, and acquited on the plea of insanity. The daughter and her husband returned to Connecticut, since which time the father had not heard from them. He was sent to a lunatic asylum, from which he was dismissed after remaining six months. In 1851 he came to California. He had followed mining for two years, but finding his strength unequal to the pursuit, returned to this city, purchased a hand-cart, and the rest is known. "Since then," concluded the old man, bowing his head on his hands in agony, "I have *not tasted liquor*, nor have I seen my poor child."

I regretted that I had been so *inquisitive*, and expressed to the sufferer the sympathy I really felt for him. After that, I seldom passed the corner without looking for "Pap Ainsley," and never saw him but to think of the sad story he had told me.

One chilly day in the December following, a gentleman having purchased a small marble top table at an auction room opposite, proffered to the old man the job of carrying it to his residence, on Stockton street. Not wishing to accompany the carrier, he had selected the face probably giving the best assurance of careful delivery of the purchase.

Furnished with the number of the house, the old cart man, after a pretty trying struggle with the steep ascent of California street, reached his destination, and deposited the table in the hall. Lingering a moment, the lady did not surmise the reason, until he politely informed her that her husband had probably by *accident* omitted to settle for the carriage.

"Very well, I will pay you," said the lady, stepping into an adjoining room. She returned and stating that she had no small coin in the house handed him a twenty dollar piece.

He could not make change. "Never mind, I will call to-morrow," he said turning to go. "No, no!" replied the lady, glancing pityingly at his white locks and trembling limbs, "I will not put you to so much trouble," and she handed the coin to Bridget, with instructions to get it changed at one of the stores or markets in the neighborhood.

"Step into the parlor until the girl returns; the air is chilly, and you must be cold," continued the lady. "Come," she added, as he looked at his attire and hesitated; "there is a fire in the grate, and no one there but the children."

"It is somewhat chilly," replied the old man, following her into the parlor, and taking a seat near the fire.

"Perhaps I may find some silver in the house, said the lady, leaving the room, "for I fear Bridget will not succeed in getting the twenty dollar piece changed."

"Come—I love little children," and the child who had been watching him with curiosity ran behind a large arm chair, and hesitatingly approached. "What is your name dear?" inquired the cart man.

"Maria," lisped the little one.

"Maria?" he repeated, while the great tears gathered in his eyes; "I once had a little girl named Maria, and you look very much as she did."

"Did you?" inquired the child with seeming interest," and was her name Maria Fastman too."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the old man, starting from his chair and dropping into it with his head bowed upon his breast. "This cannot be! and yet, why not?"

He caught the child in his arms with an eagerness that frightened her, and gazing into her face till he found conviction there, suddenly rose to leave the house, "I cannot meet her without betraying myself, and I dare not tell her *that* I am the drunken father who once attempted to *take* her life, and perhaps left her husband a cripple," he groaned as he hurried towards the door. The little ones were bewildered. "You are not going?" said the mother, reappearing, and discovering the old man in the act of leaving the hall.

He stopped and turned his face but apparently seemed to lack the resolution to do aught else.

"He said he had a little Maria once that looked just like me, mother," shouted the child, her eyes sparkling with delight.

The knees of the old cartman trembled and he leaned against the door for support. The lady sprang toward him, took him by the arm, and attempted to conduct him to a chair.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, "not till you tell me that I am forgiven!!"

"Forgiven!—for what?" repeated the mother in alarm.

"Recognize in me your wretched father and I need not tell yon!" he faltered.

"*My poor father!*" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck, "all is forgiven—all forgotten!"

All was forgiven, and the husband when he returned home late in the afternoon, was scarcely less rejoiced than his good wife at the discovery. Whether or not Bridget succeeded in changing the double eagle I never learned; but this I do know, it took the honest female all of two months to unravel the knot into which the family had tied themselves into during her absence. "Pap Ainsley" still keeps his cart, for money would not tempt him to part with it. I peeped into the back yard of Dr. Eastman one day last *week and discovered the old* man dragging the favorite vehicle round the enclosure with his four grandchildren piled promiscuously into it.

THE GUEST.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. 3: 20.

Speechless sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily!
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark we heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly:
"I am come to sup with thee!"

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp;
Light the fire, and cheer thy face;
Set the guest chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock:
In the dark I found the lock—
"Enter, I have turned the key!
Enter, stranger,
Who art come to sup with me!"

Opening wide the door, he came;
But I could not speak his name;
In the guest chair took his place,
But I could not see his face;
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo! my Master
Was the guest that supped with me!

Harriet McEwen Kimball.

From the American Messenger.

A Testament for a Blow.

'I never want to go to that school again as long as I live, *never*,' said Eddie, as rushing in from school with flushed face and soiled garments and bruised chin, he buried his face in his mother's lap and cried aloud.

Waiting a little for him to become calm, his mother wiped his face, and then heard his story. 'Joe Douglass will *never* let me go to school in peace, or come home either. He is always taking away my books, or catching off my cap and throwing it away, or throwing stones, or knocking me down, or something. To night, because I would not let him have my ball, he took it away, and then threw me down and struck me, and kept me from coming home till now. I *never* want to go to that school any more,' and again his feelings burst forth into tears which he could not redress.

'Do you never try to irritate him, my son? Do you treat him kindly?'

'I try to keep out of his way. I don't want to play with him.'

Why not let him have your ball? Perhaps he has none and it might do him good.'

'I have let him take my pencils and my knife, and he always says he lost them, and all the boys think he *keeps* them.'

The mother thought a while. There was no other school for her little son to attend.—She really pitied him, and tried to devise some way to soothe the feelings of the injured boy.

'Has Joseph any books of his own, Eddie?'

'No, mother, none that are good for anything. The teacher sometimes lends him some, when his lesson is torn out.'

'Has he a Testament of his own?

'I don't think he has. He always reads from one of the other scholars'.'

'You saw those pretty new Testaments I bought the other day. Now, I will give you one. You may go and pick out the prettiest cover, and if you wish, you may carry it to-morrow morning and give it to Joseph. I will write his name in it. Would you like to make him a present of it?'

It was a new idea to Eddie, but it struck him rather pleasantly; and his eyes brightened, his tears were all dried, and with a little brushing and washing he looked quite like himself again.

The next evening his mother waited a little anxiously for his return from school, as the distance was such he could not return at noon, but the smiling, happy face showed no more marks of blows..

'Why, mother, he came towards me, saying, 'Now you'll get it, old fellow:' and I held out the Testament, and said,, Here, Joe, I've brought you a new Testament;' and he looked, and looked, and I thought was going to knock it out of my hands; and I showed him his name, and told him you said I might make him a present of it; and he said, 'I *thank you*;' and this afternoon he brought me an apple.'

It is almost time for school to close now, but there have been no more complaints of Joe Douglass, and Eddie says, 'Mother, what *shall* I do when the school leaves off."

The Boy that Wouldn't Get Mad.—I once heard an interesting story about two little brothers. One of them was ten years old, and the other eight. The oldest boy had, within a few months past, indulged the hope that God had given him a new heart. He thought he was a Christian, that he loved the Lord Jesus Christ. But his little brother did not believe that his heart had been changed. He thought his brother was no more a Christian than he had always been. He said he could not see any difference. Yet he meant to try him and see; for as his brother now appeared more sober than usual, and was more willing to go to meeting than before, he did not feel certain that he was not a Christian.

Now, how do you think this little boy, eight years old, undertook to find out whether his brother was really a Christian? Why, every time he could get a chance he would tread on his brother's toes, kick his heels, or pinch his arms, to see if he would get mad, as he used to do. But his brother bore it all with meekness and good nature, without an angry word or look. This was different from what he used to do. He had before always been ready to take revenge on the spot for such an abuse. The youngest brother was sure that he could not do so; for he knew he would get mad, if anybody should treat him so unkindly. He soon became convinced that his brother was a Christian, and that he was not. He became very anxious about the salvation of his soul, and in a short time he too indulged the hope that God had pardoned his sin and given him a new heart.

D Hoffses Mast
1863
th moderate
nd fine
Mary Light
Henlopen light
Henlopen
N ort worker
rown Shoal
and calms
years
r outside
nd Ebb Tide
rom the N E
ove up the
side Break
ther
Lon. by Ob
1863
om the
A M Pilot
eezes from
s from
ded up
vine light
breezes from
4 P M passed
and Rainy
the City
eezes from
eather
om the
2 noon
latter part
Pleasant weather
l plesant
nenced discharging
l this day
Lon. by Ob.

Journal ~~from~~ Laying in Philadel towards ~~Loa~~
onboard Brig Almira D Hoffses

H | K | F | COURSES. | WINDS. | LEEWAY. | REMARKS. Tuesday

This day commenced wit
from N E and cloudy
Tow Boat took us out
us up to Richmond and
17 and we commenced load

Wednesday
Jan 14

This day light winds
cloudy weather finished
Two Men came on board

This com with fresh
Thursday
Jan 15

Southward and clou
At 8 A M Tow boat to
towed us down to Na
to Anchor At 2 P M Tow
and towed us down to
to Anchor at chester fres
Southward and cloudy
came onboard this day

Course. | Distance. | Diff. of Lat. | Departure. | Lat. by D. R. | Lat. by Ob. | Variation

Journald from Philadelphia towards

H | K | F | COURSES. | WINDS. | LEEWAY. | REMARKS. Fryday 1863

This day com with St
the South eastward and
Saturday
Jan 17

~~Middle~~ part winds haul
and Moderates At 2 P M
And worked down the Ri
to Anchor at Newcastle
the westward and Snow
all Night from the west
underway and proceded
Moderate breezes from the
At 12 noon passed Bombay
~~36 hours~~

Course. | Distance. | Diff. of Lat. | Departure. | Lat. by D. R. | Lat. by Ob. | Vari

FRIENDSHIP ENDANGERED.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

It was the scene and hour for confidence. The hazy twilight of a damp, warm summer day was creeping in with its cooling breath at the window of the "girls' room," one of the cosiest, prettiest appartments that ever graced a country-seat; and near the window, seated one in the deep armchair, the other on a pile of cushions on the floor, were the girls—two as bright, sunny-faced, lovable specimens of the class as ever vowed eternal friendship, or exchanged heart confidences. The one on the floor, half sitting, half lying in her luxurious nest of cushions, was a graceful brunette, with large soft black eyes, and a profusion of the darkest brown hair, just verging on black. The other was a tall blonde, with soft golden tresses, and large blue eyes; and to finish the introduction in due form, the one in the chair was Miss Mena Lee; the other, Miss Martha Harris. And now, having drawn up curtain, set the scene, and introduced the characters, let the latter speak for themselves.

"I am so glad you like our room," said Martha. "When auntie first told me you were coming, she was going to put you in the spare room; but I petitioned for you to come in here with me, unless you objected very seriously."

"I could not be better pleased," was the cordial reply. "I am a sad coward about sleeping alone, though I have done so for years. I never had a sister, and my parents died when I was a wee baby."

"As mine did. We must be sisters to each other, dear Mena."

The fair-haired girl bent down, with an earnest look on her face, and a loving light in her eyes to seal the contact with a warm kiss and embrace.

"And now," said Martha, "let us commence our relationship by knowing something about each other. I am the hostess; so I will tell you my story first. As you come so unexpectedly to-day to find me sole occupant of the premises, I will tell you first of the people here. Uncle George is an old gentlemen who can be described in one word—loveable. He has the kindest heart, the sweetest smile, the most cheery voice, and the heartiest laugh I ever heard. I don't think he ever spoke a harsh word or thought a hard judgement in his life. Aunt Mary is the dearest little bit of a blue-eyed angel that ever made a good man happy. Rupert, their only child, is now about twenty-three; tall, rather handsome, with a noble stock of talents, a frank, generous nature, and his father's kind love for all mankind. I come next I am inaccurate in calling Mr. Loyd my uncle, he is really not related to me. His father married twice: Uncle George is the son of the first wife. My grandmother was his second wife, and was a widow with one child—my mother—at the time she married Uncle George's father. I have heard from members of the family of the devoted love between my mother and Uncle George; and when I was an orphan at six months old, Aunt Mary took me to her heart and home, and I have never felt the loss of either parent."

"Then Mr. Loyd is in a measure your guardian, as he is mine. He takes care of your property, does he not?"

"A heavy charge!" *said Martha, laughing* heartily. "*Why Mena, two pennies* would out*weigh all the property* I have in the world, yet I have never had a wish ungratified, or a whim crossed. And now tell me about yourself."

"There is but little to tell. When my father died, he left Mr. Willis and Mr. Loyd my guardians, and they put me at a boarding school. Last month Mr. Willis died, and Mr. Loyd wrote to my teacher to send me here when my term was over. That is all."

But as the evening came on the flow of talk became more earnest. Mr. and Mrs. Loyd had gone into the city to transact some business, and were not expected home until morning, and Rupert was away on a shooting excursion; so there was nothing to break in on the long conversation. *As the twilight deepened, and the night shadows* trooped more thickly into the room, Mena slid from her chair to share Martha's impromptu couch; and so, locked in each other's arms, these two warm-hearted girls, full of loving impulses, with no thought to conceal, no secrets to restrain, opened their hearts to each other. It was but a trifling record to repeat stories of school life, of glimpses into the great world of society, of favorite studies and pet authors, of dear delicious hours in country rambles, or blushing confessions at attempted poetry, or "some time to be seen" stories, suggested by this or that incident met on the highway of their quiet lives. But little for other ears to hear, but who is there that cannot recall some hour of such entire confidence when dear hands clasped each other fast, and the magnetism of entire friendship opened wide the portals of the heart.

Of course, in such confidential chat, it was but natural for Martha to allude frequently to her cousin, Rupert Loyd, the companion of her whole young life. From the hour when he had been allowed to make her a cradle of his boyish arms, he had been her protector, brother, companion, and nurse. His was the task to guide her baby footsteps, his the hand to teach her later to control her horse, his arm her support in arduous walks, his voice ever ready to sympathize in all her joys and sorrows, and with the earnest zeal of a sister for a dearly loved brother she described his every grace and virtue, till Mena's full share of interest was roused to see and admire this hero of Martha's affections.

The night had gone past its noon before the young girls went to bed, and early morning found them up, and sharing the pleasant labor of making ready for Mr. and Mrs. Loyd's return. The flower vases were to be refilled with fresh flowers, an extra dinner to be ordered, and dessert prepared by Martha's nimble fingers, and a thousand little dainty devices contrived to make the house look cheerful and homelike. Then fresh bright dresses and smooth hair, and the girls were ready for the arrival of the host and hostess.

When Uncle George's kind cordial voice bade her welcome, and Aunt Mary gave her a gentle motherly caress, and both poured out their earnest, loving desire to have her made comfortable, Mena felt that she had indeed found a home. Her soft eyes were full of greatful tears as she shared with Martha the "good-night" kiss of her kind hosts; and the talk that night was full of the kindness of both uncle and aunt. Martha's many stories of the loving care that had made her home so pleasant since her infancy were readily credited, and Mena's first impressions were as enthusiastic and warm as ever the exacting love of Martha could desire.

It was not until she had been domesticated in her new home for nearly a fortnight that Mena first saw Rupert. During that time she had been winning with her gently loving manner, her sweet low voice, and ready yet modest intelligence, the love of all. Uncle George insisted upon having from her lips the same title Martha gave him, and aunt Mary claimed the same privilege.

The days passed pleasantly in rambles, rides, music, reading, and the thousand little devices women always have ready in needlework to pass long summer days. The love that begun so auspiciously on the night of Mena's arrival, still drew her affection to Martha to meet a warm return. They were inseparable; sharing the same room, interested in the same pursuits; from the hour when they bade each other "Good-morning" till they slept, locked in each other's arms, their days were passed in sweet intercourse. There was sufficient contrast in their dispositions to keep their love warm, and prevent any jar.

Martha, active, energetic, and impulsive, seemed the stronger nature of the two, and took the lead in even their most trifling pursuits; while the clinging fondness, the gentle submissiveness of Mena's character turned ever to her stronger companion for guidance and support.

They were in the parlor together, about two weeks after Mena's arrival, with no light but the silver flood the moon poured in at the open window. Mena was at the piano, while Martha sat half hidden among the folds of the curtain. Mena was playing one of Grebbman's Nocturnes, with a movement that suited the hour. The notes trickled from her fingers' touch as wa- ripples over the stones in a brook, and rose d fell in waves of melody. They had been ated there for nearly an hour, when Mena felt pair of strong arms clasp her waist, and before she had time to cry out, a moustache brushed her cheek, and a warm kiss was printed on her lips. With quick indignation she sprang to her feet, pushing the intruder from her, with a force her slight form seemed scarcely capable of.

"Why, Mattie what's the matter?" The hearty, manly voice, half laughing, was full of surprise.

"Mattie is here, Rupert."

He turned to the window, with a quick gesture; but instantly returning, said: "How can I apologize?"

"It is *not necessary;* I see the error," said Mena; but her quick breathing and trembling figure showed how she had been startled.

"And this is Mena Lee, Rupert, my newly-found sister," said Martha.

"Mine then as well, if she can forgive my rudeness," he said, extending his hand to clasp hers with a cordial pressure,

"Look out in future for the difference between fair hair and dark," said Martha, "and Mena will no longer obtain my caresses."

"Where's mother?

The true boy question!" said Mrs. Loyd from the inner room that opened on the parlor. "Mother's here, and father, too. Come in, all of you, and hear our runaway give an account of his visit."

It was an account *full of racy, sparkling* interest. Stories of adventure by field and flood in search of game, all told with a lively grace that made the meanest words interesting. The tall, lithe figure in the rough dress suiting his late pursuits, graceful and animated, the dark eyes flashing, the white teeth gleaming as the handsome mouth poured out its fund of words, and the half-saucy, half-modest consciousness of being the hero of his own tales, all made Rupert very fascinating to the lonely orphan who had never before been in familiar intercourse with a gentleman; her only idea of the sex being confined to the white gloved youngsters she had met at the boarding school parties, or the teachers of the institute. It was no wonder she was pleased with *this long expected* hero, whose gentlemanly language and refined manners toned down his rough dress, and gave a grace to his wildest story of adventure.

This was the first evening.

All day, his holiday being over, Rupert was in town in a lawyer's office, where he was junior partner; but in the evening he invariably sought his sisters to, as he said, clear all the cobwebs from his brain. Music, conversation, company made these evenings the pleasant hours of the day to both Mena and Martha; but while to the latter they were but the resuming of a regular routine, to the former they were a delightful and dangerous novelty.

Thinking nothing of such dangers, without the most distant idea of flirting, Rupert was to her a courteous, tender brother. As he treated Martha, so he began to treat this new sister; and as one shared his thoughts, so the other, too, soon became his *confidante*, sought for as every new device for enjoyment came to his mind, protected with the gentlest courtesy, and made a center for every kindness. Both Rupert and Martha strove by *every loving device* to make the strang-

Unknown to herself, unsuspected by her companions, Mena was giving to Rupert the first love of her untried heart, learning to feel his presence the sunshine of her life, his approval her surest guide, his affection her keenest pleasure. With such brotherly intercourse as his, there came no thought of jealousy to either Mena or Martha; both thought they regarded him as a brother, and he as blindly thought they were to him dear sisters—nothing more.

Two years passed, with their ever-varying panorama of pleasure and pain, and then a cloud gathered over this family, before so happy. Uncle George, the tender husband, the kind father and uncle, the placid gentleman, became slowly yet fatally altered. He absented himself from home for a whole day at a time—a thing, as he had years before retired from active business, that grew alarming as it became more frequently repeated. In the evening, returning from such absence, he was morose and sometimes even violent, angrily resenting any inquiry as to his business, and checking instantly any allusion to his absence. From looking with impatience for pleasant evenings, the family grew to dreading them as the time of restraint and fear. One night he did not return. After waiting until midnight, Rupert sought him in the city. His first inquiry was at the office of his father's lawyer, and there he found his father's corpse—a suicide! There was no time then for explanation; the fatal news was to be carried home, the wife's wild grief soothed, the whole burden of comforter to the three mourning women resting on Rupert's hands. His must be the head to keep clear for all arrangements, his the voice to direct, the mind to thrust out its own stunning weight of pain, and support the new burden of responsibility.

It was not until the funeral was over, and the house restored to that dreary quiet that follows a great shock, that Rupert again went to the lawyer's office.

"My task," said the old man kindly, "is the most painful one of my life. I have known and loved you from a boy, Rupert, and your father was as dear to me as a brother, yet I must—" He made a long, long pause while the young man waited, *not daring to break the silence that* was numbing him in its chilling terror. "Your father, Rupert, about two years ago, became interested in the new, absorbing speculations in western lands, and against my most earnest advice, plunged blindly into buying on a scale his income would not justify. I did not know until the day he died that he had invested Miss Lee's money as well as his own in this hazardous investment; but he came here, mad with the intelligence that his stock upon which he was building most sanguine hopes was worthless. He confessed to me his falsity as guardian, and declaring himself unable to bear the shame and burden of his sin, stabbed himself here at my side. Your mother's property makes her independent, and you have your profession; your cousin Martha will have something from your mother's will, and no doubt a home for life; Miss Lee is beggared."

Rupert tried to speak, but his voice was choked, and his parched lips refused to make a sound.

"Rupert, I am going to take a liberty that only your father's oldest friend may dare to take, when I advise you to marry Mena Lee."

A cry of pain burst from Rupert's lips.

"I know," *the old* man said, and his voice was tender as a woman's, "this sounds cruel and abrupt so soon after your great loss and my painful disclosures; but I know, too, it will be the dearest object of your life to keep your father's error a secret between you and myself. When your uncle John dies, you are the heir to his property, and can replace Miss Lee's. Until then, unless you support her, she is pennyless."

"But she can live at home with my mother, and I will lay every penny at her feet."

"She would not accept it; and your utmost efforts could not earn the income to which she is entitled. After she is your wife, you can tell *her why she is poorer,* and *I leave you to judge whether she is likely to love you* less when she knows you have married a begger instead of an heiress."

"But—"

Rupert paused; that confidence just on his lips was too sacred to pass their portals. Suddenly, by the light of this new call upon him, he read truly his own heart—he loved Martha! And she—ah! he dared not now think of the thousand little acts he would once have recalled as proofs that he did not love in vain. All her sweet confidence, her thousand winning ways, might be but the outpouring of her sisterly affection, they might mean—. He tore himself shuddering from the thought.

He was young, enthusiastic, devotedly attached to his father, with an affectionate brotherly love for Mena; he was urged on by what seemed duty, the advice of the man second only to his father in his heart, and by his own keen sense of honor. What wonder then that he persuaded himself that he could *learn to love* (the very phrase mocked him) and learn, too, to forget. Then and there, with his friend's encouraging voice in his ear, he wrote to Mena.

She was sitting in the library, thinking over the sad events of the past few days, and trying to form some new plan for her own future Martha was in her aunt's room, giving some directions about the mourning to be made, and trying to rouse the widow from her apathy of sorrow. When the servant opened the door to hand Mena the letter, she was thinking so intently of Rupert's grief and Rupert's loss that the envelope directed in his hand seemed only following out her train of thought. She opened and read it.

One short week ago every chord of her heart would have thrilled with rapture at the prospect of being Rupert's wife; but now the note chilled, half frightened her; it was a cold formal offer of his hand, with but few words of affection, and those seemed forced It was not even in the warm, brotherly style of his usual intercourse with her and she sat, pained, wondering, and full of vague sorrow, looking forward with eyes full of sad, questioning wonder.

"Mena!"

Martha was beside her, holding in her hand the envelope she had just thrown aside. For the first time in all their long intercourse the friends met with the chill of restraint between them.

"Mena, why does Rupert write to you, when he sees you constantly? Mena—" oh, the agony of the tone! "there is no new trouble?"

"No, no, Martha! Rupert wrote to"—and the forming of the words turned her vague pain to pleasure—"ask me to be his wife."

"To day! so soon! His father scarcely cold in his grave! Rupert!"

Then as the full sense of the words came into her heart, then she, too, learned that her adopted cousin was dearer than a brother, that she, too, loved him.

It was a bitter, bitter day. Rupert bowed down under the weight of his knowledge of his father's sin; Martha vainly trying to make her woman's pride cover her woman's love; Mena, with the keen instinct of love, reading the constraint of Rupert's redoubled attentions.

Three long weary months passed, and still the cloud of restraint hung over all these young hearts. The warm, loving words that had become habitual between the girls were changed for the commonplace sentences necessary between inmates of the same room and house, while Mena grew daily more troubled and puzzled over Rupert's behavior.

She could find no fault. He was attentive beyond the requirements of even a lover. Every hour at home was passed at her side, while he avoided Martha as studiously as she avoided him. Yet he was no joyous lover. Even his father's death could not account for the gloom that grew every day deeper; the pale cheeks that were becoming so thin and wan; the tone of sadnes that marked even his tenderest words to her. If he pressed his lips to hers it was with the tender, self-reproachful pressure of one craving pardon for some offence, and his caress was as protecting as it was loving.

She lay on the parlor sofa, half dozing, when the enigma was solved. Mrs. Loyd was in the inner room, reading, and Martha had gone to her own room when Rupert came in.

"You are late, my son," his mother said, as he sat down on a low stool at her feet to caress her hand; "the girls have gone to bed."

"Never mind! Let me be your boy to-night, as before the girls came."

Mena lay still half dozing. She could not escape except by passing through the room where the mother and son were seated, and she was slowly learning not to seek Rupert's presence. From some anxious questions Mrs. Loyd put to her son, some comment on his palid face, some motherly pleading for confidence, the whole story came from Ruperts lips. He had learned that day that his mother *must* know of his father's sin before long, and he had voluntarily undertaken to tell her all. From that to his own part in the sad affair, his own love, his more than suspicion of Martha's, all came from his overbudened heart to his mother's sympathizing ears, and to the involuntary listener, who heard her heart's death warrant from those pale impassioned lips.

The blow proved too much for the widow. Before Mena could let Rupert know of her resolve to release him, she was called to assist in caring for Mrs. Loyd, sinking rapidly into a dangerous state of prostration, from which she never rallied.

Again we see the friends in the room where we were first introduced to them. The winter winds are sweeeping round the house, and in the place of the soft white raiment of summer both wear deep mourning garments, and sat far apart—one near the window, the other by the fire. Mena was the first to speak. Leaving the seat near the window, she came to Martha's side, and bent over her in the old caresssing way.

"Mattie, we are drifting away from each other day by day, till the old love is dying out of our hearts, and now, when I have my hardest burden to bear, I have no friend to whom I can go for a word of sympathy, no voice to comfort me."

"What sorrow can you have?" Martha's voice was cold and hard.

"Rupert and I have broken our engagement. He does not love me—he—Mattie! look up, he loves *you,* and I am breaking my own heart to give him to you."

The ice barrier was broken. The fast pouring tears from Mena's eyes fell on Martha's bosom as she was pressed closely to it, and locked, as of old, fast in each other's arms—again the young girls exchanged confidences. All the story that Mena had heard she told Martha, that she might know how loving and loyal, how self-sacrificing and noble Rupert had been. She made no secret of her own love, only imploring Martha to help her in her resolve to conquer it.

Two years later, when Uncle John died, and Rupert replaced his father's violated trust, Mena returned from her position as teacher to make again her home with the sister she loved; the brother, for whom she had now the affection he craved, came back to the happiest home, the most loving couple, and the warmest welcome that the world could produce.

D Hoffses mas
1863
Moderate
and fair
Brandy Wine
by Cape Henlopen
Northward
n bore N W
eezes and
es and

Lon. by Ob

1863
resh gales
and passing
light sails
mainsail
breezes and
a bad sea
hard
last sail
reefed main sail
with passing
ing

Ob. | Variation. | Diff. of Lon. | Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Philadelphia towards New Orleans D Hoffm

H	K	F.	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Tuesday 20 day of Jan 1863
1	6		S by W ½ W	N b E		This day com with fresh
2	6					breezes and passing clouds
3	6					a bad sea running and much
4	6					water boarding Brig
5	6		S by W	N E		
6	6					
7	6					
8	6					
9	6					Man
10	6					
11	6					
12	6					Middle part fresh breezes and
1	6					Rain squals
2	6			E N E		
3	6					
4	6					
5	6					
6	6					
7	6					Lat by Obs 31 52
8	6					
9	6		S by W ½ W	East		
10	6					
11	6					Latter part strong breezes and
12	6					passing clouds

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Wednesday 21 day of Jan 18
1	5		S W by S	S E		This day com with strong
2	5					breezes and squaly weather
3	5					At 2 P M took in light sails
4	5					and Fore Topgalant sail
5	5		S W by W	S S E		
6	5					At 3 P M put one Reef
7	5					in Topsail blowing fresh and
8	5					Sea making fast
9	5					At 10 P M took in Fore sail
10	5					Top sail and Gibe and
11	5					Hove to blowing heavy with
12	Laying to	[illegible]				a bad Sea running and much
1						water boarding Brig
2						Pumps well attended to
3						
4						
5						At 4 A M wind hauls to the S W
6						and moderate wore Ship head
7						to S East ward
8						
9	3					At 8 A M set close Reef Topsail
10	4		S by E	W S W		and Fore sail
11	4					At 11 A M took in Foresail
12	4			West		latter part blowing heavy and squaly weather

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

MIRIAM GRANT.

BY MRS. SARAH LINDLEY WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

"I cannot meet you as a stranger, Miriam. Let the past be forgotten, and tell me, how have you been all these long years?"

"Well and happy."

"I am very glad to hear you say that; but as for me, I am a lonely old bachelor."

"What! are you not married yet, Richard?"

"No; nor do not think I ever shall be. I made up my mind to that four years ago."

She remembers vividly, and with some sorrow, the time to which he alludes. She has not forgotten the sudden faintness that came upon her, the morning after her wedding, when she read Richard Dean's name in the list of passengers who had sailed that day for South America, and she knew full well who was the cause of his going.

Not but what she loved him! Oh! no; to be the wife of Richard Dean had been the one hope of her life. Looking up to him now, as he stands by her side, brings back the [illegible] of four years ago as if it were but yesterd[illegible] walking on the beach, with the great [illegible] sobbing and moaning at their feet, Richard Dean had told her of his love, and what a great joy it would be to him if she would be his wife.

She was too happy to answer at first;—but when he bent over and looked in her face to see if he could read his answer there, and drew her fondly to him, she whispered, "I love you Richard!"

They sat there a long time after that, and he pictured to her the happy home that should surely be hers; and how fondly he would cherish her through all the years that God should give them to live together. His voice had a low, musical tone as he said this; and it sounded as sweet to her ear as the musical anthems of the sea.

And she remembers what an unusual pallor was on the face of her invalid sister May, as she entered her room that night, and, sinking on a low ottoman at her feet, says, "Miriam, do you love Richard Dean?" She clasped her arms around the neck of her sister.

"Oh May—"

"There, there! I need not have asked you; I might have known you did. *Oh! Miriam, it will kill me.*"

"Why, May, darling, what is the matter? Do you not think he his worthy of me?"

"Oh! not that, Miriam! there, let me hide my face in your lap, and I will tell you. I, too, love Richard; I have loved him for many years, and it is this that is wearing my life out, for he does not love me; it is you, Miriam he would have for his wife; but promise me you will never marry him. Oh! how could you, knowing it would be my death blow; for it surely would!"

Even now there comes a slight shudder over her at the recollection of that hour.

How the love for Richard kept pleading in her heart; and how her sister's voice kept pleading, "Promise me! promise me!"

"Oh! I cannot, May," she said, at last or almost groaned, for there was a terrible struggle going on in her heart.

The pale face of May grew even more pallid; and the thin white hands that grasped hers so nervously, in her excitement lossened their hold, and, *with a low cry*, she sank fainting to the floor.

Then there arose in Miriam's heart a *prayer for* strength; and when at last the half-lifeless girl came slowly back to consciousness, she whispered to her, "I promise, May!" but the words pierced her heart like a sharp sword. And so it was she accepted the hand of Nicholas Grant. But first she told Richard Dean that she could never be his wife: and when he urged her to tell him the reason, the happiness of her sister overpowered maiden delicacy; and she told him all. And then, when every word seemed to palsy her tongue, entreated [illegible] to make her his wife.

"Never! Miriam. I do not, nor cannot love your sister!"

"But for *my* sake, then, *Richard, if not for* her; do it for my sake!"

"Oh! Miriam, it will be a dreadful sacrifice!"

"But you will, Richard; say that you will."

"Yes!"

Then she hastened to gladden the heart of May by telling her she should be Richard's wife. But she was too late; for May had heard all; heard from his own lips that he did not love her. It was too much for the poor girl in her feeble state of health, she dragged herself to her chamber, there to die.

And when Miriam came in, she raised herself by a feeble effort, and there was a wild look in her eyes as she said, "You need not tell me, Miriam; I heard it all; Richard does not love me. I *knew it before*; but, somehow, there has always been a hope in my heart that he would sometime. But it is all gone now; the hope I mean, and you may take back the promise, Miriam for I am dying!"

"Oh! May, you must not die; live, live to be Richard's wife, for I cannot; my hand is promised to another." And so May died.

The tears are coming into Miriam Grant's eyes now, just as they did then; and Richard, noticing her emotion, leads her away from the crowded rooms.

"It grieves me to see those tears, Miriam!" and he clasped the little soft white hand that was resting on his arm with all a lover's tenderness.

"Please don't, Richard!"

"Pardon me, Miriam; I had forgotten, for the moment, that you were Mrs. Nicholas Grant. Do you know I start for Europe to-morrow?"

"Is it possible? Then I shall not see you again?" There was a touch of sadness in the tone.

"No! I suppose not."

"Your stay is very short, Richard."

"Yes. *I have no business to keep me.*"

"I trust I have a *friend* Miriam!"

"Yes; and one who will always be your friend."

"Thank you for this sweet assurance. I once thought—but there, I am forgetting myself again."

CHAPTER II.

Time passed, and Miriam Grant was a widow. She loved her husband; noble, and good, always so tender with her, how could she help it? And her terrible grief at his death was no mockery, although a good many envious tongues whispered that she only married Nicholas Grant for his wealth. People thought him wealthy; and so he had been; but it was the time of the great crisis, and old established houses were falling one after another, and among them was Nicholas Grant's.

This no doubt hastened his death, for he could not tell the sad news to his young wife; and so, after the sod had been covered over him, and she had come back, weary and heart-broken, to her splendid home, strangers told her it must be sold to pay the creditors, and that she was left penniless. But one week longer would she have a home there and in the meantime she must seek employment.

"I am very sorry for you, dear" and the fashionable Mrs. Reeves lifted her cambric handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away an imaginary tear.

Mrs. Reeves had been her warmest friend in her days of prosperity.

"I did not know but you might want a music-teacher for Emily; I am trying to get a class." And Miriam's lips quivered in spite of herself, for it was something so strange and disagreeable to bear, to think of earning her own living, and no one to care for her, no one to love her.

"I do not think I shall let Emily take lessons this year; she is too delicate. But why do you not sew for a living?"

"I am not used to sewing madam: I have no taste that way; I never could make a living by my needle Good-morning." And Miriam Grant, drawing the black veil over her pale face, joins once more the busy throng that are threading the streets of the great city.

The steamer from California had just arrived. Pushing his way among the crowd of passengers, porters, and hackmen, was a fine-looking gentleman, about forty years old.

"This way, sir," said a hackman, and as the traveller settled himself back in the carriage, he wondered if his little pet niece, as he always called her, would recognize him. "Ten years make great changes; but my little Miriam, I should know her among ten thousand." Yet, when, a moment after, he was shown into the splendid reception-room, and Miriam Grant entered, looking so pale and care-worn, he would scarcely have known her; but she sprang forward with a glad cry, and he clasped her in his arms,

"Miriam, my little Miriam, what is the meaning of this?" and he touched her sable robes lightly.

"Oh! uncle John, I am a widow now,"

"Poor child! you have suffered so much" and he stroked the soft brown hair tenderly.

"And so you are going to earn your own living Miriam?"

He said this after she told him of her troubles and misfortune.

"Yes, uncle John; I must do something."

"*We'll see* about that; we'll see."

And Miriam did see, *when*, a day or two after, he gave her a deed of the house.

"Oh! uncle John!" And Miriam's arms were around his neck, and her eyes were filled with tears; but not of sorrow, as they had been much of late, but joy, joy such as only they can tell who have been about to be cast out in the cold world friendless and penniless, and suddenly find themselves in possession of a good home and a true friend.

"We will travel for awhile, Miriam. I must see the roses coming back to your cheek once more."

They had been in Paris but a day, when a visitor was announced, and Richard Dean entered.

"At last!" he whispered, as he clasped the lovely form of Miriam Grant to his bosom. "I have waited long and patiently, darling; and you will be mine now, mine own!"

There beat not two happier hearts, that night, than those of Richard Dean and Miriam Grant; and uncle John looked on and smiled, for he was happy too.

LITTLE THINGS NO TRIFLES.

HOW dear the chain which friendship weaves,
To bind the human heart—
How deep the wound its ruin leaves
When rudely forced apart!
Not absence, solitude, or gloom
Its links can disunite;
The flowers which intertwine may bloom
E'en 'mid the shades of night;
And yet how often is that chain
Most rudely severed here,
By scenes at which the soul must mourn,
And memory ask a tear.

'Tis not the power of greater things
Which causes rapture here,
Or dearest desolation brings
On what we hold most dear;
But oft a little word—a look—
An unkind thought expressed—
A sentiment or thought mistook—
A kindly word suppressed—
These, these the chiefest mischief do—
These wound with keenest smart;
And, like the worm concealed from view,
Gnaw and consume the heart.

The gossamer a cord may weave
Which time can scarce destroy;
The coral 'mid the ocean leave
The fruit of its employ;
The smallest action oft may make
A link in friendship's chain;
And the minutest agent break
What ne'er is formed again.
Then think it not a worthless thing
On trifles to bestow
That care—a willing offering—
Which greater objects know.

SUMMERS, S * * * * * *

A Popular Danish Story.

In the village of Ebbeurp, in Funen, there lived a very wealthy farmer, who had to go one day to Assens, with a load of barley; so one of his neighbors, a cottager, asked leave to go along with him, for the sake of fetching home some goods in the empty cart. The farmer had no objection, so the cottager followed the cart on foot, and as it was a very hot day, he pulled off his worsted stockings and wooden shoes, and stuffed them under the barley in the back of the cart. It happened to be Sunday, and they had to pass close by a church on the road side. The man had got a little way behind the cart, so that he could hear that the minister was in the pulpit. It struck him as the farmer was driving very slowly he might as well turn in and hear a bit of the sermon: he could soon make up to the cart again. He did not like to go so far into the church that the minister could see him, so he stood inside the door. The Gospel that day was about the rich man and the beggar. Just as the traveller entered the church, the minister shouted out:

"But what became of the rich man?"

The Ebberup man thought the minister was speaking to him, so he stepped forward and said: He drove on to Assens with a load of barley.

"No!" thundered the minister, "he went to hell."

"Mercy on us!" cried the other running out of the church, "then I must look after my stockings, I guess!"

* * *

A young Miss was looking at some Balmorals in a dry goods store the other day, when one of the excessive ladies' men in attendance said "Be-utiful piece of goods, mum." "Yes," replied the lady, "but too narrow, I fear." Ah, no," was the response, "we only wear three breadths in our skirts now."

* * *

An old bachelor says a woman may be surprised, astonished, taken all a back, but never dumbfounded.

THE WATCHERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Beside a stricken field I stood;
On the torn turf, on grass and wood
Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain,
But all the air was quick with pain
And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head
And folded wings, and noiseless tread,
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland
And lips of blessing, not command,
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and knit,
His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

"How long!"—I knew the voice of Peace—
"Is there no respite?—no release?—
When shall the hopeless quarrel cease?

"O Lord, how long!—One human soul
Is more than any parchment scroll,
Or any flag the winds unroll.

"What price was Ellsworth's, young and brave?
How weigh the gift that Lyon gave?
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?

"O brother! if thine eye can see,
Tell how and when the end shall be.
What hope remains for thee or me?"

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,
I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my tread,
Through Jersey snows the march I led,
My voice Magenta's charges sped.

"But now, through weary day and night,
I watch a vague and aimless fight
For leave to strike one blow aright.

"On either side my foe they own:
One guards through love his ghastly throne,
And one through fear to reverence grown.

"Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed
By open foes or those afraid
To speed thy coming through my aid?

"Why watch to see who win or fall?
I shake the dust against them all;
I leave them to their senseless brawl."

"Nay," Peace implored: "yet longer wait;
The doom is near, the stake is great;
God knoweth if it be too late.

"Still wait and watch; the way prepare
Where I with folded wings of prayer
May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late!" the stern, sad voice replied,
"Too late!" its mournful echo sighed,
In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,
An upward gleam of lessening white,
So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell,
Hung down the listening sky to tell
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang; "the rod
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,
But all is possible with God!"

Independent.

---

rs D Hoff

uary 1863

Strong
Rain squals
ring

e set the

fresh and
ning hard
h water

l and main
gale and a
er boarding

and passing

Lon. by Ob

1863.

strong breezes

as former

Reef out
ates some

sate with
ssing clouds

. by Ob. | Variation. | Diff. of Lon. | Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Philade

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.
1	6		S W by W	N N W
2	6			
3	6			
4	6			
5	6			
6	6			
7	6			
8	7			
9	7			
10	7			
11	7			
12	6			
1	6			
2	6			
3	6			
4	6			
5	6			
6	6			North
7	6			
8	6			
9	6			
10	6			
11	6		West	
12	6			

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.
1	6		West	North
2	6			
3	6			
4	6			N E
5	6		W S W	
6	6			
7	6			
8	6			
9	5		S W by S	
10	5			
11	5			
12	5			"
1	5			
2	5			
3	5			
4	5			
5	5			
6	5			
7	5			
8	5			
9	6		S W by S	
10	6			"
11	7			
12	7			

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure

"SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Agnes!" called Mrs. Matilda Grayson, from the foot of the staircase, to her niece—"Agnes! Company!"

The information communicated in this laconic fashion, reached the young lady, who sat reading by a chamber window. It was evidently not very gratifying to her. She rose up, laid her book on the table with a sigh, and there was a dissatisfied, irritated look on her face, which made it almost sour.

She loosened her hair before the mirror, and shook it back of her head, in a listless sort of way, which showed a general inward discordance and defection. Yet, it was beautiful dark hair, and its weight was heavy, as she lifted it in her small hands. Agnes Maltby was twenty-four, and she had resided for the last two years with her aunt, who was her mother's only sister.

Agnes was an orphan, and her aunt was her nearest living relative. Mrs. Grayson was a bustling, managing, ambitious woman, with two daughters near Agnes's age—proud, affected, silly girls, with not half the good sense of their mother.

Mr. Grayson was president of the bank in Pentonville—a pompous, good-natured, money-loving man, who left the sole management of his domestic concerns to his wife, of whose administrative powers in that direction he had a justly high appreciation.

Agnes was wholly unlike any of her relatives. She had a rarely endowed, sensitive, susceptible nature, with the temperament which usually accompanies such mental organization.

Of course, her relatives could not understand her. They were coarser grained, and never walked in the finer country of her spirits.

Agnes's father was a man of fine-spun theories, a scholar, and a dreamer; but he had little practical thrift or shrewdness, and his fortune slipped through his fingers, and he died a poor man, leaving his wife and daughter dependent on their relatives.

Mrs. Maltby did not long survive her husband. But Agnes inherited the strength and force of her character from her mother, who had *combined with these qualities a rare sweetness and gentleness of disposition.*

The girl was not happy with her relatives. They thought themselves very kind and generous towards her; but their instincts were selfish, and they constantly galled and fretted the proud spirit which they could never comprehend.

Mrs. Grayson never respected her niece's individuality. Because she gave Agnes a home, and dressed her as well as she did her own daughters, she felt that her niece's time and entire self were at her disposal.

Agnes had rare conversational gifts, and Mrs. Grayson was fond of society, and ambitious to sustain a reputation for hospitality. She had a large circle of acquaintances, and it devolved upon Agnes to entertain these, with the assistance of her aunt and cousins. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the girl's tastes and feelings.

To interchange common-places with strangers, to sit still and listen for hours to the gossip and frivolous talk, which floated like bubbles along the deep currents of her life, was slow torture to Agnes. But her aunt had no sympathy with her niece's tastes and feelings, and she buried them in her own heart.

Her cousins thought her a little peculiar—a little inclined to moods and strange fancies, such as getting by herself in a dark evening, and reading the sky, and listening to the winds; but, as these peculiarities gave them no trouble, and as "Cousin Agnes" was on the whole kind and amiable, they liked her well enough.

The young girl stood at the window, and looked out, after she was dressed. It was a bleak, cheerless day, late in November. The sky had a wearied, hopeless look, as though it had turned its face from the summer, and caught a glimpse of December, and drawn a veil of gray brown clouds over *her face at the sight.*

The face of Agnes Maltby, standing at the window, reflected the expression of the sky. It was a fair, pale face, but one of those which needed the warmth and light of the heart to unlock it, to give it life and interest; and it had neither of these now.

The girl turned away from the window, and walked up and down the room hastily. "I've got to go through with another of these long farces," she said, and a look of pain, that almost amounted to anguish, crossed her face. "How I detest them! Every day they grow more repugnant, and every day I have to put on my company smile, and go down into the parlor, and go through with the same weary routine of ceremony and brainless talk with silly, fashionable people, who haven't one strong, sensible idea in their heads or hearts. I am sick unto death of this life. I won't stand it much longer!" and now a flash of determination went over her face.

"You'd better earn your daily bread by the *toil* of your two small, white hands, Agnes Maltby, than go on at this rate;" and she lifted them up, and looked on them with a bitter smile. "It's time for you to put an end to all this in some way. Set about it with all the soul there is in you, and battle with the world for your independence. Don't mind what your proud, foolish relatives, will say. You can teach school—at least, the common English branches, and Latin and German; and that will pay your way, and your time and your liberty will be at the command of no living soul."

"Agnes!—Agnes!" There was a little impatience in the call, as it came up the stairs a second time.

"I *will* do it," she said, and the set of her lips ndorsed her words; then Agnes Maltby put on her "company face," and went down stairs. Th was quite an unusual advent of visitors that morning. Several of the "first families" in Pentonville had called, and two of these brought with them relatives from New York; so there were more than a dozen eyes turned towards Agnes as she entered the room, in a warm, brown, merino dress, which suited her style and complexion.

The young city ladies were showily dressed, and a good deal after the pattern of Helen and Harriet Grayson, who, radiant in new blue and purple morning wrappers, were smiling and chatting with their guests. Among the latter, were a couple of gentlemen, whom Agnes hardly observed as she bowed to them. One was an elderly, well-preserved, rather pompous gentleman—a man whose whole air and manner indicated great self-complacency, and his bearing plainly showed that he regarded himself for one or several reasons as a person of weight and importance, whose opinion on any matter was entitled to much respect and consideration. The other was a young man, somewhere about thirty, with a thoughtful, intelligent face, and a bearing which suited the face—quiet, observant, gentlemanly.

As I said, Agnes was too much preoccupied with her own thoughts to give either of the gentlemen more than a passing thought. She took the seat which her aunt made for her on the sofa, betwixt a lady from New York, and the wife of a judge in Pentonville, and tried to mingle in the small side-eddies of conversation which flowed through the room. But Agnes was in what her cousins would have called one of her "moods" that morning. Her aunt was vexed that on so important an occasion her niece should be so dull and reticent, for she was proud of her intelligence and conversational gifts.

At last, however, Agnes's face brightened; for a beautiful boy of three years, a son of one of the strangers, seemed suddenly attracted towards her. He came across the room, and laid his head with a sweet, shy grace, in her lap. The young girl's hand nestled at once amongst the bright clusters of curls which crowned the boy's head.

"What made you come to me, darling?"

"Because I thought I should like you."

And looking at the two smiles, you would have been puzzled to tell which was the sweeter, the *young lady's, or the child's.*

Agnes lifted the boy on her lap, and was soon engaged in conversation with him. He was an intelligent, affectionate little creature, and it was surprising how well they got on together. But, in the midst of the conversation, the child espied a small, curly-haired lap-dog, which ran across the opposite side of the room, and laid himself down to sleep under a chair in the corner. With a shriek of delight, the boy bounded from Agnes's lap, and rushed after the dog, which he succeeded in securing. He grasped the animal tightly around the neck by both of his white, round arms, and tottled towards Agnes.

It was a ludicrous spectacle. The four legs of the frightened quadruped strung out in the air, like a struggling swimmer, as he vainly tried to relieve himself from his most uncomfortable position; and, as the child's grasp tightened about his neck, the animal was in evident danger of strangulation.

Agnes's sense of the ludicrous was keen, and she laughed outright at this spectacle. It was a laugh that it would have done you *good to hear*—so sweet, and *childlike*, and *full* of glee; a laugh *that came right* up from the deep, bright *well-springs* of her nature.

Both of the gentlemen heard it, and turned and looked at her. Her face was not the face which she had brought into the room an hour before; the warm lights were in it; the bright flush upon the pale cheeks, and on the daintily curved and sweetly parted mouth. She saw nobody but the little boy then, as he panted up to her and laid the dog on her knee, with a crow of triumph, and she reached out her arms to him in playful eagerness.

"What a sweet face! I will know more of that girl!" thought the two gentlemen. Half an hour later, the sun put aside the gray brown clouds of the November *day with one sweep, and looked out and blessed the earth.*

"O, Aunt Tilly, isn't *that* delightful? The year has got some smiles left for us yet!" exclaimed Agnes, half forgetting herself in a glow of enthusiasm, as the light broke into the room.

Theodore Reid, the younger of the two *gentlemen*, caught the remark for he was standing near Mrs. Grayson at the moment.

He turned, and spoke to Agnes. "Do you always have such welcomes as these for the year's smiles?" he asked.

"Yes; I think they grow dearer to me as they grow fewer, just as the last smiles of dying faces do;" and Agnes's thoughts went to her father and her mother.

"Yes," answered Theodore Reid, lowering his voice, for he knew he was quite beyond the depth of the others, now. "I suppose that amongst all *life's good gifts*, that we take each day, as though they were our right, we only know how to prize the few which are leaving us."

"Life's good gifts!" and a little doubt, and a little shade of bitterness, was interfused with Agnes's smile now; "Do you really think that life has anything worth living for Mr. Reid?"

"Do I think it has?" asked the young man, looking into her face with a glance and a smile which had many and solemn meanings. "It is a great and unspeakable gift, Miss Maltby, and it is full, to all of us, of deep and tragic experiences and duties, neither of which we can put aside; and then, these few years are so short, and in them so much is to be done for ourselves and for others—for you know for what life was given us, and what the living should be. It is a great solemn, awful fact, looked at from any right stand point."

"I believe I am very wicked," said Agnes, simply, her face full of solemnity.

"I believe we are all that," answered Theodore Reid; and looking up, Agnes met his smile, and

"I shouldn't have asked you the question that I did," continued the girl, if I made anything out of my life, but I do not. I seem to be hemmed in on all sides. "If I had any work to do, I should grow stronger and better; but *this* living—I think sometimes it is worse than dying."

"You should get away from it, then, by all means," responded the young man.

"That is what I am most eager to do; but there are obstacles before me not easy to surmount. My friends will be greatly opposed to my leaving them, and I have no one to assist me to get away."

"Miss Maltby," said Theodore Reid, "we are strangers to each other, and it must seem presumption in me to offer you my services; but if in any wise, at any time, they can be of use to you, you can command them freely."

Agnes Maltby lifted up her face, and looked in that of the young man. There was something touching and childlike in the earnest and searching gaze which went into his eyes, for there was something of childlike simplicity and faith in the nature of the young girl.

The young man bore the gaze unflinchingly, and Agnes was evidently satisfied, for after a long-drawn sigh she said, "You are so kind, Mr. Reid, that I do not know how to find words to thank you. I have no plans for the future; but if I could find my way into some seminary, where I could teach for a small salary, and be sole mistress of my own time and thoughts, I should be happier than I have been for years."

"I do not think it will be very difficult to find such a position, if you are willing to trust me with the search."

The sweet hazel eyes grew dark under their tears. "You would be opening the gates to the prisoner," answered Agnes.

"Mr. Reid," called Harriet Grayson, at this moment, "won't you come over here, and tell us which of these engravings you consider the finer?"

Agnes was so absorbed with her own thoughts, that she did not observe a moment later that the chair Mr. Reid had vacated by her side was occupied by the elderly gentleman, with whom she had only exchanged a bow on her entrance into the parlor.

Mr. Stevens tried to make himself very agreeable to his young hostess for the next *half hour*, and he succeeded in some degree, for he was jovial, witty, and prided himself on his gallantry to ladies; but there was a repellant self-consciousness about the man, for he never lost sight of the fact that he was worth five hundred thousand dollars. But Agnes was in a happy mood now, and she laughed at the gentleman's jests; and the roses grew wide in her cheeks, and the lights flashed in and out of her hazel eyes; and the ladies gradually drew near the young girl, and unconsciously to herself, Agnes became the life of the company.

"My dear," said Mrs. Grayson to her niece, as they sat at their late dinner, for they had grafted city fashions on their country life, "I think Mr. Stevens enjoyed his visit this morning, as he informed me that he should repeat it at the earliest opportunity. He is a brother of Dr. Morgan's wife, and very rich; and he has been a widower for the last six years."

"That explains his attentions in a certain quarter, this morning," subjoined Helen Grayson, as she *slipped her napkin into a ring*, and smiled, and glanced significantly towards her cousin.

Agnes Maltby had plenty of faults, but *she had* that natural delicacy, that fine graining of soul, which made jesting of this kind exceedingly coarse and repugnant to her feelings.

But her cousins were not malicious, only thoughtless and good-natured in their jests.

"I declare, papa," interposed Harriet Grayson, picking an almond from its shell, "Helen and I must be very amiable to stand such a total putting in the shade, as we had this morning.

"There was Agnes monopolizing the society of the young gentleman as well as the old, and all we could do was to sit still and see it. Imagine our feelings!"

"But what did he say that made you put on so solemn a face, Agnes?" *inquired* the elder of the sisters.

"Positively Mr. Reid looked just like a parson in the pulpit, while he was talking to you, and you—dear me—I could think of nothing but a school-girl who hadn't recited her lesson, and was feeling very penitent over the schoolmaster's lecture."

They all laughed at this—all excepting Agnes, and the jest jarred painfully on her feelings.

"Who is this Mr. Reid, Agnes?" said the President of the bank of Pentonville, leaning back in his chair after indulging in a most liberal dinner.

"Harriet, his youngest daughter, answered: "He's a young lawyer, papa, a nephew of Mrs. Adams, the minister's wife. His father failed a short *time before* his death, and the young man had to struggle through college as he could—they say he's very talented in his profession."

"I think," added the elder sister, "that Mr. Reid is agreeable and fine-looking, but somehow—I never feel at ease with him."

"No wonder!" thought Agnes, but she kept silent.

"And now, girls, I want you to go and call on the Tracys, this afternoon. They've been in the neighborhood a whole week, and it won't do to neglect them longer," said Mrs. Grayson, in her prompt, decided way, as they rose from the table.

Agnes' thoughts went with greedy longings to her book up stairs. What would she not give for one hour of quiet communing with herself.

"Aunt Matilda!" she pleaded, "let the girls go without me. I want to stay at home, this afternoon."

"Don't now, Agnes," interposed Harriet. "We want you along, and it will look much better for each to call."

"You'd better go, my dear," said Mrs. Grayson. "The walk will do you good, and you've nothing to do at home."

"Another wasted day! It shall not always be like this," muttered Agnes to herself, as she went up stairs.

A month had passed. There had come little change to the life of Agnes Maltby. She had been tied to her aunt's guests much as before. Of all these she had enjoyed the society of the rich widower, Mr. Stevens, the best, for his conversation was at least on a higher level than the endless gossip of her fashionable acquaintances; and he understood the world and some phases of human nature, and exerted himself to please the tastes of the young girl.

Agnes felt very grateful to him, because he was kind and polite to her, and relieved somewhat the tedium of the hours which she passed in her aunt's parlor, but her thoughts never went beyond this. Her cousins' frequent jests on the matter of course annoyed her, at the time, but that was all.

"Agnes, my dear," said Mrs. Grayson, entering her niece's chamber one morning, with a look of pleased mystery on her face, which expression was repeated by that of her two daughters, who followed her, "I have some gratifying news to communicate to you."

The three ladies sat down, so did Agnes, her fair young face full of surprise.

"Mr. Stevens had an interview last evening with your uncle, and desired his permission to ask you to be his wife?"

"O, Aunt Matilda!" cried Agnes, and she buried her face in her hands, and shook from head to foot.

"It's a great catch!" exclaimed Helen Grayson. "You can have a magnificent house, and keep your own carriage, and live in splendid style. You ought to thank your stars, Agnes Maltby!"

"So you had," added the other young lady. "Papa says that Mr. Stevens is worth half a million. Think of that. Can't you astonish the world one of these days."

Agnes Maltby rose up and walked across the room. The blood burned bright in her cheeks. "It has come so very sudden," she said. "And—and—this man must be thirty years older than I am."

"What's that, when he is so rich, and can give you such a position!" exclaimed the cousins, and *they looked at Agnes with a new respect, seeing in her the prospective Mrs. Gerald Stevens.*

"But I do not love this man. I have never thought of him as my husband."

"You are young, Agnes, and it is quite natural that you should be taken by surprise," answered Mrs. Grayson, with a mixture of patronage and complacency.

"O, Aunt Matilda," suddenly broke out the orphan girl, "you were my mother's only sister, and she gave me to you on her death-bed. I am young and inexperienced, and alone in the world, and all this has come so suddenly that I am bewildered. Take for a moment the place of the sister whose heart has lain still so many winters under the summer grasses! Tell me what I shall do?"

This pitiful appeal went down through the deep worldliness of Mrs. Grayson's nature and reached her heart. For a moment she forgot all the advantages of wealth and position which Mr. Stevens's proposal afforded her niece.

"My dear child!" she said, "I will not urge the matter upon you. If it was either of my own daughters, I would not hesitate to give her to a man of Mr. Stevens's character and position. But you shall have the whole day to decide, and gratified as we shall all be to learn that you have accepted the offer which you have received—still it shall come of your own free choice, not of our urging."

And kissing her niece warmly, Mrs. Grayson left the room, and her daughters followed her, and for once were silent.

Poor Agnes! It was a long, slow day to her. How she longed for some friend in that great crisis of her youth. An easy and pleasant road was suddenly opened to her out of the weariness and trials of her present life; and her heart had never known the beauty and tenderness of a true love *to teach her how coldly it throbbed towards* the man who *now* sought her hand. She longed for rest and a home of her own; and something of pride and vanity stirred in her heart, as she thought of the sumptuous surroundings which awaited her as the wife of the rich New Yorker.

Mr. Stevens was, it is true, she reasoned, not at all the man after her young dreams and hopes, but then life had been altogether a disappointment to her. He was a pleasant, agreeable gentleman, and if she was his wife she would try to make him very happy, she should always feel so grateful to him.

Late in the afternoon of that day, Agnes Maltby went out alone for a rapid walk. There had been a slight snow that morning, for the year had fallen into December now, and the earth lay with cold, hushed pulses under the white flannel of winter.

Agnes walked very rapidly, for there was a strange pain and restlessness at her heart. She chose a by-road which led out of the town, to the woods, and on turning into a lane which branched off from the road, she came suddenly upon Theodore Reid.

The young man seemed greatly surprised to discover her. Agnes had not seen him since the morning interview she had had with him a month before, and the girl was glad to meet him now.

"Are you fond of such long walks on winter days?" asked the young lawyer, for Agnes was nearly three miles from her home.

"Not usually; but—but I was troubled and restless, and wanted to walk fast and to breathe free."

"I understand the feeling. I had some business to transact for a client of mine not far from Pentonville, and so I thought that I would run over and tell you that I had not been unmindful of my promise all this time. Miss Agnes, I think I have found a school for you."

Her face brightened up with interest.

"You *have*, Mr. Reid?"

"Yes; it is a small, pleasant family school, whose Principal is a friend and classmate of mine. Your salary will not be large, but your duties will not be arduous."

There was doubt in the face of Agnes Maltby—doubt, dashed with pain.

Theodore Reid bent down and searched her with his deep, bright eyes.

"What is it?" he asked.

Agnes was a young girl, and a very impulsive one. It certainly was imprudent, but she had no friend whose counsel she could seek, and she stood sorely in need of one.

There was something in Theodore Reid's calm, sincere manner, which drew out her faith and trust, and as they walked over the thin crust of snow, which frosted the by-road, she told him all that had been in her heart that day.

There was a deep, long silence after she concluded. The frightened girl wondered at her own boldness, as she heard the quick throbs of her heart.

At last the young lawyer spoke. "Miss Maltby, you say that you respect and esteem Mr. Stevens; but if he were a poor man, without friends, wealth, position to offer you—would you marry him this day, with a heart which so loved him that you would be willing to make almost any privation for his sake, and the joy of being with him.

"No, I do not love him so," answered Agnes, speaking from her heart with her lips, for the light grew clearer to her.

"Then never marry him."

That night, Agnes gave her answer to her uncle and aunt, in a few strong, brief sentences:

"I do not love Mr. Stevens, and if I married him it would be for his money, and for the position which he would give me. If my dead mother were to rise out of her grave this night, she would say to me, 'My child, do not commit this sin.' Neither will I."

The relatives were evidently disappointed, but her earnestness impressed them. They did not attempt to make her, only her cousins said,

"O, Agnes, you will get over this romance some time."

"Hush, children," interposed Mrs. Grayson. "I said that we would not urge her."

During the next three weeks, Mr. Reid was in Pentonville several times, and he never left without seeing Agnes, and every time he came she felt stronger and better.

He had told her that the situation which he had secured for her would not be vacated until the following month, and knowing the opposition which her project must meet with from her relatives, Agnes had refrained from communicating it to them.

One afternoon, Mr. Reid called early in the new year. The family had gone out to pass the day, and Agnes had been excused, having taken a severe cold.

"You look pale!" said the gentleman, as he took her hand, when she entered the parlor.

"I had forgotten that I was sick," she said, with the smile that touched her whole face with light. "It is so good to be alone."

He seated her in the easy chair, and then they had one of their long, pleasant, grave talks, alone together.

And in some pause Agnes said, "You haven't spoken a word about the school. I must get well for that, you know."

Theodore Reid looked on the young face upturned to him, and it moved him with a strange tenderness. He was a strong, self-sustained man; one who had long disciplined his impulses, and was not easily hurried into any rash act. Moreover, he had often declared that he would never propose to any woman until a year's intimate acquaintance had assured him that they were fitted for each other by congenial tastes and sympathies, and by the same great aims and purposes in life.

But it is a settled fact that people frequently do just what they say they will not, and so did Theodore Reid. He took the small hands of Agnes Maltby in his, and he said to her,

"Miss Agnes, if I were to ask you just the same questions regarding myself, which I did a month ago respecting Mr. Stevens, would you answer me as you did him?"

She did not answer; she wrenched her hands out of his, and buried her burning face in them.

"Tell me," he said, softly.

After awhile her low answer came—

"I do not think that I should."

"Then Agnes, come to my school—take no scholar but me!"

"I had better be your pupil," she said.

"Well, have it so, then. We will teach each other in the sweet harmony of a true union, how to live truly and righteously the life which God has given us.

"You have something to live for now, Agnes?" bending down his head until the short, bright locks brushed her burning cheeks.

Very softly the answer came to him, and above the lips which spoke, the loving eyes were dark with sweet and grateful tears. "Something to live for, thank God!"—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

.... A poet asked a gentleman what he thought his his last production, "An Ode to Sleep." The latter replied,—

"You have done so much justice to the subject, that it is not possible to read it without feeling its whole weight."

.... A paper giving an account of Toulouse in France, says,—

"It is a large town, containing sixty thousand inhabitants *built entirely of brick!*"

.... "I bought these boots to wear only when I go into genteel society."

"Then they will be likely to last for some time and be worth something to your heirs."

D Hoffus mar

1863

fresh

t weather

Dog Rock

Head Shoal

breezes

ble head

South dist

t breezes

a number

Lon. by Ob

1863

derate breezes

orida Shoal

erican Shoal

ery Light

weather

t bore

and

as Light

bore N E dist 8

ezes and

n.

Lon. by Ob

Journal from Philadelphia towards New Orleans D Hoffses

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Wednesday 28 day of January 1863
1	5		N W ½ W	S W		This day com with moderat
2	5					breezes and fair weather
3	5					Two Barques in sight standing
4	5					to the N West
5	4					
6	4					
7	5					
8	5					At 8 P M strong breezes from
9	3		S W ½ W	N N W		the Northward and Rainy weather
10	3					took in light sailes and Fore
11	3					Saile close Reefed Fo Topsail
12	3					and mainsail Blowing heavy
1	3					with a bad sea running much
2	3					watter boarding Brig
3	3					Mid part blowing heavy and
4	3					Rain squalls brig making some
5	3					watter Pumps well attended
6	3					
7	3					
8	3					
9	3		N E	N W		At 8 A M wore ship to the E
10	3					moderated gone but a bad sea
11	3					running Latter part strong breezes
12	3					and Rain squalls

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 29 day of January 1863
1	4					This day com with strong
2	4					breezes and squally weather
3	4		N N E	N W		with a bad sea running
4	4					
5	4					
6	4					At 6 P M wore ship and
7	3		W S W	"		headed to the westward blowing
8	3					a fresh breeze
9	3					
10	3					
11	3					
12	3					Mid part strong breezes and
1	3					cloudy weather
2	3					
3	3					
4	3		west	N N W		
5	3					
6	3					At 4 A M quite moderate turned
7	3					the Reefs out and set light Sails
8	3					
9	3		N W ½ W	N N E		Lat by Ob 24 17
10	3					
11	3					Latter part light winds and
12	3					passing clouds

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

AN HOUR OF PERIL.

BY WILLIAM THOMSON.

Many years ago, I was journeying, with two companions, over a portion of that vast plain, that, like a sea, stretches from the marshy shores of the Mexican Gulf, westward to the sterile mountains of New Mexico.

While encamped on the Navidad, where we had halted for a few days to recruit our horses, or mustangs, and hunt wild turkeys, we were joined by a caravan of four wagons, all bound to the same points as ourselves. This party, composed of about twenty persons, made their camp in our vicinity; and as the grass and water were excellent, they resolved also to halt and wait for our company, as it was the season of the year when the Indians were liable to be upon the trail, and the stronger the party the less danger of attack from them. The men of the party soon made our acquaintance. They were from the Sabine country, having their wives and children with them, with each a negro man to drive their mule teams,

On the third day, our trail led through a long stretch of prairie, beyond which no belt of timber could be discerned; only a clear line of horizon opened before us; while the waving grass had been exchanged for a tangled mass of coarse reeds, or sedgy grass, almost impenetrable to our animals. The trail, an old Indian war-path, which had been passed over perhaps for ages, passed straight through this heavy growth, while the still, wire-like reeds almost met over our heads.

We knew that across this dry weed prairie stretched a long and tedious trail, upon which would be encountered neither grass nor water. We therefore left camp early,—my two comrades and myself, while the wagons were to follow soon after. We had proposed to reach a small arrogo (the head of the dried up stream), in the bottom of which we hoped to find water, and strike camp—where we would await the coming of our friends. This watercourse was a western branch of Garcita's Creek; and Watson, one of our company, promised to treat the ladies to a supper of fish, *which he said were found* in abundance *in the* deep holes of that stream.

We had been in the saddle about two hours, when on ascending a gradual rise of the prairie, and looking behind, we caught a glimpse of the white wagon tops as they showed above the tangled weeds; but soon after, from the nature of the ground, we lost sight of them. But knowing all was right, continued to push along, till the middle of the afternoon, when arriving at our camping ground, dismounted and staked the horses out in the grassy bottom of the creek.

Here, as Watson had intimated, we found the water standing in deep holes, which were literally alive with fish. During the rainless season the creek, which at other seasons is a running stream, had partially dried up, leaving the water only in pools, in which had congregated vast numbers of their finny inhabitants, while the greensward encroaching upon the dried bed of the brook, furnished a welcome pasturage to our animals. Selecting a spot upon the edge of one of these deep pools, where the low creek bank partially broke off the strong westerly breeze, we kindled a small fire, and prepared for the arrival of the wagons. In a few moments our camp arrangements were complete, and each of us furnished with a rod and line, busied ourselves in the exciting sport of drawing the scaly game from their element, and depositing them, struggling and gasping, upon the grassy sod.

So absorbingly interested were we in this employment, that we had not noted the flight of time, till suddenly aroused by the excited conduct of our mustangs. They had ceased to crop the grass, and with heads stretched into the air, *and dilated nostrils, stood* snuffing in the breeze, while their eyes were glaring with an expression of excessive alarm. Suddenly they sprang from their lariats, and straining at the hairy ropes, endeavoring to escape, at the same time filling the air with a peculiar cry, which I instantly recognized as the signal of approaching danger.

"It's Indians, or wild mustangs!" exclaimed Pearson, as he threw his line from him and ran to the top of the bank.

I followed him as quickly as I could; but Watson, who was nearer to it, reached the higher ground first, and shouted, "Oh, heavens! the prairie's on fire!"

Had we been fast bound in the interior of a *powder-magazine,* and seen the igniting brand descending, which was instantly to hurl us into annihilation, we *could not have* been more horror-struck than at the fearful cry—"The prairie's on fire!" And in the direction the wind was blowing, there was no possible escape for us, out of that wilderness of combustibles.

"The prairie on fire!" I repeated, scarcely knowing what I said.

It was so! The sun was near its setting in a dull, crimson sky; and between its rayless disc and the horizon, there rose up a heavy, black mass of vapoury smoke, that extended in a vast curve north and south, as far as the eye could reach; while along the distant line waves of white flame rolled on towards us, like the breaking of the billows of the sea upon a rocky shore. Here and there along the advancing line some great tongue of flame would reach upwards, in jets of fire, as it fed upon some clump of matted vines and flower stacks, more luxuriant than the surrounding herbage. These stood out in sharp relief against the dark back ground

While, for an instant, we stood spell-bound by this sublime, but frightful spectacle, the westerly breeze brought down upon us the strong empyreumatic odour of the burning animals, and the air became heated like the suffocating breath of the sirocco. At the same moment, a roaring sound, like that of the ocean lashed by a tropical tornado, reached our ears, and vibrated upon the heated air like the waves of distant thunders.

At this time the line of the advancing fire must have been several miles, if not leagues, off; but the strong westerly wind, which was momentarily receiving fresh impetus from the expansion of the heated air, brought its sound with startling distinctness to our ears; and the increasing obscurity of the sun made the billows of fire glow with a bright light. The fire, though still distant, was travelling towards us with the speed of a runaway locomotive, and in a few minutes, at the latest, would be upon us.

"Cut loose your horses!" shouted Watson, as he leaped down the bank, and drawing his knife, severed the lariat where it was tied about the neck of his own mustang,—"cut loose your horses, boys! They're no use to us now, may be the poor brutes may yet save themselves in some of the water-holes along the creek."

We each sprang to our frightened animals, who, as they found themselves liberated from their tethers leaped with wild cries of terror out of sight, down the windings of the creek below.

"Now, into the water with your saddles and traps!" continued Watson, as he gathered up the first of those articles he could lay his hands upon, and pitched them into the nearest water-hole. We followed his example, and were about to toss our blankets after them, when we again heard his voice: "No, no; not them! we'll have use for them. Now, boys, follow my example, and, with your knives, work for dear life."

While giving utterance to these words the brave Texan had thrown himself upon the ground, under the western bank of the creek, and working with his hands, assisted by the *broad blade of the bowie,* was engaged in *excavating an opening into the yielding soil.* Instantly divining his object, Pearson and myself each selected a favorable spot in the shelving bank, above and below him, and worked away as men have seldom worked before. It was, as Waston had said, "for dear life;" and in almost as brief a time as it takes to relate it, we had excavated so much of the light sandy soil, as to make openings sufficiently large to receive our bodies in a cramped position. These completed, Watson led the way to where he had thrown our blankets, and catching up one of them, dipped it into the water, and having completely saturated it, started back to his artificial cavern. We repeated his motions, and in another moment the dripping blankets were suspended as screens in front of the excavations.

By this time the fire had approached to within a few hundred feet of us, and the crackling of the dry stems as they exploded from the expansion of the steam within their burning joints, created a confusion that made our voices unheard by each other; and the heated wind loaded with corrosive smoke, and gases, threatened instant suffocation. This was the moment for us to take to cover, and throwing ourselves into our living graves we drew the wet blankets over our mouths, and waited the passage of this fearful flood of fire.

Soon that sea of flame was dashing its cresting billows over us. We could hear the fierce sounds over our heads, and felt the earth heating and baking above us. But fortunately, there was no moisture in the porous soil, or we might have been suffocated with steam, while the moistened blankets not only *kept the heat from penetrating in front,* but cooled and fitted the air within for our lungs.

The dry and combustible materials that fed the flames were soon consumed so that nought remained but the black soot and ashes, that now covered the plain, as far as the vision could stretch to the westward, while still to the eastward of us, the sea of fire was rolling and tossing its mad waves with restless fury.

During all these fearful moments, when acting under the impluse of that powerful instinct, self-perservation, none of us had been unmindful of our friends with the wagons. As we emerged from our sheltering caverns, and by degrees accustomed our lungs to the fiery atmosphere, we watched the fire as it swept eastward, each offering up an unspoken prayer for the safety of those elsewhere. Had they kept along the track, after we had lost sight of them in the morning, they should have arrived at the creek by the time we first perceived the smoke of the burning prairie. But their non-arrival led us to hope that they had, ere this, escaped beyond the reach of the danger.

In the rear of us the fire subsided almost as rapidly as it had taken; but for a long time, the air remained almost suffocating, while the breeze kept the light cinders and ashes in continual motion; and, in a few minutes, our faces and clothing were as sooty and begrimed as the surrounding plains. Still onward rushed that sea of flame, imperiled by the wind storm its own heat created; onward still in that broad extended line, as when it had swept down upon us. The horizon on three sides bounded a black and herbless waste, on which no living being or plant now existed; while upon the fourth

While we thus stood gazing on this sublime, yet terrible sight, there suddenly broke upon our ears, above the confused roaring of the wind and fire—above the crackling and explosions of the burning reeds, a wild and prolonged scream of agonized terror, a fearful sound, the like of which, I pray heaven, I may never hear again; that seemed to come right out from the midst of the flames and smoke of the burning weeds, in the direction of the trail we had recently come over.

"It is the wagons!" we simultaneously exclaimed. "Heaven have mercy on those defenceless ones—those women and little ones! was the next emotion that found vent from our lips.

This was the most intensely painful moment of my life. But it was a moment, too, that called for action, all hopeless though it was. We could no longer consult our own safety, with that fearful cry ringing in our ears; and once more saturating our blankets with water, and hastily enveloping ourselves in them, we started over the still smouldering plain, in the direction of the sound.

The old, hard-beaten trail lay before us unscorched, but the surrounding atmosphere was still heated to such a degree as almost to stop our breathing; but with our wet blankets over our mouths, we sped along. It was a race for life—the lives of some of those helpless ones, in whose company we were happy and thoughtless of danger but a few brief hours before.

An awful sight met our eyes! There lay the charred and still burning wagons, and among their ruins, and scattered along the ground, men, women, and children were lying, parched, and baked, and blackened by the passing fires they could not escape. The corpses were entire. Some were found locked in the embrace of each other, while others appeared to have fallen while still essaying their escape, or in vain attempting to protect the children from the effects of the scorching heat. They had evidently died by suffocation, before the flames had reached them.

It was a sight which neither of us will be likely to forget to our dying hour. The four negro men, and two of the white men were still alive, but unconscious; and before one of us could return from the water-holes with water, they, too, had ceased to live. They were now all dead! Of that party of nearly twenty souls, not one survived that fatal hour.

The mules were missing, and the secret of the detention of the party was now apparent—the leading wagon, in passing a narrow gully, had broken down, and the men had remained to repair it, till too late to escape the advancing conflagration.

We returned to the creek bottom, where, after spending a melancholy and sleepless night, we once more sought that scene of fearful, and brief, suffering; and collecting the remains of our late friends, deposited them, as best we could in one grave, their last home being the spot where they had fallen.

COMBINATION.—A countryman drove his cart up to a grocer's door, and asked him what he gave for eggs. "Only 30 cents," was the reply, "for the grocers have had a meeting, and voted to give no more." Again, the countryman came to market and asked the grocer what he gave for eggs; "Only 25 cents said the grocer, "for the grocers have had another meeting, and voted not to give any more." A third time the countryman came and made the same inquiry, and the grocer replied that the grocers had held a meeting again, and voted to give only 20 cents. "Have you any for sale?" continued the grocer. "No," said the countryman; "the hens have had a meeting too, and voted *not to trouble themselves* to lay eggs for 20 cents a dozen."

.... There was recently a concert on the skirts of Newcastle, and the audience comprised some amateurs from a mine. In the course of the evening the Paganini of the orchestra stepped forward to play "a solo on the violin." His ambitious selection was the famous "Carnival," through which he struggled with exemplary courage, and at the end he dropped his bow and fiddle by his side, rignt and left, and made obeisance, expecting a burst of applause; instead of which his ears were astonished by an exclamation from the back seats,—

"Aw say, fiddler, are ye gann to be all neet tunin' that fiddle o' yoarn, or are ye gann to give us a tune?"

.... Once a gentleman, who had the marvellous gift of shaping a great many things out of orange peal, was displaying his abilities at a dinner party before Theodore Hook and Thomas Hill, and succeeded in counterfeiting a pig to the admiration of the company. Mr. Hill tried the same feat, and after destroying and strewing the table with the peal of at least a dozen oranges, gave it up, with the exclamation,—

"Hang the pig! I can't make one."

"Nay, Hill," exclaimed Hook, "you have done more; instead of one pig, you have made a *litter*."

.... "Admitting yourself out of Court" is a legal phrase signifying a liberality of concession to your opponent by which you destroy your own cause. This excess of candor was well illustrated by the Irishman who boasted that he had often skated sixty miles a day.

"Sixty miles!" exclaimed an auditor—"that is a great distance; it must have been accomplished when the days were longest."

"To be sure it was; I admit that," said the ingenuous Hibernian.

.... Two literary ladies were lately witnesses in a trial. One of them, upon hearing the usual questions asked,—

"What is your name? and how old are you?" turned to her companion and said,—

"I do not like to tell my age; not that I have

ns D Hoffses
master

uary 1863

light winds

former

And
d a very
to the

Lon. by Ob

1863

moderate
weather

gales

former

in. Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Philadelphia towards New Orleans D Hoffses Mast

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Sunday 1st day of Febuary 1865
1	5		NW	SE	1½	This day com with plesant
2	5					breezes and fair weather
3	5					
4	5					
5	6		NW½W			Saw a Bargue Running to
6	6				½	the N Westwad
7	6					
8	6					
9	6					
10	6					
11	6					
12	6					Mid part fresh breezes
1	6					And plesant weather
2	6		"			
3	6					
4	6					
5	6					Lat by Obs 27 46 N
6	6					
7	6					Saw a Ship and Bargue
8	6					Running to the N Westwad
9	7		NWbyW	South	1½	
10	7					
11	7					Latter part strong breezes
12	7			SSW		and fair weather

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. ~~Sunday~~ Monday 2d day of Feb 1865
1	7		WSW	SSW		This day com with strong
2	7					breezes and cloudy weather
3	5					
4	4					
5	4					
6	3					At 6 PM had a squall from the
7	2					Westwad and the wind died away
8	2					
9	1					
10	1					
11	2			NW		
12	2					Mid part light and baffling
1	2					wind and Rainy weather
2	1					
3	0					
4	0					from 2 to 6 AM calm and rainy
5	0					
6	0					Lat by Obs 28 23
7	1			SW		
8	2					Saw a Steamer Running to the
9	2					Northwald
10	2					
11	2					Latter part light wind from
12	2					the S Westwad and it clears up

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Killing an Enemy.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"That man will be the death of me yet," said Paul Levering.

He looked worried out, not angry.

"Thee means Dick Hardy?"

"Yes."

"What has he been doing to thee now?"

The questioner was a Friend named Isaac Martin—a neighbor.

"He's always a doing something, friend Martin. Scarcely a day passes that I don't have complaint of him. Yesterday one of the boys came and told me that he saw him throw a stone at my new Durham cow, and strike her on the head."

"That's very bad, friend Levering. Does thee know why he did this? Was thy Durham trespassing on his grounds?"

"No, she was only looking over his fence. He has a spite against me and mine, and does all he can to injure me. You know the fine Bartlett pear tree, that stands in the corner of my lot adjoining his property?"

"Yes."

"Two large limbs, full of fruit, stretched over on his side. You hardly believe it, but it's true. I was out there just now, and discovered that he had sawed off these two fine limbs that hung over on his side. They lay down upon the ground, and his pigs were eating the fruit."

"Why is Dick so spiteful to thee friend Levering?" He doesn't annoy me. What has thee done to him?"

"Nothing of any consequence."

"Thee must have done something. Try and remember."

"I know what first set him out. I kicked an ugly dog of his once. The beast, half starved at home, I suppose, was all the while prowling about here, and snatched up everything that came in his way. One day I came upon him suddenly, and gave him a tremendous kick that sent him howling through the gate. Unfortunately, as it has turned out, the dog's master happened to be passing along the road. The way he swore at me was dreadful. I never saw a more vindictive face. *On the next morning* a splendid Newfoundland, that I had raised from a pup, met me shivering at the door, with his tail cut off! I don't know when I have felt so badly. Poor fellow! his piteous look haunts me now. I had no proof against Dick, but have never doubted, as to his agency in the matter. In my grief and indignation, I shot the dog, and so put him out of sight."

"Thee was hasty in that, friend Levering," said the Quaker.

"Perhaps I was, though I have never regreted that act. I met Dick a few days afterwards. The grin of satisfaction on his face I accepted as an acknowledgement of his mean and cruel revenge. Within a week from that time one of my cows had a horn knocked off."

"What did thee do?"

"I went to Dick Hardy and gave him a piece of my mind."

"That is, thee scolded, and called him hard names, and threatened."

"Yes—just so, friend Martin."

"Did any good come of it?"

"About as much good as if I had whistled to the wind."

"How has it been since?"

"No change for the better, It grows, if anything, worse and worse. Dick never gets weary of annoying me."

"Has thee ever tried the law with him, friend Levering? The law should protect thee."

"O yes, I've tried the law. Once he ran his heavy wagon against my carriage, purposely, and upset me in the road. I made a narrow escape with my life. The carriage was so badly *broken that it cost me fifty* dollars for repairs. A neighbor saw the whole thing and said it was plainly intended by Dick. So I sent him the carraige maker's bill, at which he got into a towering passion. Then I threatened him with prosecution, and he laughed in my face malignantly. I felt that the time had come to act decisively, and sued him, relying on the evidence of my neighbor. He was afraid of Dick, and so worked his testimony that the jury saw only an accident instead of a purpose to injure. After that, Dick Hardy was worse than ever. He took an evil delight in annoying and injuring me. I am satisfied, that in more than one instance, he left gaps *in his fences* in order to entice my cattle into his fields that he might set his savage dogs on them, and hurt them with stones. It is more than a child of mine dares to cross his premises. Only last week he tried to put his dog on my little Florence who strayed into one of his fields after buttercups. The dog was less cruel than his master, or she would have been torn by his teeth, instead of being only frightened by his bark."

"It's a hard case, truly, friend Levering. Our neighbor Hardy seems possessed of an evil spirit."

"The very spirit of the devil," was answered with feeling.

"He's thy enemy, assuredly; and if thee doesn't get rid of him, will do thee great harm."

"Thee must if thee would dwell in safety," friend Levering.

The Quaker's face was growing very serious. He spoke in a lowered voice, and bent toward his neighbor in a confidential manner.

"Thee *must put him out of the way.*"

"Friend Martin!" The surprise of Paul Levering was unfeigned.

"Thee must kill him!"

The countenance of Levering grew black with astonishment.

"Kill him?" he ejaculated.

"If thee doesn't kill him he'll certainly kill thee, one of these days, friend Levering. And thee knows what is said about self-preservation being the first law of nature."

"And get hung?"

"I don't think they'll hang thee," coolly returned the Quaker. "Thee can go over to his place and get him all alone by thyself. Or, thee can meet him in some by-road. Nobody need see thee, and when he's dead, I think people will be more glad than sorry."

"Do you think I'm no better than a murderer?" Levering's astonishment passed to horror and indignation. "I, Paul Levering, stain my hands with blood!"

"Who said anything about staining thy hands with blood?" The Quaker was imperturbable.

"Why, you."

"Thee's mistaken. I never used the word blood."

"But you meant it. You suggested murder."

"No, friend Levering. I advised thee to kill the enemy, lest some day he should kill thee."

"Isn't killing murder, I should like to know?" demanded Levering.

"There are more ways than one to kill an enemy," said the Quaker. "I've killed a good many in my time, and no stain of blood can be found on my garments. My way of killing enemies is to make them my friends. Kill neighbor Hardy with kindness, and thee'll have no more trouble with him."

A sudden light gleamed over Mr. Leverings face, as if a cloud had passed from the sun of his spirit."

"A new way to kill people."

"The surest way to kill enemies, as thee'll find, if thee'll only try."

"Let me see. How shall we go about it?" said Paul Levering, taken at once with the idea.

"*If thee has the will friend Levering, it* will not be long before thee finds the way."

And so it proved. Not two hours afterwards as Mr. Levering was driving into the village, he found Dick Hardy with a stalled cart-load of stone. He was whipping his horse and swearing at him passionately; but to no purpose. The cart-wheels were buried half way to the axle, in stiff mud, and defied the strength of one horse to move them. On seeing Mr. Levering, Dick stopped pulling and swearing, and getting on the cart, commenced pitching the stone off into the middle of the road.

"Hold on a bit, friend Hardy," said Levering in a pleasant voice, as he dismounted and commenced unhitching his horse.

But Dick, pretending not to hear him, kept on picking out the stones.

"Hold on, I say, and don't give yourself all that trouble," added Mr. Levering, speaking in a louder voice, but in kind and cheerful tones. "Two horses are better than one. With Charley's help we'll soon have the wheels on good solid ground again."

Understanding now what was meant, Dick's hands fell almost nerveless by his side.

"There," said Levering, as he put his horse in front of Dick's and made the trace fast. "One pull and the thing is done!"

And before Dick could get down from the cart it was out of the mud hole.

Without saying a word more, Levering unfastened his horse from the front of Dick's animal, and hitching up again rode on.

On the next day Mr. Levering saw Dick Hardy in the act of strengthening a bit of weak fence through which his (Levering's) cattle had broken once or twice; thus removing temptation, and save the animals from being beaten and set on by dogs.

"Thee's giving him a bad wound, friend Levering," said the Quaker, on getting information of the two incidents just mentioned "and it will be thy own fault if thee doesn't kill him outright."

Not long afterwards, in the face of an approaching storm, and while Dick Hardy was hurrying to get in some clover hay, his wagon broke down. Mr Levering who saw from one of his fields the incident, and understood what loss it might occasion, hitched up his own wagon, and sent it over to Dick's assistance. With a storm coming on that might last for days, and ruin from two to three tons of hay, Dick could not decline the offer, though it went against the grain to accept a favor from the man he had hated for years, and injured in so many ways.

On the following morning Mr. Levering had a visit from Dick Hardy. It was raining fast.

"I've come," said Dick, stammering and confused, and looking down on the ground instead of into Mr. Levering's face, "to pay you for the use of your team yesderday, in getting in my hay. I should have lost it if you hadn't sent your wagon, and it's only right that I should pay for the use of it."

"I should be very sorry," answered Paul Levering cherrily "if I couldn't do a neighborly turn without pay. You were right welcome, friend Hardy, to the wagon. I am more than paid in knowing that you saved that nice field of clover. How much did you get?"

"About three tons. But Mr. Levering, I must—"

"Not a word, if you don't want to offend me," interrupted Levering. "I trust there isn't a man around here, that wouldn't do as much for a neighbor in time of need. Still, if you feel embarrassed—if you don't wish to stand my debtor—pay me in good-will."

Dick Hardy raised his eyes slowly, and looking in a strange, wondering way at Mr. Levering.

"Shall we not be friends?" Mr. Levering reached out his hand. Hardy grasped it with a quick, short grip; then, as if to hide feelings that were becoming too strong, dropped it and went off hastily.

"Thee's killed him!" said the Quaker, on his next meeting with Levering; "thy enemy is dead!"

"Slain by the weapon of kindness," answered Paul Levering "which you supplied."

"No, thee took them from God's armory, where all men may equip themselves without charge and become invincible," replied the Quaker. "And I trust, for thy peace and safety, thee will never use any other weapons in fighting with thy neighbors. They are sure to kill."

---

any objection to its being known, but I don't want it published in all the newspapers."

"Well," said the witty Mr. S., "I will tell you how you can avoid it. You have heard the objection to all hearsay evidence; tell them you don't remember when you were born, and all you know of it is by hearsay." The *ruse* took; and the question was not pressed.

.... A tip-top exquisite was endeavoring to call a cab, but his lungs not being very available, or having too little muscular power to blow them, or deeming it very vulgar to speak loud enough to be heard, a sailor, happening to pass along, and observing the difficulty, hailed cabby in a voice like a speaking trumpet.

"Here," said Jack, looking unutterable things at the dandy, "here's *something* that wants you."

.... In the town of B——, in times gone by, lived good old Mother Brown, a contented, peaceful woman, but like all humans, subject "to the ills that flesh is heir to;" consequently she fell sick, and fearing her sudden demise, her friends informed her that she had not long to live.

"O, well," cried she, "I am a poor sinful creature, and would as soon die now as any time *if I thought I could live through it!*"

.... A very dishonest chancellor of the Exchequer once opposed, in Parliament, a certain grant of money, ending his speech with a verse from the Bible:—

"Why was not this ointment sold and the money given to the poor?"

Lord Chatham at once replied,—

"Why did not the noble Lord complete the quotation? I will furnish it for him."

"This Judas said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and carried the bag."

.... A impetuous volunteer, while practising the military science alone in his garden, tumbled backwards into a ditch. His wife hurried to his assistance, and implored him to say whether or not he was hurt. The reply was,—

"Go away, woman, what do you know about war?"

.... "We won't indulge in such horrid anticipations," as the henpecked husband said when the parson told him he would be joined to his wife in another world, never to be separated from her.

"Parson, I beg you will not mention the unpleasant circumstance again," said he.

.... "Why on earth don't you get up earlier, my son?" said an anxious father to his sluggard boy.

"Don't you see thee flowers even in spring out of their bed at early dawn?"

"Yes, father," said the boy, "I see they do, and I would do the same if I had as dirty a bed as they have."

.... "Talkin' of law," says Pompey, "now makes me think of what the mortal Cato, who li 'most a thousand gear ago, once said—de law s like a groun' glass winder, that gives light enuff to light us poor errin' mortals in de dark passag of dis life; but it would puzzle de debble himself to see tro it.

.... A certain lady, chancing to express a wish—in the presence of her son, a boy of five years—that she had something to read, that she had never read before—the boy exclaimed, "take your Bible, mother!"

.... An exchange tells of an editor who went soldiering and was chosen captain. One day at parade, instead of giving the orders, "front face, three paces forward," he exclaimed,—

"Cash, two dollars a year, in advance."

.... We once heard a Doctor Bacon, a funny old gentleman, ask a preacher "why people always called a hog's head a minister's face"

"For the same reason, I suppose," replied the preacher that they call his other extremity bacon.

.... A butcher's wife was examined as a witness in a recent case at the Sunderland County Court, and on being asked if certain accounts were "cooked," she gravely replied that she "did not know they were eatable."

.... What is the difference between an attempted homicide and the butchering of swine? Hold your breath for an answer. One is assault with intent to kill, and the other is a kill with intent to salt.

.... "May I be married, ma?" said a little beauty to her mother.

"Why do you want to be married?" returned the mother.

"Why, ma, you know that the children have never seen anybody married, and I thought it might please them."

.... "Where was I, ma," said a little urchin one day to his mother, as he stood gazing on his drunken and prostrate pa, "where was I when you married pa? I could have picked out a great deal better man than he is."

.... A blacksmith, having lost his wife, complained to a neighbor of his misfortune in terms of the most bitter disappointment.

"O," replied the latter, "your case is not so deplorable as to excite grief like this; I will give you my living wife, and a barrel of cider to boot, for your dead one."

---

s D Hoffses Mast
ary 1865
h moderate
eathre
s to the N W
n light Sails
ed F Topsail
d took in
strong breezes
king much
breezes and
to the west
and fair
Lon. by Ob
1865
fresh breezes
ezes and
ead to the
to the South
Pass light
outre light
board
light house
shore and
strong breezes
y weather
Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Philadelphia towards New Orleans D Hoffses

River Log

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 5 day of Februany 1863
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12						This day com with strong breezes from the South East-ward and cloudy weather. At 5 P M passed Fort Jackson and it commenced Raining At 6½ P M came to Anchor at Quarentine Middle part fresh breezes from the Westward and cloudy weather At 8 A M dockter came onboard At 9 A M Custom House Oficer came onboard latter part strong breezes from the N W and cloudy weather All hands employd in ship duty

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Fryday 6 day of Febuary 18
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12						This day com with strong breezes from the North Westward And cloudy weather and very cold freezing weather still Laying at Anchor middle part fresh breezes from the N W and clear and cold weather Latter part moderate breezes from the N W and clear weather Laying at Anchor at Quarenteen all hands employd in ship duty

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from

H	K	F	COURSE
1			
2			
3			
4			

Selections.

The Ghost.

One stormy night in the month of December, two travellers entered the inn at Lucrete, and desired lodgings for the night.

"Sorry gents," said the landlord, in reply to their interrogations, "but owing to the great trial which is to come off to-morrow, every bed is engaged and I have not a spare nook in the house."

"Trial of what?"

"Can it be possible that you have not heard of the murder of Jeanette Rochelle, by young Fallow, whose case is to come up to-morrow?"

"No, we've just arrived in town and were ignorant of the fact. But cannot you give us a sofa or lounge in the parlor or any other convenient place?"

"Impossible, gents; every inch is bargained for."

"Well, then, direct us to some private house where we can stay for the night?"

There is not a spare bed in the village—except one, and that I don't think you would ancy much."

"Anything is better than walking the streets all night. What is the objection to the one you name?"

"Hush!" replied Boniface, seriously, the house is haunted."

"Bah!" sneered traveller number one. "I'm not afraid of any of your hob-goblins. Where is the house?"

"The one directly opposite with closed shutters."

"Well, give us an armful of wood, a light, some food and drink, and we'll risk the consequences."

With many dubious shakes of the head and sundry shrugs of his broad shoulders, the landlord brought the desired articles, handed over a key, and wishing them a pleasant time, remarked in parting:

"You'll find the house well furnished, and the bed-room directly over the parlor."

"Good night," replied the travellers, and out they went, crossed the street, passed through the creaking gate, unlocked the front door and entered the mysterious dwelling.

"Here's a rum go," remarked number one whose name was Walker; "we start off on a
trip of
nd get stuck into a haunted
st night. But never mind;
ves as comfortable as possi-
stship pays us a visit, let him
elf."
a rousing fire in the grate
before it, and while Walker
punch, his companion spread
nd they set to, eating only as
n. Then after sipping their
moking their cheroots, they
spection of the whole house,
ly furnished as the landlord
ut discovered nothing unusu-
nything supernatural. Care-
oors after them, they then re-
-room, and they were a very
fter neatly tucked in bed,
oon fell into a sound sleep,
n, DeMarr, was just follow-
imagined he heard the door
diately jumped up, and going
l it was indeed ajar. After
ing the hall, he closed the
g a table against it, went to
is head touched the pillow,
the table slid away, the door
and in stalked a huge white
e usual ghostly accompani-
rse approached the bed. Be-
ung man, and naturally en-
g nerves, he was in no ways
n the contrary, he concluded
sitting up in bed, quietly in-
ctre what it wanted.
ard the door, it beckoned him
ouse," said DeMarr; "you've
re you can get me out of this
t do you want?"
said the vision.
ht DeMarr, "it has not got a
anybody; besides, I am not
e goes," and he slipped into
ots, and followed, out into the
; then down cellar, stopping
which the ghost raised a large
another pair of stairs, down
ted DeMarr to descend.
t old fellow," he answered.—
ourself."
Mr. Ghost, and down he went
and the stone closing tightly
He now found himself in a
ssage, lit only by the sort of
nt light emitted from the figure,
n long strides was leading him

whither? A strange suspicion suddenly crossed his mind that there might be something in this midnight adventure after all. Suppose he was led into some snare where he was wanted to commit a horrid deed! How could he escape? He looked behind but it was all dark there was no backing out, and besides, it migh turn out a hoax; so on he pressed. After going, as it seemed to him a mile the passage turned abruptly to the right; they ascended a long flight of stone steps; and after about hal an hour's walking, again descended by means of a rope ladder. On, on, went the ghost, and after him plodded De Marr, now beginning to get tired, and—it must be admitted—a littl shaky. However, he was bound to see the thing out, and so struggled on, now upstairs now down, till it seemed as though they mus have gone through the whole village. At las they came to a heavy iron door, which swun open at a touch, and admitted them to a lon narrow room, hung with heavy damask drap ery at the opposite end to that at which the entered. Two smoky lamps depended fro the ceiling, throwing a gloomy light throug the apartment, which was entirely furnishe As DeMarr entered, he cast a hasty glan around, and his eye falling on the curtains, was convinced that he saw them move though some person was concealed behin their folds. This immediately aroused h former suspicions, which were not at all allayed by the figure producing a large doub e-edged sword, which it placed in his hand, and motioned him to thrust through the drapery.

The horrid truth at once flashed through his mind. He had been brought there to commit a cold-blooded murder! To slay some innocent victim who had never wronged him—one whom he had never seen! How could he commit such a horrible deed? Impossible!

With resolute determination, he flung the weapon from him, and started for the door, when the figure by his side quietly laid its hand on his shoulder. It seemed as though ten thousand electric shocks had passed through his system from that slight touch, and he screamed out in agony.

Once more it handed him the sword, and pointed to the drapery. The cold sweat poured off in a stream, and, trembling in every limb, poor DeMarr dropped on his knees, and begged the demon to let him off. But prayers and supplications were alike in vain; it was immovable; there was no getting out of the scrape, except by doing as it directed him to do. So, folding his hand, DeMarr essayed to say his prayers, asked forgiveness for the crime he was about to commit, etc., etc., and again grasping the sword, advanced with tottering feet toward the curtain. But his heart once more failed him; he resolved to die rather than go through with the awful tragedy, and again flung down the weapon. Once more the spectre touched his shoulder, once more the blood chilled in his veins, and he fell prostrate to the floor.

On recovering, he found the sword again in his grasp, and the figure still pointing its long finger to the drapery.

DeMarr repeated his prayers, arose, feeling that such another shock would be worse than death, staggered forward, and with all his remaining strength thrust the sword through the curtain.

Did a heart-rending shriek arise? No; it was a gurgling, choking groan which fell on his ear, followed by an awful voice which exclaimed:

"Thunder and lightning! what are you ramming your finger down my throat for?"

And Walker kicked him out of bed.

Gray and Blue.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

"The only difference in your war,"
I heard a Briton say,
"Is that one side is dressed in blue,
The other clad in gray."

I went into a Federal camp;
I heard the soldiers cry,
"Hurrah! here come the newspapers,"
And saw them rush to buy.

I went along the Valley road,
And met, upon my way,
Ten of Lee's straggling infantry,
All clad in rebel gray."

One held a proclamation out,
And, as I stopped my steed,
Said: "Tell us what this paper says,
For none of us can read."

And I replied: "If you could read,
And find out what is true,
Instead of wearing Davis gray,
You'd bear the Lincoln blue."

Gray is the color of the dust
In which the serpent crawls;
And blue the hue of heaven, which looks,
Down on earth's prison walls.

No Dorg to Love.

BY ÆRICUS.

dorg to luv, none to karess,
can I ever my sadness ekspress?
nck is defunct, ded as a nale,
hed is his barking, and still is his tale;
uch a tale, white on the e
t did he chase it with a w
se it with hope, twist
overcum he rep
he's ekstinct
ere am I
reams a
ggin his
but a dr
under 2
blissful p
ven't I f
ven you n
ven you n
w you're
ere am t
dorg to l
enely I str
hy did y
is it from
waggin
sers the
as it a fit
tin 2 muc
ill not a w
im is his e

---

e and a jug of something. I con-
f in a cupboard, and waited silently.
en she reached the attic landing, she took
a key from under a bit of carpet that was there, and opened one of the doors, muttering to herself as she did so, "Ah! she's had her physic; she won't want nothing much longer."

I followed her into the room, and there upon a miserable truckle-bed lay a perfectly motionless form. It was that of a young girl, so dreadfully wasted aud pallid, that she looked more like a corpse than any thing else.

"Ah! there you is," said the old woman; "well, I do think as that precious sleepy stuff will do for you soon. But howsomdever there's your *wittles* when yer wake up a bit, afore yer has the next dose. I'd settle you at once if I was Missus Coates. But then to be sure, as she says, what's to be done with the body?"

"You could eat it," said I.

The old woman fell on the floor in a fit, she was so terrified, and out went the candle. A tremendous rat-tat at the street door at that moment reverberated through the house. I recollected that there was nobody below but the major, so I ran down stairs, and myself flung the street door open, hiding behind it. Mrs. Coates walked in, saying as she did, "Martha, where is my lorgnette? the idea of going without my lorgnette!"

A light was in the dining-room, and I followed her in there, and closed the door. She looked amazed, and I said,

"Madam, I have found out who takes the laudanum. It is Annie Campbell, your attic lodger."

She sunk upon a seat, and said not a word. I rushed up to the drawing-room, calling aloud, "Major! major! your daughter is found! She is here! she is here!"

* * * * * * * *

I need not attempt to describe the scene that ensued. It would transcend all descriptive power. I left the major with his daughter in his arms, and when I reached the parlor, I found that Mrs. Coates was sitting where I had left her, quite dead. The sudden shock had killed her.

By care, the major's daughter entirely recovered her health, and my friend Mr. Martin lost the best laudanum customer he had ever had, by the death of Mrs. Coates, who no doubt thought to inherit all the major's property.

Little feet
Making n
Tripping
Filling all
Well I lov
Patter, p

Sometime
Just wha
Praying c
No thorns
That flow
Patter, p

But then
Through
Though w
To offer u
That Chri
Patter, p

I press th
And kiss
Believing
My tende
They'll w
Patter, p
chester, N

They ma
And bo
And nat
And m
They ma
In the
And a w
By the side of a footstep free.

But give me a sly flirtation,
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near;
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mama too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies—
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumbers
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees,
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

Pusey's Evening Hymn:
"I nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer Rome."
—Punch.

To a Beloved One.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
The beautiful but vanished Past, whose hours
Wove in our hearts such strange, sweet melody,
Is sighing to me now— its faded flowers
Are lying on my bosom, and I feel
A sadness which my heart can ne'er reveal.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
Life will not have a charm when thou art gone,
Since every dear memorial that I see,
Will tell me only of the absent one—
Will, like a dream of long-forsaken home,
Still ever haunt me whereso'er I roam.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
Time has not stol'n thy image from my soul,
Or taught me to forget thee— still to me
Thou art the same sweet angel whose control
Woed me to live, when darkness rested on
My path, and all my dreams of peace were gone.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
For I have worshipped thee, bright one, too long—
Thou hast become too dearly loved to be
Dissevered from me now, when all the strong
And passionate pulses of my wayward heart
Have made thee of my soul a part.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
Thou hast become my soul's bright cynosure,
And as the wanderer on the darksome sea,
Amid the tempest's gloom, turns to the pure,
Unfading glories of the pole-star's light,
So do I look to thee, when all is night.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
Thou hast become my all of life and love—
The angel of my changeful destiny,
Whose hand alone can lift my heart above
The woes of life— whose smile alone can give
A hope which shall the pangs of earth outlive.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
In vain my lips would breathe the fatal word
Farewell!— it has no power to make me free,
As once it had— as once, before I heard
The 'wildering music of thy lips, or gave
My haughty spirit up, to be thy slave.

I cannot, no! I cannot part from thee!
Think of the many tears that we have shed—
Remember all the bitterness that we
Have suffered in the moments which have fled,
And thou wilt know that Death, alone, can part
The truly loved— the worshipped of the heart!

There is an old tale of which, though idle in itself, the use may be good. A certain man, who would never go to church, when he heard the saint's bell ring would say to his wife, "Go thou to church and pray for thee and me." One night he dreamed that both he and his wife were dead, and they knocked together at heaven's gate for entrance. St. Peter, by the legend is the porter, and suffered the wife to enter in; but kept the husband out, answering him, "She is gone for both herself and thee. As thy wife went to church for thee, so she must no to heaven for thee."

"It was ever my invariable custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practiced virtue, awoke. "Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone am awake to praise God." "Son of my soul," said he, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

Jeff. Davis and a Montreal Scotch Woman.

A Montreal correspondent of the Chicago Republican gives a funny account of a recent rencontre between the late chief of "the lost cause" and a Scotch lady of that city, as follows:

Jeff. Davis and his family, with the Howells, now reside in an elegant house on the same street, and the other evening at the Ottawa House, I heard a good story with regard to him. It appears that his next door neighbor is a worthy Canadian merchant, who has a Scotch wife of considerable pluck and spirit, and both take a great deal of pride in a beautiful garden which is attached to their house. Since Jeff. and his family came to reside next door to them, the young members of Jeff.'s family have partially destroyed this garden, by tearing down beautiful trees, trampling over flower beds, &c., much to the grief and annoyance of all the family. About two weeks ago, however, Mrs.—— took the law into her own hands. The circumstances are as follows: Jefferson Davis, Jr., was seen to climb the fence and get into the garden, and was quietly engaged in picking strawberries and stuffing himself with them, when our Scotch lady immediately proceeded to the garden, picked up a birch wand, and gave young Jeff. a sound thrashing—letting him go with the admonition that the dose would be repeated every time he was found there uninvited. Of course the youth went home bellowing from the application of birch to his hips, and the whole family of the 'President' was up in arms, and an immediate demand was made by the female portion of the family that Jeff. Davis himself proceed to the neighbor's house and demand satisfaction. He accordingly proceeded, rung the door-bell, which was opened by the lady herself, after which the following colloquy took place:

Jeff. Davis—I desire to see the lady of the house.

Scotch lady—I'm the leddy o' this house. What may I ca' you, if you,ll excuse me for speerin?"

Jeff. Davis—(Hesitatingly)—I am President Davis.

Scotch lady—Ooo'i; so you're Jeff. Davis, are you? You're a neebor o' ours, aren't you?

Jeff. Davis—I am.

Scotch lady—(Rather snappishly)—And what may be your business wi' me?

Jeff. Davis—I came to inform you that one of your servants abused my son Jeff. in a most shameful manner.

Scotch lady—(Rising to the dignity which attaches to a true matron)—Dinna deceive yersel', Mr. Jeff. Davis; it was nane o' my servants that gave the callant a lickin'. I did it mysel', and what's mair, if I ever find him in our garden again, I'll gi'e him a double dose.

Jeff. Davis—This is outrageous conduct to both my family and myself. I will appeal to the law and have you arrested.

Scotch lady—(Getting her mad up)—arrested? Jist try that. I suppose ye think you,re iu the Confederacy and still President of it?—You'd put me in prison, would ye? Hoo did ye like it yersel'—it's no sae lang since ye got out? Weel, you're a pretty man to talk of arresting onybody—jist after ye escaped the halter with the skin o' yer teeth!

At this juncture Jeff. Davis beat a hasty retreat, leaving our Scotch lady still talking, and when the latter saw he was leaving she slammed the door after him.

Sammy's Part.—There are preachers who dwell so much on free grace, and free will, urging the acceptancy of Christ, as to make the impression that nothing more is necessary than the volition of the sinner. The indispensable agency of the Holy Spirit in regeneration, and in all subsequent progress in the Divine life, is thus left out of its place in the economy of redemption.

Our Christian disciple, Sammy, was more evangelical in his creed. His intellectual faculties had not advanced in harmony with his physical growth; and for this reason his infantile name had been perpetuated in his manhood. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.

In a period of religious awakening, Sammy thought himself a subject of the work, and with others presented himself for admission to the church. The officers hesitated, on the ground that he might not have sufficient capacity to comprehend the doctrines of the Gospel and the evidences of conversion. They concluded, however, to examine him, and began with the subject of regeneration.

'Do you think, Sammy,' said the pastor, "that you have been born again?"

'I think I have,' was the answer.

'Well, if so, whose work is that?'

'Oh, God did a part, and I did a part.'

'Ah! what part did you do, Sammy?'

'Why, I opposed God all I could, and He did the rest.'

The result of the examination was that the Holy Spirit had been Sammy's theological teacher, and had also created him anew in Christ. 'Not of works, lest any man should boast.'—*Observer.*

As two children were playing together, little Jane got angry and pouted. Johnny said to her—'Look out, Jane, or I'll take a seat up there on your lips.'—'Then,' replied Jane, cured of her pouts, 'I ll laugh and you'll fall off'

Journal from *Philadelphia* towards *New Orleans D Hoffses*

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. *Monday 9* day of *February* 1863
1						This day com with light winds
2						from the South East and fair
3						weather
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						At 9 A M wind breezes up from
11						the Eastward hove up the Anchor
12						and proceded up River
1						At 1 P M came to Anchor at
2						the English Turn the wind
3						being light and drawing down
4						the turne
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						Latter part light winds from
11						the S E and fair weather
12						All hands employd in ship duty

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. *Tuesday 10* day of *Feb* 1863
1						This day com with light airs
2						from the S E and Foggy weather
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						
11						
12						
1						Mid part light winds from the
2						S E and the Fogg light up
3						All hands employd in ship duty
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						
11						latter part light winds from
12						S E and fair weather

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Selections.

An Invisible Prince.

It was one of the fancies of Joseph II., Emeror of Austria, to travel about his dominons, as well as into foreign countries, in the arb of a private citizen, unattended by any ite. By so doing, he arrived at many facts, garding the condition of his subjects, which herwise might never have fallen under his eservation. His love for adventure was also atified, and he enjoyed greatly the luxury of ing good by surprise; an eccentricity of his, t of which many anecdotes have arisen.

While travelling through a remote district, the year 1781, he heard sounds of festivity oceeding from a roadside inn; entering ich, he inquired of the landlord what the casion of the revels might be.

"There is a wedding party in the house, sir," plied the host.

"May I take the liberty of joining them?"—sked the Emperor, whose personal appearnce was unknown to the inhabitants of the lace; for the modern *carte de visite* had not et even been dreamed of, and engravings but eldom found their way to the remoter vilages.

The landlord obtained the necessary permission, and the distinguished stranger was introduced to the bridal party. Being a man of great social gifts, he quickly found himself very popular with them, drank the health of the happy couple in a bumper of wine, and made what the reporters call a "neat and appropriate speech" on the occasion. After some time, he took leave of his new acquaintances, whose astonishment may be guessed at when they found, under a bottle on the table, a check for six hundred florins, payable at sight, signed by the Emperor Joseph II., and endorsed "A dowry for the bride."

Travelling in a plain carriage on one occasion, upon the good old-fashioned principle called "posting,"—that is, hiring fresh horses at certain stages by the way,—the emperor arrived at a station where no horses were to be had. The innkeeper excused himself by saying that his wife had lately presented him with a son, and that all his horses were employed in fetching friends and relatives of the family from all quarters to assist at the christening, which was to *take place that afternoon.* The royal visitor at once tendered his services to hold the infant at the sacred font; an offer which was gladly accepted by the innkeeper, who was quite flattered at the idea of a fine gentleman acting in thrt capacity for him, instead of the burly bumpkin—a relative of the family—who had already engaged to do so.—When the proper time arrived, the priest asked the sponsor to state his name.

"Joseph," replied the emperor.

"And your family name?"

"Well," said the emperor, "you may put me down Joseph Second."

"But it will be necessary to add your station in life, and occupation."

"Ah, yes! my trade you mean: say that I am an emperor, then."

There was instantly a sensation among the guests, and the poor innkeeper nearly went into a fit, through fright; but the emperor quickly re-assured him, and left some substantial tokens of good-will for his little godson before taking leave.

Once he was expected to pass through a small town in France, and the good people were on tiptoe to see the emperor. It so happened that he arrived there alone, and before any of his suite. The landlady of the little hostelrie where he put up, being a gossiping sort of old body, put all sorts of questions to him to find out whether he belonged to the emperor's suite, and the way in which he parried convinced her that he did. At last as she brought him some hot water for shaving, unable to control her curiosity any longer, she asked the stranger boldly, what kind of a situation he held about the emperor.

"I sometimes shave him," he replied, lathering his chin with great composure.

When at Paris, he once hired a carriage to take him to the Luxembourg Gardens. As he was on his way, the driver expressed much satisfaction at being engaged to go there; saying that the Emperor Joseph was to be expected to be at the garden that very day, and that he should like above all things to see him, hoping that he might arrive there in time.—The stranger assured him that there was no danger of the emperor arriving there before they did, and on being set down at the gate, handed him a piece of money wrapped up in a paper. On opening the wrapper the driver found that he had received a double louis, and, running after the stranger, showed it to him, saying he must have made a mistake. Pleased with this proof of honesty in a man whose calling is not usually named in connection with that virtue, the emperor desired him to keep the golden coin; and the man struck with surprise,—for many of the passengers now recognized and saluted the stranger,—went back to his carriage, exclaiming,—

"It's the emperor himself: I have seen the emperor!"

Wandering in the neigborhood of Rome once, the emperor stopped to refresh himself at an inn, and asked the landlord whether there was any traveller staying there at the time who would give him the pleasure of his company. There was a reverend bishop there, the landlord said; but he was fatigued with his journey, and had retired to rest. The secretary of the bishop was, however, awake.—Would his company be acceptable to the stranger? Certainly it would; and so the secretary was introduced,—a clever, witty man who partook of a bottle of wine with the lonely stranger, and entertained him greatly with his talk. The emperor, still preserving his incognito, sounded the good priest with regard to the object of the bishop's visit to the Holy See.

"He went there," replied the secretary, "to apply for a vacant benefice, although a very aged man, and although in possession of numerous church preferments. This gift he hoped to obtain through the good offices of the Austrian ambassador, to whom he had letters of recomendation."

The emperor pleased with the manners and conversation of the secretary, gave him a letter of introduction to the same ambassador, who, he said, might be able to serve him in one way or another. Shortly after his arrival at Rome the secretary bethought him of this letter, and presented it, without imagining, however, that it would be of immediate service to him. Great was his surprise, then, when informed by the ambassador that the letter was an autograph one of Joseph II., desiring him to obtain for the secretary the benefice sought for by the avaricious bishop.

A rebuff, at which the emperor was much amused, was once experienced by him in Holland. Having heard much of the extreme cleanliness of the villages in that country, he wished to see the interior of one of their houses, at the doors of several of which he knocked, without seeming to arouse any of the inmates.

At last a door was opened, and he requested permission of the master of the house to enter.

"I hear the Emperor Joseph is expected in town to-day," said the Dutchman; "but, were you the emperor himself, I could not let you in without first obtaining leave from my wife."

"I am the emperor, then," said he, displaying the diamond star on the breast of his inner coat.

Thereupon the Dutchman went in great haste to his wife, and begged her to admit the royal stranger to a view of the premises; but she only said,—

"Being an emperor, as he is, we could not expect him to take off his shoes at the door; and into this house he doesn't come one step witn them on, emperor or not."

And the door was shut in his face.

How Mr. Keith Managed.

"Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done," quoted Mrs. Keith.

She had just finished her work for the evening, everything was tidied, and she was taking up her sewing, when Mr. Keith upset a vinegar bottle and a bowl of gravy in the kitchen *cupboard, rummaging after a knife which was in his pocket all the time.*

Mrs. Keith relinquished her idea of a little season of quiet, and went out to set matters in order again. Mr. Keith followed to oversee her—a way some men have.

"I wish you would try to be a little more careful, Henry. You do not realize how many things I have to see to."

"Humph!" said Mr. Keith sitting down in a basket of freshly ironed clothes; "I never would complain of such a trifle as that! If I didn't know, I should think all the women were in slavery."

"And you would be correct, Henry. You have'nt the faintest idea—"

"Nonsense, Mary! Why I could do all your work, and three times as much more and get all through b yten o'clock!"

"Could you, indeed?"

"To be sure, if you would only give me the chance of it."

"You shall have it," said Mrs. Keith quietly "I have long wanted to visit my Aunt Susan. I will do so now and you may keep house. I shall have to cook up something—"

"As if I couldn't cook! You shall do nothing of the kind, Mary. I shall live like a prince, and you will see how nice I will ke everything. You would hardly know th house when you return."

"I dare say," remarked Mrs. Keith; "but when can I go?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"And you are sure you can manage?"

"Sure!" what a look he gave her. "You shall see."

Mrs. Keith laughed a little to herself as her husband left her at the depot, and turned his steps homeward to clear the breakfast things and prepare dinner. She only wished she could be there invisible, and see him manage.

"Let me see," soliloquized Keith, entering *the kitchen; "I'll wash the dishes first, and I'll put on one of Mary's dresses to keep me clean."*

He fastened it around his waist with a pin, rolled up his sleeves, and looked about him. The fire was out, but after much trouble he succeeded in rekindling it, and then began the dishes.

He took them to the sink, plugged up the spout, and put them to soak in a pail of cold water.

"There they're washed," said he to himself. "Now for something to wipe them on. I'll take the table cloth. Such a fuss as women make about work—Why I could wash half the dishes in the neighborhood in half a day.—This stew pan smells of grease; I wonder what is the matter with it? There I've got some smut on my hand! there it goes on that china saucer, deuce take it. I wish there was no smut. Hillo, there's one plate gone to smash. Oh, there goes the cream pitcher. And I've stepped in the potato dish that I set on the floor to dry, and that's gone to the shades.—Never mind accidents will happen; I guess I'll trim the lamps next; mother always trimmed the lamps in the morning. Confound 'em! how black thé chimneys are!"

Thus conversing to himself, Mr. Keith put the chimneys into the basin and cogitated a moment. He had heard that boiling water was cleansing. So he scalded the chimneys, and the result was a hundred different pieces to each chimney.

"Good gracious!" said he, who'd have thought it! There's somebody at the door. I'll just step out as I am. It can't be anybody that I care for as early as this."

A small boy presented himself, eyeing Keith with ill-suppressed mirth.

"Be you the mistress of the house?"

"Yes—that is, I am the master!" said Mr. Keith, with dignity, "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing, I guess. Marm sent me over to see if you—that is—the mistress of the house could take care of the baby while she goes shopping."

"No!" thundered Keith, "I have other fish to fry."

The boy put his thumb to his nose, and Mr. Keith, after slamming the door—as men always do when they are out of temper—returned to the kitchen. The fire was out, and the room decidedly smoky.

"I'll go down cellar and bring up some coal," said he, and started briskly down the stairs.—On the second step he put his foot through a rip in his dress skirt—stumbled and fell to the bottom of the cellar—smashing a basket of eggs, and knocking over a shelf loaded with pans of milk.

"Deuce take it!" exclaimed he, scrambling to his feet, and rubbing his head, "how do women manage these infernal long dresses? I shall break my neck with this yet!"

The fire made again, Mr. Keith bethought him of dinner. He looked at the time piece; it was one o'clock. Almost time for callers.—What should he have for dinner? He had heard his wife say that a rice pudding was easily made—he would have rice pudding and boiled potatoes, and broiled steak. He filled a basin with rice, stirred in a little sugar, dropped in an egg, and set the vessel into the oven. The potatoes he washed in soap suds, that they certainly might be clean, and put them into the tea kettle because they would boil quicker.

The steam was frizzling in the frying pan; he was trying to set the table when the bell rang.

He caught up the pan from the fire—to keep it from burning, and made haste to the front door. Then he remembered it would not be just the thing to go to the door with a faying pan in his hand, so he deposited it on the parlor sofa, and answered the ring.

Mrs. D. Mudge was on the steps, dressed in her best.

"Yes—I—dare—say," stammered Keith, "my wife is absent and I am playing Bridget—walk in."

Mrs. Mudge sailed into the parlor, which was darkened to exclude the sun, and without looking at her seat, sunk into the frying pan on the sofa.

"Jupiter," cried Mr. Keith, "you've done it now!"

Mrs, Mudge sprang up—the grease dripping from her rich silk on the carpet. Her face grew dark. She was tempted to say something cutting, but managed to control herself; bowed haughtily, and swept out of the house.

Keith returned to the kitchen a little crest fallen, for Mrs. Mudge was a lady before whom he desired to appear particularly well.

There was a tremendous cracking in the oven. He thought of his pudding, and looked in. The burnt rice had hopped all over the oven; the basin had melted apart, and the pudding was not done. He shut the door upon the ruins in disgust, and looked after his potatoes only to find them boiled to a perfect jelly.

And just as he made the discovery there was a sharp peal at the door bell.

"Creation! there's that abominable bell again. I wish folks would stay at home! I'll lock all the doors and cut all the bell wires after to-day."

At the door he found Mr. and Mrs. Fidget and their children.

"My dear Mr. Keith! how do you do?" cried Mrs. Fidgett. "We were in town, so thought we'd just step in to dinner. Where is Mrs. Keith?"

"She's gone away," said Keith ruefully, wondering what he should feed them on; walk in, do. I am housekeeper to-day."

"Yes, so I should judge. But of course you make a splendid one. I remember you used to be telling Mrs. Keith and myself how very easy housekeeping must be. It must be mere play to you. Don't put yourself out, I beg."

"Put myself out indeed!" I'd give a hundred dollars if Mary was only here! Good gracious! where shall I begin?"

He drew out the table and set it without any cloth; then took off the plates and put on a cloth—the very one he had wiped the dishes on. The task completed, he put on some more potatoes, and some more steak, burned *the steak to a cinder;* took off his potatoes *when he did his steak, and put on the table.*—There was a loaf of baker's bread in the cupboard; he paraded that, and called his guests to dinner.

A quizzical smile spread over Mrs. Fidget's face at the sight of the repast. Keith was in a cold perspiration.

"Ma, my plate's all greasy, and so's my knife. I can't eat on dirty dishes," cried little Johnny Fidget.

"And my fork is wet all over with water that's dropped off the table cloth; and my tater ain't half biled," cried little Jane Fidget.

A slight noise in the kitchen drew the attention of Mr. Keith.

"Jupiter!" cried he, "if Mrs. O'Flaherty's dog ain't making off with my steak!'

He jumped from the table, and started in hot pursuit. The dog made the best of it; Keith's unaccustomed attire was a sad drawback, and he made but little headway.

"Kill him," he yelled to the crowd that joined in the pursuit; "I'll give fifteen dollars for his hide."

Mrs. O'Flaherty herself appeared on the scene with a skillet of hot water.

"Tech him if yer dare!" she cried; "I'll break the bones of every mother's sons of yees. Stand from fornist or ye'll rue the day."

Keith took a step forward; stepped on his skirt, and pitched head first into a wine cellar, where half a dozen men were playing cards."

"The devil in petticoats!" exclaimed one gamester and the place emptied quicker than a wink.

The police picked up Mr. Keith, considerably bruised, and carried him home. His com-

Saturday Evening.

BY BULWER.

The week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on
Rest—rest in peace—thy daily toil is done:
And standing as thou standest, on the brink
Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be,
As one that trembles in eternity.
For such as this now closing week is past,
So such advancing time will close my last,
Such as to-morrow shall the awful light,
Of the eternal morning hail my sight.

Spirit of Good: on this week's verge I stand,
Tracing the guiding influence of thy hand;
That hand which leads me gently, calmly still,
Up life's dark, stony, tiresome, thorny hill.
Thou, thou, in every storm hast sheltered me,
Beneath the wing of thy benignity:
A thousand graves my footsteps circuit went,
And I exist—thy mercy's monument;
A thousand writhe upon the beds of pain,
I live, and pleasure flows through every vein;
Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her wand;
I circled by ten thousand mercies stand.

How can I praise thee, Father! how express
My debt of reverence and of thankfullness,
A debt that no intelligence can count,
While every moment swells the vast amount.
For the week's duties thou hast given me strength
And brought me to its peaceful close at length;
And here my grateful bosom fain would raise
A fresh memorial to thy glorious praise.

Mary Beaton's Song.

FROM SWINBURNE'S TRAGEDY OF "CHASTELARD

"Between the sunset and the sea
My love laid hands and lips on me;
Of sweet came sour, of day came night,
Of long desire came brief delight:
Ah love, and what thing came of thee
Between the sea-downs and the sea?

"Between the sea-mark and the sea
Joy grew to grief, grief grew to me;
Love turned to tears, and tears to fire,
And dead delight to new desire;
Love's talk, love's touch there seemed to be
Between the sea-sand and the sea,

"Between the sundown and the sea
Love watched one hour of love with me;
Then down the all-golden water-ways
His feet flew after yesterday's;
I saw them come and saw them flee
Between the sea-foam and the sea.

"Between the sea-strand and the sea
Love fell on sleep, sleep fell on me;
The first star saw twain turn to one
Between the moonrise and the sun;
The next, that saw not love, saw me
Between she sea-banks and the sea."

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

O solitary shining sea
  That ripples in the sun,
O gray and melancholy sea,
  O'er which the shadows run;

O many-voiced and angry sea,
  Breaking with moan and strain,—
I, like a humble, chastened child,
  Come back to thee again;

And build child-castles, and dig moats
  Upon the quiet sands,
And twist the cliff-convolvus
  Once more, round idle hands;

And look across the ocean line,
  As o'er life's summer sea,
Where many a hope went sailing once,
  Full set, with canvas free.

Strange, strange to think how some of them
  Their silver sails have furled,
And some have whitely glided down
  Into the under world;

And some, dismasted, tossed and torn,
  Put back in port once more,
Thankful to ride, with freight still safe,
  At anchor near the shore.

Stranger it is to lie at ease
  As now with thoughts that fly
More light and wandering than sea-birds
  Between the waves and sky:

To play child's play with shells and weeds,
  And view the ocean grand
But as one wave that may submerge
  A baby-house of sand;

And not once look, or look by chance,
  With old dreams quite supprest,
Across that mystic wild sea-world
  Of infinite unrest.

O ever solitary sea,
  Of which we all have found
Somewhat to dream or say—the type
  Of things without a bound—

Love, long as life, and strong as death;
  Faith, humble as sublime;
Eternity, whose large depths hold
  The wrecks of this small Time;—

Unchanging, everlasting sea!
  To spirits soothed and calm
Thy restless moan of other years
  Becomes an endless psalm.

Chambers by a peaceful but potent uprising of the people in their majesty, and the Chambers, especially the Houses of Nobles, and of Priests have been compelled to vote away their privileges for fear of a revolution.

63

ory

n proceded up

M had a squall

and came to

loyd in ship duty

ght winds from

ir weather

Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Philadelphia towards New Orleans D Hoffses

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Fryday 13 day of Febuary 1863
						This day com with light winds from the N E and hazy weather At 7 A M wind breeze up from the Eastward and a lot of drift stuff come acrost bow parted chain lost Anchor made sail and proceeded up River At 2 P M came to Ancho at Slaughter House Point fresh breezes from the Eastward and fair weather All hands employed in ship duty At 5 P M Run a line to the Bank and made fast Latter part light breezes from Eastward and Thick Foggy weather

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.
Harbour	Journald	Laying in		New	Orleans	D Hoffses Master			

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Saturday 14 day of Febuary 1863
						This day com with light winds from the Eastward and Foggy weather middle part clears up latter part same as form all hands employed in ship duty two men discharged for bad conduct.
			Sunday Feb 15th			This day com with light winds from the Eastward and Thick Foggy weather Mid and latter part Strong breezes from the East and cloudy weather.
			Monday Feb 16th			This day com with light winds from the S Eastward and Foggy weather middle part Fresh breezes and passing clouds At 2 P M Tow boat came along side and put us along side the Transport Steamer Union to coal her latter part Fresh breezes from S W laying very bad and riding very hard along side ripped up one of our windlass bitts
			Tuesday Feb 17th			This day com with Strong breezes from the S Westward and cloudy weather at 6 A M Steamer parted her chain and we drifted down to government wharf and in along side Levee at 9 A M got along side steamer and then commenced taking out coal mid part fresh breezes and showery Latter part same as middle

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

KING JONATHAN THE FIRST.

A Yankee is emphatically a civil man, though his civility may not produce all the bows, and grimaces, and unmeaning compliments which accompany or constitute that quality among the French; rudeness of manners could be charged against these people only by those who know nothing about them. "Countries," says Goldsmith, "wear very different appearances to persons in different circumstances. A traveller, who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and a pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions." Now sundry people have been whirled from Boston to New York in a mail coach, and said I know not what about manners. I have travelled over the New England States on foot—over highways and byways; supped in the most splendid hotels and the most paltry inns; entered every farmer's door that offered as a resting place; and crossed any man's garden or corn-field, or orchard, that lay in my way, without receiving an uncivil word on my whole route. On one occasion, I lost myself in the woods among the Green Mountains of Vermont, where I imagined there were no living black bears, catamounts, and similar country gentlemen; but on a sudden I emerged from the wood into an open spot where stood a log hut. A little flaxen-headed urchin espied me coming, and began to scramble with all speed to hide himself, as I supposed; but no, it was to gain the summit of an immense log of wood, which lay by the little pathway, where he greeted me, as I passed, with as profound a bow as I ever received.

In travelling over the kingdom of Naples, and contemplating the wonders of that favored land, its fertile soil, its genial climate, its admirable capacities for commerce, and the sloth and ignorance of its population, its beggars, and its brigands—I have been struck with the whimsical imagination of the scene that might ensue, were a plain Yankee taken from his plow and placed on the throne of the Two Sicilies. His majesty would begin a regular overhaul of the whole body politic the morning after his coronation. "What's this I see?" says the king. "Where are your overseers of the highways—your school committees—your selectmen? What idle fellows are these in the *streets?* *What are these bells ringing for every day?* What means this crowd of ships lying behind the mole with nothing to do? or this *marina*, the water's edge of my great city, where I see no piles of merchandise, no trucks nor dray-carts driving about with goods, nor half the business doing in a month that is done on Boston Long wharf in two hours? Come bustle, occupy; set the lazzaroni to work upon the roads; send the children to school; make a railroad here
and a turn
bridge this river and canal
that
robbers; give the monks
rches and strip me those
the gold and silver jewels
aped, and the interest of
all the poor in the king-
ggars nor idlers while my
irst. People shall mind
ill abolish these *festas*,
er day, and are good for
te idleness. Henceforth
Fast, Thanksgiving and
up a newspaper in every
us of the population; fine
send a representative to
have everything thrashed
to the vernacular speech,
be routed from the Ital-

A paper announces the marriage of R. Wolf to Mary Lamb. "The wolf and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them"—after a while.

No dust affects the eyes like *gold dust*, and no glasses like *brandy glasses*.

"Pat, buy you a trunk to put your clothes in," said his Yankee companion. "What, *an' go naked this cowld weather?*" asked the honest spalpeen of Killarney.

When a man takes his morning bath nine million mouths are open to thank him for disencumbering their orifices.

Patrick gave his testimony in the riot case: "Be jabers, the first man I saw coming at me was two brick-bats."

Experience.—Women dislike talkative men. *They know how it's done.*

In the good old drinking days, every Jack had his Gill.

HOD.

nting a clergyman on the
rays recollect and recite
s sermons than of those of
was in the habit of hear-
count for this; but she
hy of observation. The
ked, *that he thought* he
"I happen," said he,
point of classifying my
mine to do so; and there-
sermon without first set-
d order of my arguments
and illustrations. Suppose, madam, that your servant was starting for town, and you were obliged hastily to instruct her about a few domestic purchases, not having time to write down the items; and suppose you said: 'Be sure you bring some tea, also some soap, and coffee, too; by the by, some powder blue; and don't forget a few light cakes, and a little starch, and some sugar; and now I think of it, a little soda'—you would not be surprised if her memory failed with regard to one or two of the articles. But if your commission run *thus*: 'Now Mary, to-morrow we are going to have some friends to tea, therefore bring a supply of tea, and coffee and sugar, and a few light cakes; and the next day, you know is washing-day, so that we shall want soap and starch, and soda and powder blue; and it is most likely she would retain your order as easily as you retain my sermons."

PLASTER AT WINSLOW.

I HAVE 75 tons extra quality Windsor Blue Plaster in goo order, that I would like to exchange for cash or grain on goo terms for any who wish to purchase.

B. C. PAINE.

Winslow, May, 1861. 21tf

FOR SALE.

I WISH to sell my Farm, situated in the Westerly part of this town, containing one hundred and twenty acres, well divided as to the mowing, pasturing and wood. The land is in a good state of cultivation. Possession given when the deed is given. For further particulars, please call and examine.

JOSEPH MARSTON.

Fayette, May 4th, 1861. 21tf

NOTICE TO SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THERE will be an examination of Teachers for the Summer schools in the town of Vassalboro', on Saturday, May 11th, 18th

A REMARKABLE STORY.

THE LIFE OF A CELEBRATED SCHOLAR SAVED BY AN APPARITION.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November narrates the following strange story, which "superstitionists" will, of course, greedily swallow:

Dr. DeWette, the famous German biblical critic, returning home one evening, between nine and ten o'clock, was surprised, upon arriving opposite the house in which he resided, to see a bright light burning in his study. In fact, he was rather more than surprised, for he distinctly remembered to have extinguished the candles when he went out, an hour or two previously, locked the door and put the key in his pocket, which, upon feeling for it, was still there. Pausing a moment to wonder by what means and for what purpose any one could have entered the room, he perceiv- the shadow of a person, apparently occupied about something in a remote corner. Supposing it to be a burglar engaged in rifling his trunk, he was upon the point of alarming the police, when the man advanced to the window, into full view, as if for the purpose of looking out into the street. *It was De Wette himself!* The scholar, author, professor—his hight, size, figure, stoop—his head, his face, his features, eyes, mouth, nose, chin, every one—skull cap, study gown, necktie—all, everything.

There was no mistaking him, no deception whatever; there stood Dr. DeWette in his own library, and he out in the street! Why, he must be somebody else! The Doctor, instinctively, grasped his body with his hands, and tried himself with the psychological testsof self-consciousness and identity, doubtful, if he could believe his senses, that black were not white, that he no longer existed his former self, and stood perplexed, bewildered and confounded, gazing at his other likeness, looking out of the window. Upon the person's retiring from the window, which occurred in a few minutes, DeWette resolved not to dispute the possession of his study with the other doctor before morning, and ringing at the door bell of a house opposite, where an acquaintance resided, he asked permission to remain over night.

The chamber occupied by him commanded a full view of the interior of his library, and from the window he could see his other self engaged in *study and meditation*; now walking up and down *the room immersed in thought*; *now sitting* down at the desk to write; now rising to search for a volume among the book shelves, and imitating in all respects the peculiar habits of the great doctor, engaged at work and busy with cogitations. At length when the cathedral clock had finished striking through first four and then eleven strokes, as German clocks are wont to do an hour before twelve, DeWette number two, manifested signs of retiring to rest—took out his watch, the identical large gold one the other doctor in the other chamber felt sure was at that moment in his waistcoat pocket, and wound it up; removed a portion of his clothing, came to the window, closed the curtains, and in a few moments the light disappeared. DeWette number one, waiting a little time till convinced that number two had disposed himself to sleep, retired also himself to bed, wondering very much what all this could mean.

Rising the next morning, he crossed the street and passed up stairs to his library. The door was fastened; he applied the key, opened it, and entered. No one was there; everything appeared in precisely the same condition in which he had left it the evening before—his pen lying on the paper as he had dropped it on going out, the candles on the table and mantlepiece, evidently not having been lighted, the window curtains drawn aside as he had left them; in fine, there was not a single trace of any person having been in the room. "Had he been insane the night before? He must have been. He was growing old; something was the matter with his eyes or brain. Anyhow, he had been deceived, and it was very foolish of him to have remained away all night.

Endeavoring to satisfy his mind with some such reflections as these, he remembered he had *not yet examined his bedroom.* Almost ashamed *to make the search*, now convinced *it* was all a hallucination of the sences, he crossed the narrow passage way and opened the door. He was thunderstruck. The ceiling, a massive brick arch, had fallen during the night, filling the room with rubbish and crushing his bed into atoms. DeWette, the apparition, had saved the life of the great German scholar.

Tholuck, who was walking with me in the fields near Halle, when relating the anecdote, added, upon concluding: "I do not pretend to account for the penomenon; no knowledge, scientific or metaphysical, in my possession, is adequate to explain it; but I have no more doubt it actually, positively, literally did occur, than I have of the existence of the sun *in Himmel da.*"

A SOLDIER'S PRIVILEGES.

It is well known that "Old Hickory" was equally popular in the army and among the people at large. No man ever lived in this country about whom so many characteristic anecdotes have been related by those who were among his personal friends. Below we give one of these, which we do not remember to have seen in print before.

Several years ago, an officer, who was one of the most distinguished of his grade in the service of the United States, on his way home from a dinner party on a certain occasion, was attacked so violently with vertigo that he became impressed with the idea that the ground was rising up against him, and that the fire-plugs were after him with hot haste.

Under these circumstances, he determined to conceal himself in a friendly gutter, and wait until the enemies had disappeared. In this condition he was found, and, of course, one of the numerous troop of office-huntes was soon ready to communicate t eral Jackson then Presiden

fender of Fort —— had been found drunk in the street. The old man stood for a moment, reflecting, then, turning to his informant, said—"Very bad conduct, sir, in the Colonel. But by the Eternal, he has done fighting enough never to draw another sober breath in his life." Ever afterwards it was the recognized right of the veteran Colonel to get drunk as often as he pleased, provided he kept himself out of sight-

THE CHANCES OF BATTLE.

"At Waterloo," said Napoleon, "I ought to have been victorious. The chances were a hundred to one in my favor. But Ney, the bravest of the brave, at the head of 42,000 Frenchmen, suffered himself to be delayed a whole day by some thousands of Nassau troops. Had it not been for this inexplicable inactivity, the English army would have been taken *flagrante delicto*, and annihilated without striking a blow. Grouchy, with 40,000 men, suffered Bulow and Blucher to escape him; and, finally, a heavy shower of rain made the ground so soft that it was impossible to commence the attack at daybreak. Had I been able to commence early, Wellington's army would have been trodden down in the defiles of the forest before the Prussians could have had time to arrive. It were otherwise lost without resource. The defeat of Wellington's army would have been peace, the repose of Europe the recognition of the interests of the masses, and of the democracy."—*Montholon's History.*

FEELING OF A YOUNG VOLUNTEER

A member of the Cleveland Grays writes:

"All through Pennsylvania the ladies have treated us like brothers. This afternoon one of the fair daughters of Lancaster worked my initials on my blanket, while I stood by and——talked about the weather, &c. I don't know, but it seems to me I never felt towards any person as I do towards her.

FANNY FERN says, "If there is a thing which a man cannot do, it is to write a local description of a lady's dress. The sex of any book, or magazine, or newspaper article, may be instantaneously determined when the delicate subject is ventured upon. After a man has 'shot a gold arrow' through a woman's hair, or stuck the inevitable stereotyped 'simple rose' in it, or mentioned that 'her lace was point,' her jewelry 'the simple diamond'—her dress of 'evident richness,' or 'very tasty'—he couldn't possibly say *tasteful*—or, that her boquet was 'chaste,' his occupation is gone—and it is really touching to see the bewildered creature's embarrassment. One thinks of an elephant trying to thread a cambric needle." As an offset to this, Fanny would remark, "that women are quite as awkward when they attempt pen-and-ink-ually to make male characters converse. It is invariably feminine prattle, the masculine element evaporating in the 'by Joves' and 'my dear fellows.'"

☞ A gentleman was called upon to apologize for words uttered in wine.

"I beg pardon," said he, "I did not mean to say what I did; but I've had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out every now and then without my knowledge."

A MAN IN A MILLION. Mr. Beecher related the following incident in one of his sermons:

"Not long ago a gentleman who was engaged in the oil business had made some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, and he concluded that he had made enough—extraordinary as it may seem—and that he would wind up his affairs and come home. I do not believe one of you would have done it! Fifteen thousand dollars! Why, that is just enough to bait the trap of mammon. Well, he wound up his affairs and was on the point of leaving when he was met by a young man of his acquaintance (I believe that both reside in New York), who had invested six thousand dollars, all he had, in an experimental well, and had been boring and boring until he had given out in discouragement. And coming to this man he said: 'I shall lose six thousand dollars if I am obliged to give up my interest in that well', and begged him to take it off his hands. 'I am selling out and not taking on', says the man. But the young man plead with him, and out of personal kindness he said, 'Very well, I will take it'.

In two days they struck a vein in this well, and it was an immensely fruitful well, and he sold his share for two hundred thousand dollars. The young man was present when the check was drawn on New York for the amount and he felt like death and mourned, and said 'It is always my luck; I am always a little too late'. And the man said, 'You may take ten thousand of it if you want'. The young man though he was jesting. but he assured him that he was not, and said, 'I will make it twenty thousand if it will do you any good. Or', said he, 'I will make it fifty thousand. Well', said he, 'take the whole of it, I do not want it. Give me the six thousand, and you may have the advantage of the two hundred thousand'. All of you that would have done that may rise up".

☞ When George the Second got into a heat with his minister, and insisted on being shown the documents relating to a certain subject the next morning, the minister obeyed—and when the king rose, he saw three large wagons full of papers, neatly tied up with red tapes, packed beneath the window.

---

non
ns D Hoffses
t winds
eather
this day
more or less
same as
in ship duty
winds from
e at 9 A M
along side
Levee middle
s from
all hands
t breezes
plesant
t wind N E
ng at Levee
k duty
from the
er middle
s from the
laying at
Lon. by Ob.

m North
ther laying
s
the N E and
y along side
ll hands
from the
r Laying
s all hands
from the
clouds
ating orders
ds from S E
latter fresh
passing clouds
ders
Lon. by Ob.

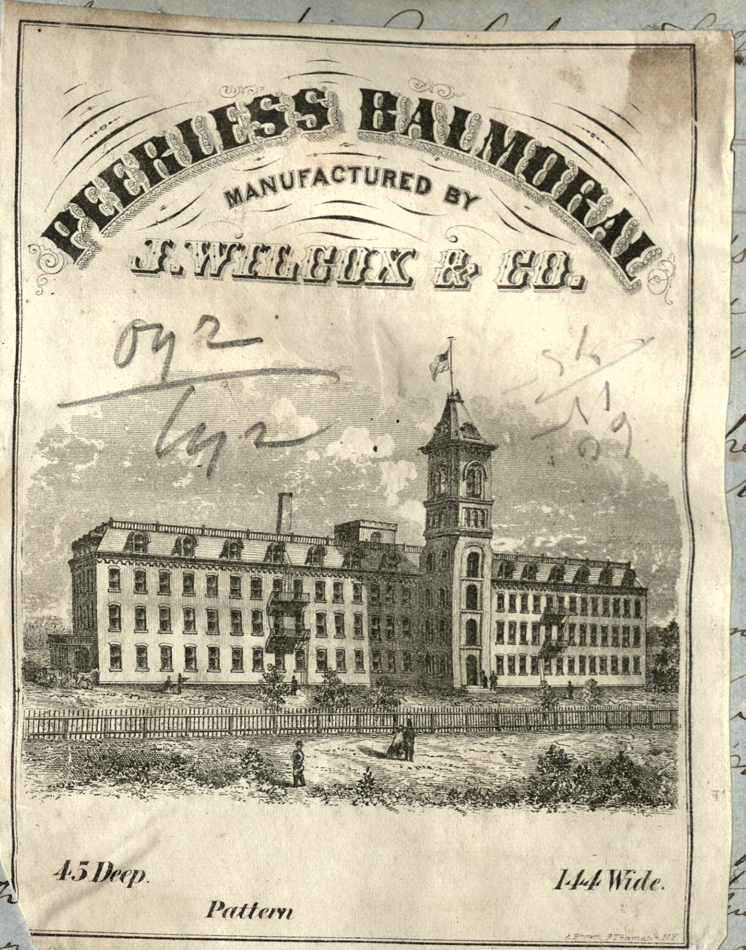
Journal ~~from~~ While Laying … D Hoffer

H | K | F | COURSES. | WINDS. | LEEWA… 1863

This … s from
the …
mid…
the … om
Ira Dani… hent
on b… t wharf
wa…

Saturday Feb 28
This … nds
from … the
latt…
Still … ders

Sunday March 1st
This … the
North …
Laying …


PEERLESS BALMORAL
MANUFACTURED BY
J. WILCOX & CO.
oy2
ly2
5½
59
45 Deep.
Pattern
144 Wide.

J D Roberts deserted ship

Monday March 2d
This day com with light winds from the N W and plesant weather At 10 A M Tow boat came alongside and towed us alongside the Flag Ship Hartford and com taking out coal took out 29 $\frac{420}{2240}$ tons ~~of~~ Coal at 5 A M tow boat came along side and put us along side of Gun Boat Itasca Latter part light winds and plesant weather Two men came onboard this day

Course. | Distance. | Diff. of Lat. | Departure. | Lat. by D. R. | Lat. by Ob. | Variation. | Diff. of Lon. | Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

H | K | F | COURSES. | WINDS. | LEEWAY. | REMARKS. | day of 18

Tuesday March 3d
This day light breezes from the N E and plesant weather laying along side of Gun Boat taking out coal at 12 Noon finished coaling her She having taken Forty One Tons of coal crew employd shoveling coal Latter part same as forme still laying along side of Gunboat

Wednesday March 4
This day com with light winds from the eastward and fine weather at 8 A M Tow boat Ida put along side the wharfe at 2 P M Tow boat Ida came along side and took along side Gun Boat Genesee to coal her at 3 P M com taking out coal latter part same as forme all hand employd in ship duty

Thursday March 5
This day com with fresh breezes from the Eastward and plesant weather laying along side Gun Boat Gennesee At 4 P M finished coaling her She took 67 Tons more or less At 5 P M Tug Boat came alongside and put us along side the wharfe latter part moderate breezes from the S E and fair weather

Course. | Distance. | Diff. of Lat. | Departure. | Lat. by D. R. | Lat. by Ob. | Variation. | Diff. of Lon. | Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

---

now
…leau D Hoffer

TOOK HIS WORD FOR IT. Mr. P—— and family were boarding for the summer in the country with a farmer who was rather close in the matter of providing for the table. In the course of the summer Mrs. P—— fell sick, and her loving spouse thought that chicken broth would be the thing for her. So down he went to the landlord, and asked that chickens might be slain and the broth provided. The landlord was very sorry, but hadn't got a darned chick. P—— said nothing, but returned to his room, took down his fowling-piece, and sallied forth in quest of game. His route led him behind the landlord's barn, where, to his suprise, he espied quite a lot of spring chickens, evidently in good condition. Without waiting for wilder game P—— raised his gun and fired. Three fine pullets lay weltering in their gore when the smoke cleared away. P—— gathered them up, brought them in to the landlord, and ordered broth made from them for his wife. The countenance of the landlord grew dark, and he rudely charged P—— with killing *his chickens*. Your chickens! said P——, you were never were more mistaken in your life. I know you are a man of your word, and you told me not an hour ago that you hadn't a chickrn about the place! The landlord collapsed, and Mrs. P—— got better on chicken broth.—[Harper's Magazine.

COLD IN SPITZBERGEN. No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigor of the six months' winter in this part of the world. Stones crack with the noise of thunder, in a crowded hut the voice of its occupants will fall in flakes of snow, wine and spirits turn to ice, the snow burns like caustic, if iron touches the flesh it brings the flesh away with it, the soles of your stockings may be burnt off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire, linen taken out of boiling water *instantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board,* and heated stones will not prevent the sheet of the bed from freezing. If these are the effects of the climate within an air-tight, fire-warmed, crowded hut, what must they be among the dark, storm-lashed, mountain peaks outside.

HOW MUCH CORN IN SEVENTY POUNDS OF EARS. It is customary for Western farmers to sell their corn in the ear, and they give seventy pounds for a bushel. The Prairie Farmer is authority for saying that seventy pounds of old corn on the cob makes sixty-five pounds and thirteen ounces. Certainly this will more than pay any farmer for shelling his corn at home. On any prairie farm the cobs alone will pay for the shelling, a they are worth nearly as much as coal pound for pound.

ITALIAN FROG EATERS. From my observations, I am disposed to think the Italians greater frog-eaters than the French of the present day. The preparation of the amphibious article of food was a sight, and not a very pleasant one, any morning, in the Milan market. The process is as follows:

A row of old women sit upon low stools, each having before her a basket nearly covered with a coarse wet cloth, and on her left hand a sack. The sacks contain green frogs, middle-sized animals, with long legs and speckled bodies. The left hand dives into the sack and fishes out a frog, which is forthwith decapitated by means of a knife or of a pair of small shears in form like those of a shepherd. The next thing is to get off th skin. The frog evidently does not belong t the family of tight-skinned animals, for by single dextrous twitch the green coat is re-versed and stripped off to the very tips of th long lean legs, and the flayed carcase is cas into the basket.

This, one might suppose, would be the clos of froggy's struggles upon earth, but, horribl to relate, the tenacious vitality of these am phibiæ—muscular, let us hope, but not sensi tive—survives both skinning and beheading In the basket, the frog corpses, mingled in semi-transparent, gelatinous mass, quiver an wriggle, and occasionally seemed to be wres ling with each other, while from time to tim an individual of tough vitality and activ habits actually hops headless from the tor ture basket, and perching his ghastly littl frame on the edge of the damp canvass whic partly covers the receptacle, grins horribly a his executioner out of his open throat.—[Lo don Times (Italian) Correspondent.

In the Omnibus---A Sketch.

A mighty woman with a bundle, a cross woman with a baby, an uncomfortable woman with a dog, an old gentleman with a trumpet, a beaming young lady with an expansive crinoline, and the usual conpliment of nothing-particularly-people, including myself, John Hayes, gentleman at large. I would not have been inside if I could have helped it; and, judging from the surrounding faces, we were all in the same plight. We were all hot, and we all hated one another. When a fellow-creature is radiating the caloric one has already in excess, hatred for him, or even her, follows in logical sequence, and we were waiting for more passengers.

"Please help me in, I'm blind!" It was the tiniest, sweetest voice; we all turned to see a little girl lay her band confidingly on the conductor's arm. I took her from him as fearfully as if she had been in truth what she looked like—my parian Clytie—the same pure, sweet face, with the delicate features and drooping white eyelids, but the sadness of her pallor was relieved by the vivid dark gold of her hair, which fell in soft thick rolls upon her neck.

"Isn't there a dog here?" said she, presently.

"Yes, darling," said the dog's owner, as she handed it to the child, looking uncomfortable no longer; the blind face turned to hers seemed to charm away its nervousness.

"What a dear little fellow," said Clytie, and the rough terrier grew popular.

"Do they let you go far alone?" said the cross woman.

"Oh yes." The little creature gave a low, glad laugh of triumph. "I've been to the blind school; I can do everything for myself now."

"Would you mind saying that again, my dear? I'm very deaf," said the old gentleman. She repeated her sentence, adding, with an odd, womanly pity, "it must be sad to be deaf."

"I said, involuntarily, "You don't look as *though you ever was sad.*"

"Oh, no, I never am, now Emy is well."

"Who is Emy?"

"Why, my little sister; oh! such a little darling; but she was ill for a long time—so long."

Clytie's voice faltered, as though she were living over again a great sorrow.

"But she is well now," I said.

"Oh, yes, quite strong; and it's so nice."

"Have you many sisters and brothers?" asked the young lady.

"No, only Emy, and one brother, baby Tom; he's such a great, fat fellow, and he laugh—you can't think how he does laugh."

If it was anything like the musical trill his sister sent rippling through the air, I should like to have heard that baby.

"What does he laugh at?" said the cross woman.

"Oh, everything; at Emy and me, when we play Punch and Judy; and at dinner, when there's dumplings; and sometimes he lies on the floor, and laughs at himself; and we laugh, too, it's so funny."

The little one's mirth was infectious; we all joined in, with various modulations of the roar of the deaf gentleman, who could not stop himself, and setting off again, little Clytie clapped her soft gloved hands until she made the dog bark, and the conductor looked in to say:

"Well, if ever I saw such a row."

"Euston road, please," said Clytie, turning into a business woman all at once.

The unwelcome place seemed to come directly; as I turned from helping the child out, I saw the cross woman's face breaking up into tears.

"It's queer," she said, "but I feel like to cry to see her so merry."

I was unpleasantly conscious of what my dear mother used to call the apple in my throat; so I was grateful to the deaf gentleman for saying "Eh!" and saving the effort of replying.

We all fell into quietness, but it was curious to notice how forbearing we were to one another; the child's great loss, worn like a flower crown on the head of some pictured saint, made our petty discomforts all melt away.

The young lady began to play with the baby, the old gentleman with the dog, and I who object to all gratuities on the principle of never having any money to spare, was absolutely pleased when the mighty woman handed back her change to her vanquished foe, saying:

"Never mind the penny, conductor."

Even the cross woman grew quite interesting over a reminiscence of a youth she had known when she was a girl, who had recovered his sight after being blind for a year.

I think, if, instead of being a plucked civ service candidate, I could be a woman with mission, I would choose that of my unconscious little Clytie.

Still

LIFE'S PICTURES.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

Aunt Kissy's Notion of Honesty.

"Don't call that man honest," said aunt Kissy, looking up at uncle Zeke over her spectacles, and biting off the end of her thread with a vim that made the snap sound like the crack of a pistol.

"Why not; I never knew deacon Belt guilty of anything that seemed dishonest in my life, and I have done business with him off and on for twenty years. There is no more honest man than he, though he is as hard as granite in his deal; he will have his own way, but I don't know that he ever takes anything from anybody. If a feller undertakes to get the better of him in a trade, he lets him know it before he gets through with him."

"I guess he does!" responded aunt Kesiah, with of a toss of her head, as she drew her long thread of Coate's cotton, No. 50, through the eye of her needle with a whiz, and snapped a knot in the end with her left fore finger and thumb, preparatory to hemming the flap of uncle Zeke's new coat.

"Well, I reckon a man has a right to his own; and if the Deacon stands up for that, and neither gives nor takes, it ain't no more than right, and so I say that deacon Belt is an honest man, if he is hard on folks now and then. I can stand most anything, if I know a man is honest."

"Hard now and then!—Zekiel, did you ever know him anything else but hard?" asked aunt, with another quick jerk. "Did you ever go into his house, without being robbed? Did you ever meet him in the street, without being poorer after he had passed by? Does he ever meet us in an evening party tha he does not defraud the whole company. He cheats his wife, cheats his children, cheats his workmen, cheats his church, and makes every-body poorer that comes within the sound of his voice; cheats even the horse that he rides; and—"

"Why, Kissy, you are crazy. What do you mean? Deacon Belt never cheated any body."

"Never did, hey! Did I not hear you say, when you was a young man, and worked for him a year, *that you would rather work for Mr. Spaulding for nothing, than for Deacon Belt for double wages*—that he made you unhappy all the year round by his snapping, and snarling, and haggling about a few coppers, or a few minutes' time? Did he not task you, and exact of you all that could be crowded into your hours of labor? Did he not rob you of happiness, and cheerfulness, and good feeling?"

"Oh! yes, that's all true, but then he paid me my cach."

"But cheated you of happiness and comfort. Did you not tell me, the other day, that your call to receive your money of him gave you the 'blues' for a week, because of his moroseness and severity on the neighbors; and did you not tell me that he spoke so harshly to his wife, because one of the children made a noise, that she turned pale, and red, and then, almost smothered with suppressed tears, left the room; was he not robbing her of that which was better than money? Did you not tell me yourself that you pitied his children who were never happy in his presence, and dared not give a shout of joy or pass a jest, if he was within a half a mile of the house? Is he not cheating them out of the joyousness of childhood?"

"Well, I'll own his disposition ain't the sweetest that ever was."

"Don't call such man honest, simply because he pays you what he owes, to the fortieth part of a cent, or never forgets a contract that involves money, when he defrauds you of everything else. True honesty should be measured by the golden rule, doing as you would be done by.

Deacon Belt allows no man, woman, child, or beast to be happy, or even cheerful where he is. Meet him on the road, and while you chat with him, he worries your horse by whipping his own, and cheats him out of a moment's rest. He denies to children amusement, because he does not *want it himself.* His wife does not venture an *opinion,* because she knows he will contradict and *perhaps* insinuate at the same time that she is a fool.

Call his attention to a beautiful sunset, and he will spoil it to your eye by some disgusting allusion or hateful sneer. Admire the flower garden, and he will condemn the man for not putting his time to better advantage, and blacken the beauties of nature by some tale of unworthiness in his neighbor; and so, like a great thief, he goes on from day to day, robbing every one that he meets of something which is better than gold, and making their burdens of life heavier and harder to be borne, because he is *so* honest that he can't afford to be comfortable. Talk as much as you please about honesty, I would rather a man would take my day's earnings, than to purloin all my good feelings; rob my sunshine of its glow, my landscape of its flowers, childhood of its mirth, and home of its cheerfulness. I have known Deacon Belt to steal all the pleasantry out of an evening party in five minutes after he entered a room; aye! and steal every particle of love to God, and love to man, from a whole

…ies selected expressly for this climate, many of whic…
…om three to five years of age, and suitable to set t…
…nd the coming Fall. Below are some of the kinds
…r the market, viz:

SUMMER APPLES.
…stracan Red,
…ough Large Sweet,
…arly Harvest,
…arly Strawberry,
…arly Joe,
…olden Sweeting,
…rimate.

AUTUMN APPLES.
…all Pippin,
…all Jennetting,
…all Wine,
…ravenstein,
…lawley (Dowse)
…ersey Sweet,
…orter.

WINTER APPLES.
Bellflower Yellow,
Bourrassa,
Blue Pearmain,
Fameuse,
Green Sweeting,
Hubbardston Nonsuch,
King,
Ladies Sweet,
Monmouth Pippin,
Northern Spy,
Pomme Gris,
Rambo,
Rhode Island Greening,
Ribstone Pippin,
Russet Golden,
Russet Roxbury or Bost…

THE DEAD.

O City, that lieth at rest
In the robe the snow-fairies have given,
With the graves of the dead on thy breast,
And the stars, like their Souls, up in heaven!
Sleep!—like the sleep called Death,
Not a sound, not a breath,
While I sing of the dead in your keeping;
Let me feel in your stillness to-night
The mute unapproachable might
Of the sleep they are sleeping!

O City, so hushed, as in fear!
Asleep, with the live without number!
Each life little knoweth how near
To the secret of Death is its slumber;
And each Soul proves the labour of life
Is divine to its strife,
Its patience, its pain, and its duty,
By clothing the Day, dead and dumb,
With the glory which ne'er seems to come,
The hopeful To-morrow, called Beauty.

The Dead! They are still as thy Heart,
This midnight of cold winter-weather,
Yet what are the dead but a part
Of the goal not won altogether!
Each life thou hast lost, thou the whole,
Is a step to that goal,—
Something won, something beautiful spoken;
Each life had its labour to give
To the cause of the millions who live,
And thou keepest the dust as a token.

With the shades of the Dead as they flee
Your laws (which are memory) lengthen—
E'en the suicide proveth in thee
A weakness his weakness will strengthen.
The Temple of Truth, born of breath,
Darkens on us from death,
And our sleep is its sweeter reflection;
For nothing is lost, great or small,
Without something well gained to us all,
And our Dead are our steps to perfection.

The multitudes passing away
Toil up to the goal happy-hearted,
And the Day yet unborn is a Day
More fair than the day just departed;
We strain and we toil and we climb
Up the mountain of Time,
With Love the dark moments beguiling;
From the womb to the tomb let us go,
For high on the mountain, we know,
Stands Labour transfigured and smiling.

The Dead! They have laboured to show
Earth and Heaven a closer communion;
We are nearer the dead than we know,
And our sleep is the sign of the union;
And we daily grow near our Dead
Who have laboured and fled
The types of a duty completed!
Let us on—we shall join them at length;
Let us labour, for unto our strength
The labour before us is meted.

We labour together—'tis best;
We slumber with Hope for our neighbour,
And slowly departing to rest
Find the infinite end of our labor;
We toil in an infinite crowd,
And our toil is a cloud
The end of our pilgrimage screening;
But God, if His worshippers weep,
In the link of His death and their sleep
Hides hints of a beautiful meaning.

Sleep, City, and symbol the time
When our sleep bursts to lovely awaking;
When Death shows the Temple sublime
Our toil is unconsciously making!
Each is weak, each is small, each is vain,
In his pride and his pain,
But he leans on the rest if he falter;
And if taken together, we show
The work that must brighten and grow,
When the dead are the stones of God's Altar!

winds from the
…ther middle and
and fair weather
part waiting orders

…t breezes from
the middle part
…th and passing
…ezes from the S W
laying along
orders

breezes from the
A 7 A M Tow
put us alongside
comenced taking
middle part
and fair weather
…, and fair weather
Pensacola

Course. | Distance. | Diff. of Lat. | Departure. | Lat. by D. | Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

Journal ~~from~~ Laying at ~~towards~~ New Orleans D Hope

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 12 day of March 1863
1						This day commenced with light winds from the Northward and plesant weather laying alongside the Pensacola at 2 P.M. Tug Boat Ida came along side and put along side the Stemer Antona and the took the ballance of our Coale onboard of her mid and latta part same as former
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						
11						
12						
1			Fryday March 13th			All these Twenty Four hours light winds from the Southward and plesant weather laying along side of the Steamer Antona all hands employd in Ship duty
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7			Saturday March 14th			All these Twenty Four hours Moderate breezes from the South Westward and plesant weather At 12 noon hauled to Pier No 20 along side Brig J C McIntire all hands employd in Ship duty
8						
9						
10						
11						
12						

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. day of 18
1			Sunday March 15th			This day commenced with moderate breezes from the South and squally weather Middle parte same as former latter part wind N W and rain squalls laying at Post No 20 district No 1st
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9			Monday March 16th			This day com with moderate breezes from the Northward and Rainy weather Middle part light winds from S E and passing clouds latter part wind from the South and fair weather laying at Post No 20
10						
11						
12						
1						
2						
3						
4						
5			Tuesday March 17th			This day com with light winds from the S E and cloudy weather Middle part moderate breezes from S E and passing clouds still laying at Post No 20 latter part same as middle So ends this day
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						
11						
12						

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D.R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

The Man at the Door.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"No tramps here," said I; and shut th door in his face, I did. The wind blew so could hardly do it, and the sleet was beating on the panes, and the bare trees wer groaning and moaning as if they suffered i the storm. "No tramps here—I'm a poo lone woman, and I am afraid of 'em."

Then the man that I had not yet seen fo he dark, went away from the door, champ hamp, champ, through the slush, and eard the gate creak, as our gate always oes; and then champ, champ, champ ame the man back again, and he knocke n the door—knocked not half as loud a he did before—and I opened it hot an angry. This time I saw his face, a pal ghost of a face, with yellow brown hair cropped close, and great staring blue eyes and he put his hand against the door and held it open.

"How near is the next house, ma'am?" said he.

"Three miles or more," said I.

"And that is not a tavern?"

"No," said I; "no drinks to be got there; it's Miss Mitten's, and she's as set agin tramps as I am."

"I don't want drink," said the man, "though I do want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in ma'm. I've been wounded, and am not able to walk far, and my clothes they are thin, and it's bitter cold. I've been trying to got to my parents at Greenback, where I can rest till I am better: and all my money was stolen from me hree days ago You needn't be afraid; me just lie before the fire, and only give a crust, the stalest crust, to keep me om starving, and the Lord will bless you or it."

And then he looked at me with his wild blue eyes in a way that would have made me do it if hadn't been I'd seen so much of those imposters. The war was just over, every beggar that came along said he was a soldier traveling home, and had been wounded and robbed. One that I had been fool enough to help, limped away out of my sight, as he thought, and then, for I was at the garret window, shouldered his crutches, and tramped it with the strongest.

"No doubt your pocket is full of money," said I, "and you only want a chance to rob and murder me. Go away with you!"

Drusilla (that's my niece) was baking cakes in the kitchen. Just then she came to the door and motioned with her mouth to me, "Do let him stay aunty," and if I had't had good sense I might, but I knew better than that chit of sixteen.

"Go away with you," said I louder than before. "I won't have this any longer."

And he gave me a kind of groan, and took his hand from the latch, and went champ, champ, champ, through the frozen snow again; and I thought him gone, when here he was coming once more, hardly with a knock at all—a faint touch like a child's now.

And when I opened the door again he came quite in, and stood leaning on his face, pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than ever.

"Well, of all impudence," said I.

He looked at me, and said he "Madam, I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go any further to-night."

"They all want to see their mothers," and just then it came into my mind that I hoped my son Charlie, who had been a real soldier, an officer he had come to be, mind you, wanted to see his, and would soon.

"I have been wounded, as you see," said he.

"Don't go a showing me your hurts," said I. "They buy' em, so they told me, to go a begging with now. I read the papers, I tell ye, and I'm principled, and so's our clergyman, again giving anything unless it's through some well organized society. Tramps are mere abomination, and as to keeping you all night, you can't expect that of decent folks—go!"

Drusilla came into the door and said, "Let him stay, aunty," but I took no notice.

So he went and this time did not come back; and I sat down by the fire, and listened to the wind and the sleet, and felt the warm fire, and smelt the baking cakes and the apples stewing, and the tea drawing on the kitchen stove; and I ought to have been very comfortable, but I wasn't. Something seemed tugging at my heart all the time.

I gave the fire a poke, and lit another candle to cheer myself up, and I went to my work basket to get the socks I had been knitting for my Charlie; and as I went to

I picked it up. It was an old tobacco pouch ever so much like the one I gave Charlie, with fringe on it, and written on it in ink,

"From C. F. to R. H."

Inside was a bit of tobacco and an old pipe, and a letter, a rumpled old letter; and when I spread it out I saw at the top, "My dear son."

I knew that the beggar must have dropped it, and my heart gave one big thump, as though it had been turned into a hammer.

Perhaps the story was true, and he had a mother. I shivered all over, and the fire and the candles and the nice comfortable smells might as well not have been at all. I was cold and wretched. And over and over again I had to say to myself what I'd heard our pastor say no often, "Never give anything to chance beggars, my dear friends; always bestow your alms on worthy persons "through well organized societies," before I could get a bit of comfort. And what an old fool I was to cry, I thought, when I found my cheeks wet.

But I did not cry long. As I sat there, dash and crash and jingle came a sleigh over the road, and it stopped at our gate, and I heard my Charlie's voice crying "Hallo, mother!" And out I went to the door, and had him in my arms, my great, tall, handsome, brown, son. And there he was in his uniform, with his pretty shoulder straps, and as hearty as if he never had been through any hardships. He had to leave me to put his horse up, and then I had by the fire my own boy. And Drusilla, who had been up stairs and had been crying—why, I wonder?—came down all in a flutter—for they were like brother and sister—and he kissed her, and she kissed him, and then away she went to set the table, and the nice hot things smoked on a cloth as white as snow; and how Charlie enjoyed them! But once, in the midst of all, I felt a frightened feeling come over me, and I knew I turned pale, for Drusilla said. "What is the matter, Aunt Fairfax?"

I said nothing, but it was this: Kind o'like the ghost of a step going, champ, champ, over the frozen snow; kind o'like the ghost of a voice saying, "Let me lie on the floor before your fire, and give me any kind of a crust," kind o'like seeing some one who had a mother dropping down on the wintry road, and freezing and starving to death there. That was what it was. But I put it away, and only thought of Charlie.

We drew up together by the fire when tea was done, and he told us things about the war I'd never heard before. How the soldiers suffered, and what weary marches and short rations they sometimes had. And then he told me his life had been in danger how he had been set upon by rebels and badly wounded; and how, at the risk of his own life, a fellow-soldier had saved him and carried him away, fighting his path back to camp.

"I'd never seen you but for him," says my Charlie. "And if there's a man on earth I love, it's Rob Hadaway—the dearest, best fellow. We've shared each other's rations, and drank from the same canteen many and many a time; and if I had a brother, I couldn't think more of him."

"Why didn't you bring him home to see your mother, Charlie?" said I. "Why I'd love him too, and anything I could do for him, for the man who saved my boy's life, couldn't be enough. Send for him, Charlie." But Charles shook his head, and covered his face with his hand.

"Mother," said he, "I don't know whether Rob Hadaway is alive or dead to-day. While I was still in the ranks he was taken prisoner. And the rebel prisons are poor places to live in, mother. I'd give my right hand to be able to do him any good; but I can find no trace of him. And he has a mother too, and she is so fond of him. She lives at Greenbank—poor old lady. My dear, good, noble Rob, the preserver of my life." And I saw Charlie was nearly crying.

Not to let us see the tears he got up and went to the mantel-piece. I did not look around till I heard a cry:

"Great Heavens! what is it?" And I turned and Charlie had the tobacco pouch the man had dropped, in his hand.

"Where did this come from?" said he "I feel as though I had seen a ghost. I gave this to Rob Hadaway the day he saved me. We soldiers had not much to give, you know, and he vowed never to part with it while he lived, How did it come here, mother?"

And I fell back in my chair white and cold, and said I, "A wandering tramp left it here. Never your Rob, my dear; never your Rob. He must have been an imposter. I wouldn't have turned away a person really in want. Oh! no, no; it's another pouch, child; or he stole it. A tall fellow, with blue eyes, and yellow brown hair; wounded, he said, and going to his mother at Greenback. Not your Rob."

And Charley stood staring at me with clenched hands; and said he, "It was my Rob, it was my dear old Rob, wounded and starving—my dear old Rob, who saved my life, and you have driven him out in such a night as *this*, mother. My mother to use Rob so!"

"Curse me Charlie," said I, "curse me if you like; I'm afraid God will. Three times he came back. Three times he asked only for a crust and a place to lie, and I drove him away. I, I—and he's lying in the road now. Oh! if if I had know; oh! if I had known."

And Charlie caught up his hat. "I'll find him if he's alive," said he. "O, Robie my dear friend."

And then—I never saw the girl in such a taking—down went Drusilla on her knees, as if she was saying her prayers, and says she, "Thank God, I dared to do it!" And says she again to me, "O, aunt! I've been trembling with fright, not knowing what you would say to me. I took him in the kitchen way. I couldn't see him go faint and hungry and wounded, and I put him in the spare chamber over the parlor, and I've been so very much frightened all the while."

"Lord bless you Drusilla," said Charlie, and "Amen," says I.

And she, getting bolder, went on, "And I took him up some hot short-cakes, and apple-sass, and tea, and I took him a candle and a hot brick for his feet, and I told him to eat and go to bed in the best chamber, Aunt Fairfax, with the white counterpane and all, and I locked him in and put the key in my pocket; and I told him he should have one night's rest, and that no one should turn him out unless they walked over my dead body."

And Drusilla said it like an actress in a tragedy, and went of into hysterics the moment the words were out of her mouth. She'd been expecting to be half murdered for doing it, you know, and the girl was but sixteen, and always before had minded me as if I had been her mother.

Never was any old sinner so happy as I was that night, so thankful to the good Lord; and it would have done your heart good to see the two meet in the morning—Charlie and his friend Rob. And Charlie who had got on so well, and had a mother who was not poor either, helped Rob into business. And he got over his wounds at last, and grew as handsome as a picture, and to-day week is going to marry Drusilla.

"I'd give you anything I have," said I "and I wont refuse you even Drusilla," when he asked me, telling me that he had loved her ever since she was so kind to him on the night I have told you of.

And Charlie is to stand up with him, and I am to give Drusilla away, and Rob's sister from Greenback is to be bridesmaid, and I have a guess that some day Charlie will bring her home to me in Drusilla's place.

I don't drive beggars from the door now as I used, and no doubt I'm often imposed upon but this is what I say, "Better be imposed upon always, then be cruel to one who really needs help." And I've read my Bible of late, and I know who says, "even as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

A railroad conductor, with a flower in his mouth, is well-known to travelers on a certain line into Boston. Summer and Winter one always sees a flower between his teeth, as if it grew there. It is said that many years ago the lady he was to marry died; that soon after he received a communication from her spirit to the effect that so long as he kept a flower in his mouth she should be hovering near him, and that with a constancy and fidelity almost unparalleled for almost twenty years he has adhered to this poetical custom.

PITOL.
STRICT OF

leans D

March

ght winds
l. fair weather
gh the day
istrict No 1

t winds from
weather
light breezes
louds still
hands employd
this day

ght winds
weather Middl
d baffling
West and
Post No 20

ds from the S E
and latter parts
howery weathe
No 1

Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

1863

winds from
iddle and latter
E and passing
20

eezes from the
le part fresh
latter part
d passing clouds
day

ds from the S W
and latter part
passing clouds
River to a Plantation
New York and
So ends this day

the S W and
Took onboard 100 Bbls Pork and 117 Bbls
day at 1 oclock P.M. made sail and
the River Middle part Moderate breezes
W and fair At 7 P.M. came to Anchor
es below the city latter part same as mid
ame onboard this day At 12 Noon
House officer came onboard

t. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal ~~from~~ while Loading down the coast ~~towards~~ for New York D Hoffses mast

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 26 day of March 1863
1–8						This day moderate breezes from the Southward and plesant weather At 6 A M hove up the Anchor and dropt down the River to Beyhers Plantation and hauled in to the Bank and got ready to take in Molasses At 2 P M com-taking in molasse took in 124 Bbs this day latter part same as forme So ends this day
9–12, 1–2			Friday March 27th			All these Twenty Four hours fresh breezes from the South ward and passing clouds Took in 177 Bbs molasses this day all hands employd on cargo So end this day
3–10			Saturday March 28			All this day moderate breezes from the S W and showery weather At 6 A M cast of from the Bank made sail and proceeded down the River to Woodland Plantation at 10 A M hauled alond side the Wharf at Plantation and discharged 100 Bbs Pork and took in 75 Bbs molasse
11–12			Sunday March 29			This day com with strong breezes from the South and heavy Thunder showers middle and latter parts strong breezes from the Eastward and cloudy weather lay at Woodland Plantation So ends this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. day of 18
1–7			Monday March 30			All this Twenty Four hours fresh breezes from the Northward and cloudy weather took in 173 Bbs ~~of~~ Molasses and 12 Hhd Sugar this day all hands employd on cargo Sounds this day
8–12, 1			Tuesday March 31			All this Twenty Four hours Moderate breezes from the North and plesant weather all hand employd taking in cargo took in 12 Hhd Sugar 16 do cistern Bottoms and 50 Bbs Molasses
2–7			Wednesday Apr 1			All this day light breezes from the N W and plesant weather all hand employd taking in cargo took in 24 Hhd cistern botoms and 24 Bbs Molasss
8–12			Thursday Apr 2.			All this day plesant gales from the N W and fine weather took in 14 Hhd wet Sugar and 12 Bbs molasses and finished Loading So ends this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

LOVE AND DIPLOMACY.

> "Pray pardon me,
> For I am like a boy that hath found money;
> Afraid I dream still."—FORD OR WEBSTER.

It was on a fine September evening, within my time (and I am not, I trust, too old to be loved,) that Count Anatole L——, of the impertinent and particularly useless profession of attache, walked up and down before the glass in his rooms at the "Archduke Charles," the first hotel, as you know if you have travelled, in the green-belted and fair city of Vienna. The brass-ring was still swinging on the end of the bell-rope, and, in a respectful attitude at the door, stood the just summoned Signor Attilio, valet and privy counsellor to one of the handsomest coxcombs errant through the world. Signor Attilio was a Tyrolese, and, like his master, was very handsome. Count Anatole had been idling away three golden summer months in the Tyrol, for the sole purpose, as far as mortal eyes could see, of disguising his fine Phidian features in a sallow moustache and whiskers. The *crimes ridentes* (as Eneas Silvius has it,) being now in a condition beyond improvement, Signor Attilio had for some days been rather curious to know what course of events would next occupy the diplomatic talents of his master.

After a turn or two more in silence, Count Anatole stopped in the middle of the floor, and eyeing the well made Tyrolese from head to foot, begged to know if he wore at the present moment his most becoming breeches, jacket and beaver.

Attilio was never astonished at anything his master did or said. He simply answered "Si, Signor."

"Be so kind as to strip immediately, and dress yourself in that travelling suit lying on the sofa."

As the green, gold-colored jacket, knee-breeches, buckles and stockings were laid aside, Count Anatole threw off his dressing-gown, and commenced encasing his handsome proprotions in the cast-off habiliments. He then put on the comical, slouch-rimmed hat, with the tall eagle's feather stuck jauntily on the side, and the two rich tassels pendant over his left eye; and the toilet of the valet being completed at the same moment, they stood looking at one *another with perfect gravity*, rather transformed, but each apparently quite at home in his new character.

"You look very like a gentleman, Attilio," said the Count.

"Your excellency has caught, to admiration, *l'aria del paese*," complimented back again the sometime Tyrolese.

"Attilio?"

"Signore?"

"Do you remember the lady in the forest of Fruili?"

Attilio began to have a glimmering of things. Some three months before, the Count was lashing on at a rapid post-pace, through a deep wood in the mountains which head in the Adriatic. A sudden pull up at a turning in the road nearly threw him from his britska, and looking at the "*anima di porco!*" of the postillion, he found his way impeded by an overset carriage, from which three or four servants were endeavoring to extract the body of an old man, killed by the accident. There was more attractive metal for the traveller, however, in the shape of a young and beautiful woman, leaning, pale and faint, against a tree, and apparently about to sink to the ground unassisted. To bring a hat full of water from the nearest brook, and receive her falling head on his shoulder was the work of a thought. She had fainted quite away; and taking her, like a child in his arms, he placed her on the bank by the roadside, bathed her forehead and lips, and chafed her small white hands, till his heart, with all the distress of the scene, was quite mad with her perfect beauty.

Animation at last began to return; and as the flush was stealing into her lips, another carriage drove up with servants in the same livery; and Count Anatole, thoroughly bewildered in his new dream, mechanically assisted them in getting their living mistress and dead master into it; and until they were fairly out of sight, it had never occurred to him that he might possibly wish to know the name and condition of the fairest piece of work he had ever seen from the hand of his Maker.

An hour before, he had doubled his *buono mano* to the postillion, and was driving on to Vienna, as if to sit at a new congress. Now he stood leaning against the tree, at the foot of which the grass and wild flowers showed the print of a new-made pressure, and the postillion cracked his whip, and Attilio reminded him of the hour he was losing in vain. He remounted after a while, but the order was to go back to the last post-house.

Three or four months at a solitary albergo in the neighborhood of this adventure, passed by the Count in scouring the country on horseback in every direction, and by his servant in very particular ennui, bring up the story nearly to where the scene opens.

"I have seen her!" said the Count.

Attilio only lifted up his eyebrows.

"She is here, in the neighborhood of Vienna!"

"Felice lei!" murmured Attilio.

"She is the Princess Leichstenfels, and, by the death of that old man, a widow."

"Veramente!" responded the valet, with a rising inflexion; for he knew his master and French morals too well not to foresee a damper in the possibility of matrimony.

"Veramente!" gravely echoed the Count.

Vienna, April 6th, 1861. 17

FRESH GROUND PLASTER

CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale in large or small quantities. The best quality of Blue Plaster. All kinds of Grain Wool and Country Produce taken in exchange.
COLBURN & VAUGHT.
33tf

sat the widowed mistress of one of the oldest titles and finest estates of Austria. The light from a single long window opening down to the floor, and leading out upon a terrace of flowers, was subdued by a heavy crimson curtain, looped partially away; a pastil lamp was sending up from its porphyry pedestal a thin and just perceptible curl of smoke, through which the lady musingly passed backward and forward one of her slender fingers; and, on a table near, lay a sheet of black-edged paper, crossed by a silver pen, and scrawled over irregularly with devices and disconnected words, the work evidently of a fit of the most absolute and listless idleness. The door opened, and a servant in mourning livery stood before the lady.

"I have thought over your request, Wilhelm," she said. "I have become accustomed to your services, and regret to lose you; but I should regret more to stand in the way of your interest. You have my permission."

Wilhelm expressed his thanks with an effort that showed he had not obeyed the call of Mammon without regret, and requested leave to introduce the person he had proposed as his successor.

"Of what country is he?"

"Tyrolese, your excellency."

"And why does he leave the gentleman with whom he came to Vienna?"

"Il est amoureux d'une Viennaise, madam," answered the ex-valet, resorting to French to express what he considered a delicate circumstance.

"Pauvre enfant!" said the Princess, with a sigh that partook as much of envy as of pity. "Let him come in!"

And the Count Anatole, as the sweet accent reached his ear stepped over the threshhold, and in the coarse but gay dress of the Tyrol, stood in the presence of her whose dewy temples he had bathed in the forest, whose lips he had almost "pryed into for breath," whose snowy hands he had chafed and kissed when the senses had deserted their celestial organs—the angel of his perpetual dream, the lady of his wild and uncontrollable, but respectful and honorable love.

The Princess looked carelessly up as he approached, but her eyes seemed arrested in passing over his features. It was but momentary. She *returned to her occupation of winding her taper* fingers in the smoke curls of the incense-lamp, and with a half sigh, as if she had repelled a pleasing thought, she leaned back in silken fauteil, and asked the new comer his name.

"Anatole, your excellency."

The voice again seemed to stir something in her memory. She passed her hand over her eyes, and was for a moment lost in thought.

"Anatole," she said, (oh, how the sound of his own name, murmured in that voice of music thrilled through the fiery veins of the disguised lover!) "Anatole, I receive you into my service. Wilhelm will inform you of your duties, and—I have a fancy for the dress of the Tyrol—you may wear it instead of my livery, if you will."

And with one stolen and warm gaze from under his drooping eyelids, and heart and lips on fire as he thanked her for her condescension, the new retainer took his leave.

Month after month passed on—to Count Anatole in a bewildering dream of ever-deepening passion. It was upon a soft and amorous morning of April, that a dashing equipage stood at the door of the proud palace of Leitchenfels. The arms of Esterhazy blazed on the panels, and the *insouciants* chasseurs leaned against the marble columns of the portico, waiting for their master, and speculating on the gaiety likely to issue from the suit he was prosecuting within. How could a prince of Esterhazy be supposed to sue in vain.

The disguised footman had shown the gay and handsome nobleman to his mistress presence. After re-arranging a family of very well-arranged flower pots, shutting the window to open it again, changing the folds of the curtains not at all for the better, and looking a stolen and fierce look at the unconscious visitor, he could find no longer an apology for remaining in the room. He shut the door after him in a tempest of jealousy.

"Did your excellency ring?" said he, opening the door again, after a few minutes intolerable torture.

The Prince was on his knees at her feet!

"No, Anatole; but you may bring me a glass of water."

As he entered with the silver tray trembling in his hand, the prince was rising to go. His face expressed delight, hope, triumph, everything that could madden the soul of the irritated lover. After waiting on his rival to his carriage, he returned to his mistress, and receiving the glass upon the tray, was about leaving the room in silence, when the princess called to him.

In all this lapse of time it is not to be supposed that Count Anatole played merely his footman's part. His respectful and elegant demeanor, the propriety of his language, and that deep devotedness of manner which wins a woman more than all things else, soon gained upon the confidence of the princess; and before a week had passed she found that she was happier when he stood behind her chair; and gave him, with some self-denial, those frequent permissions of absence from the palace, which she supposed he asked to prosecute the amour disclosed to her on his introduction to her service. As time flew, she attributed his earnestness and occasional warmth of manner to gratitude; and, without reasoning much on her feelings gave herself up to the indulgence of a degree of interest in him which would h alarmed a woman more skilled in the knowle of the heart. Married from a convent, howev to an old man who had secluded her from t world, the voice of the passionate Count in the forest of Frinili was the first sound of love that had entered her ears. She knew not why it was, but the tones of her new footman, and now and then a look of his eyes, as he leaned over to assist her at table, troubled her memory, like a trace of a long lost dream.

But, oh! what moments had been *his* in those fleeting months! Admitted to her presence in her most unguarded hours—seeing her at morning, at noon, at night, in all her unstudied and surpassing loveliness—forever near her, and with the world shut out—her rich hair flowing with the lightest breeze across his fingers in his assidous service—her dark, full eyes, unconscious of an observor, filling with unrepressed tears, or glowing with pleasure over some tale of love—her exquisite form flung upon a couch, or bending over flowers, or moving about the room in all its native and untramelled grace—and her voice, tender, and most tender to him, though she knew it not; and her eyes, herself unaware, ever following him, never losing a glance of a motion, but treasuring all up in his heart with the avarice of a miser—what, in common life, though it were, the life of fortune's most favored child, could compare with it for bliss.

Pale and agitated, the Count turned back at the call of his mistress, and stood awaiting her pleasure.

"Anatole?"

"Madame!"

The answer was so low and deep, it startled even himself.

She motioned him to come nearer. She had sunk upon the sofa, and as he stood at her feet she leaned forward, buried her arms in the long curls, which in her retirement she allowed to float luxuriously over her shoulders, and sobbed aloud. Overcome, and forgetful of all but the distress of the lovely creature before him, the Count dropped upon the cushion on which rested the small foot in its mourning slipper, and taking her hand, pressed it suddenly and fervently to his lips.

The reality broke upon her? She was beloved—but by whom? A menial! and the apaling answer drove all the blood of her proud race in a torrent upon her heart, sweeping away all affection as if her nature had never known its name. She sprang to her feet, and laid her hand upon the bell.

"Madame! said Anatole, in a cold, proud, tone.

She staid her arm to listen.

"*I leave you forever.*"

And again, with the quick revulsion of youth and passion, her woman's heart rose within her, and she buried her face in her hands, and dropped her head in utter abandonment on his bosom.

It was the birthday of the Emperor, and the courtly nobles of Austria were rolling out from the capital to offer their congratulations at the royal palace of Shoenbrunn. In addition to the usual attractions of the scene, the drawing-room was to be graced by the first public appearance of a new French Ambassador, whose reputed personal beauty, and the talents he had displayed in a late secret negotiation, had yet the whole court, from the Queen of Hungary, to the youngest *dame d' honor*, in a flame of curiosity.

To the Prince Esterhazy there was another reason for writing the day in red letters. The Princess Leichstenfels, by an express message from the empress, was to throw aside her widow's weeds, and appear once more to the admiring world. She had yielded to the summons, but it was to be her last day of splendor. Her heart and hand were plighted to her Tyrolese menial; and the brightest and loveliest ornament of the court of Austria, when the ceremonies of the day were over, was to lay aside the costly bauble from her shoulders, and the glistening tiara from her brow.

from her brow, and forget rank and fortune as the wife of his bosom!

The dazzling hours flew on. The plain and kind old emperor welcomed and smiled upon all. The wily Metternich, in the prime of his successful manhood, cool, polite, handsome and winning, gathered golden opinions by every word and look; the young Duke of Reichstadt, the mild and gentle son of the struck eagle of St. Helena, surrounded and caressed by a continual *cordon* of admiring women, seemed forgetful that opportunity and expectation awaited him, like two angels with their wings outspread; and haughty nobles and their haughtier dames, statesmen, scholars, soldiers, and priests, crowded upon each other's heels, and mixed together in that doubtful *podrida*, which goes by the name of *pleasure*. I could moralize here had I time.

The Princess Leichstenfels had gone through the ceremony of presentation, and had heard the murmur of admiration drawn by beauty from all lips, and dizzy with the scene, and with a heart full of painful and conflicting emotions, she accepted the proffered arm of Prince Esterhazy to breathe a fresher air upon the terrace. They stood near a window, and he was pointing out to his fair companion the various characters as they passed within.

"I must contrive," said the Prince, "to show you the new envoy. Oh! you have not heard of him? Beautiful as Narcissus, modest as Pastor Corydon, clever as the prime minister himself, this paragon of diplomatists has [illegible] ere disguised these three months, [illegible] about Metternich and the deuce [illegible] rewarded at last with an [illegible]— but here he is; Pri [illegible] to present—"

She heard [illegible] mond [illegible]

month [illegible] fortunately prevent [illegible] the nuptials, lost a very hands [illegible] singing with effect,

"If she be not fair for me,"

supposing it translated into German.

Whether the enamored ambassadress prefers her husband in his new character, I am equally uncertain; though, from much knowledge of German court, and a little of human nature, I think she will be happy if, at some future day, she would not willingly exchange her proud envoy the devoted Tyrolese, and does not sigh that no more bring him to her feet with a pull string.

April

ds from the
A M Captain
for the City
om the North
n the N E
s employd
laying at Woodland

breezes from
ther middle
aptain got back
of from the
River and
me onboard
reezes from

on the N E
ve up the
River at 5 P M
ed the Anchor
caught an
t up ends

in. | Lon. by Ob.

18

Winds from
was had
clear of
rossed the River
the S W
and cut the
a for the Night
rom the West

breezes from
at 7 A M
down the
board and
wharf over
this day with 12 Hhd

Journal from New Orleans towards New York D Hoffses Master

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Wednesday 8 day of April 1863
1						This day com with moderate breezes
2	5		S E	N E		and Hazy weather
3	5					At 1 P M S W Pass bore N W distance
4	5					4 Miles
5	5					
6	5					
7	5		S E ½ E			
8	4					
9	4					
10	4					
11	3					
12	3			"		Mid part light winds and
1	3					fair weather
2	3					
3	2					
4	2					
5	2	1				Lat by Obs 28-00 N
6	2	1				
7	2					
8	2					
9	2	1	S E by E	"		
10	2	1				Latter part same as middle
11	2	1				Pumps well attentende to
12	2	1				½ Point Easterly variation

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 9 day of April 18
1	4		S E by E	N E		This day com with moderate
2	4					breezes and plesant weather
3	4					
4	4					
5	4					
6	4					
7	4					
8	4					
9	3		S E	E N E		
10	3					
11	3					Mid part light winds and
12	3					fair weather
1	2		S S E	East		
2	2					
3	2					
4	2					
5	3					
6	4					Lat by Obs 26 33 N
7	5		S E	E N E		
8	5					
9	5					
10	5					
11	5					Latter part plesant breezes and
12	5					fair weather Pumps well attented to

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from

H	K	F	COURSE
1	5		S E by
2	5		

KITTY'S CHOICE.

A wealthy old farmer was Absalom Lee,
He had but one daughter, the mischievous Kitty;
So fair and so good and so gentle was she,
That lovers came wooing from country and city.
The first and the boldest to ask for her hand
Was a trimly dressed dandy who worshipped her "tin;
She replied with a smile he could well understand,
"That she'd marry no Ape for the sake of his skin!"

The next was a merchant from business retired,
Rich, gouty and gruff, a presuming old sinner;
Young Kitty's fair form and sweet face he admired,
And thought to himself, "I can easily win her."
So he showed her his palace, and made a bluff bow,
And said she might live there, but wickedly then,
Kitty told him she long ago made a rash vow,
"Not to marry a bear for the sake of his den!"

A miser came next; he was fearless and bold
In claiming his right to Miss Kitty's affection;
He said she'd not want for a home while his gold
Could pay for a cabin to give her protection!
Half vexed at his boldness, but calm in a trice,
She curtseyed, and thanked him, and blushingly then,
Demurely repeated her sage aunt's advice,
"Not to marry a hog for the sake of his pen!"

The next was a farmer, young, bashful and shy,
He feared the bold wooers who came from the city;
But the flush on his cheek, and the light in his eye,
Soon kindled a flame in the bosom of Kitty.
"My life will be one of hard labor," he said;
"But, darling, come share it with me if you can."
"I suppose," she replied, gaily tossing her head,
"I must marry the farm for the sake of the man!"

From "Sybelle and Other Poems," by I

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

"You seem very happy, Annie, always happy. I never saw yet any one who seemed more happy than you, and—"

"Oh! oh! Emily," replied Mrs. Danton, laughing, "in those words you have but twice used the verb to seem, and you look so inquisitive. Do you wish to be a little more enlightened about married life, before committing yourself for ever? Happily, Harry is not here to see the sadness which I discover in the eyes of his betrothed; he might fancy that your heart is full of fear instead of joy at the eve of your nuptials."

"Do not laugh at me, Annie, but speak to me as you used to do formerly; I love Harry, you know it; and, however, I have serious misgivings, I see so few married people really happy, happy as I wish to be. You seem to approach nearer than any one else the goal of my desires. Now, have you never any little—quarrels?"

"No, no more now. We had one, and I believe that it must happen sooner or later."

"Tell me of it, Annie, will you?"

"Yes, if you wish it; maybe it will be useful to you:

I was a very romantic young girl, as you know it, Emily; I had some friends whom I loved dearly, but that love did not satisfy me; my heart was yearning for something more, I hardly knew what till the day I loved my husband. During the first months of our marriage I often asked myself: "Do I find in this life all that I hoped to find in it? Am I as happy as I expected to be?" and my heart always replied: "Yes, and even more happy."

The romance of marriage, if I may express myself so, lasted a long time for us; as for me, I felt a most intense satisfaction when we were alone. I liked to walk alone with him; the most happy hours of the day were those we spent alone, reading and chatting. When slightly put out, I made an effort to be sociable and pleasant in the company of my husband. I feared above all to remain stupidly silent when with him, or to have nothing to speak of but the children and the butcher's bill. I tried to recollect all the pretty things I had read, heard or thought, to repeat them to him, and when all those subjects were exhausted, we both had one hobby to ride; and so, when we were silent, it was never because we had nothing to say to one another. We lived so for about two years. I was very happy. I believe that people who saw us then must have wondered often to see us so long pleased with one another.

Till then I had no trial to go through. We used to board, and I had nothing to take care of. My husband's love was a sovereign panacea for all the little evils, which fall upon us, even in the midst of our greatest happiness. But it could not last for ever. His business took more of his time, and at last I had a home of my own, and a child to look after. It was then that, for the first time, our mutual patience was tried. Till then we had devoted ourselves to one another; henceforth the cares of life often took the whole of our energies. I was the first to perceive the change. It seemed to me that a dark cloud was hovering over us. Sometimes I gave myself up to sadness, thinking that my husband did not love me so well as before. Now, that I look into the past, I am convinced that it was my first error. These hours of sadness diminished my courage, and it was an injustice of what I ought not to have been guilty wards my husband. However, my mind retained from them a kind of dolorous impression, I felt as if I had been the victim of a serious

some time my heart had been bleeding from that wound. I kept all my little grievances to myself, I was too much ashamed, and at the same time too proud, to speak of them. That was my second error.

There can be no happiness in marriage without the greatest mutual confidence. The weather became cold and damp. One morning I got up in a most irritable mood. I had caught a cold, had a dreadful headache, and my child had disturbed me the whole of the night. My cook was a raw, ignorant country woman, and that morning, she served us one of her worst breakfasts. The steak was burned, the eggs as hard as a cannon-ball, the bread half baked, and the coffee, our greatest relish, execrable.

My husband endured everything till the coffee came, but that coffee put an end to his patience. He upset his cup, and said, half angrily:

"I wish, Annie, that we could have once some good coffee. Why is it never here as at my mother's?"

This was for me the drop in the already filled cup, and my illhumor overflowed.

"You never find anything nice here," said I; and I shuddered at the sound of my own voice. "You would do better to stay at your mother's if you are not satisfied here, or else give me servants who know their business. I cannot do all—take care of the child the whole night, and then cook the breakfast."

"I did not know I was so unreasonable," replied he, in an offended manner.

He remained a few minutes longer without touching his breakfast, took his hat and went out.

When I heard him shut the door after him all my firmness gave way. I shut myself up in my room, sat on a chair, and began to cry like a very child.

It was the first time I had answered him so. It seemed to me that something frightful was going to happen. I felt so miserable and became so excited, that I actually went round my room wringing my hands.

All is finished between us, thought I; we shall have no more happiness in this world. A heavy shroud covered me from head to foot—the future was all darkness and desolation. In my misery I attempted to console myself by throwing the whole blame on my husband. "Why should she speak so to me?" cried I. Could he not see that I was suffering and unable to endure anything? It was pure wickedness in him. *It is evident that he* cares no more for me—and then always throwing at my head that his mother keeps such a good table, when he knows that I do my best to please him. Oh! it was pure wickedness!

Do not look so serious, Emily. Just at that moment my child began to cry, and I was obliged to run to him before being able to go through the whole of my doleful litany, but I had gone far enough to fall once more in the wrong path. I began to grow calm at the thought that my husband alone was to be blamed. I was very sorry to have answered him so harshly, but I thought that he too ought to be sorry.

Before my child had ceased crying I had taken the resolution to show no repentance—before he, too, should show any. I washed off the traces of my tears, dressed with the most particular care, and went down to old Bridget to recommend to her to pay great attention to the dinner. When doing so I really considered myself to be a victim. I wanted to make my husband repent of his injustice, by giving him (as a kind of reproach) as good a dinner as at his mother's: and in order to increase his remorse, I made, with my own hands, a cup of excellent coffee.

One o'clock at last. The door opened, and I heard my husband's step in the hall. He was whistling! He sat down with the greatest calm, without showing the least vestige of the morning's tempest. He threw around him a glance of satisfaction. "What a nice-looking dinner, Annie," said he. "I am happy that you find it so," replied I, with the air of a martyr. "This roast is delicious, the best I have tasted this year." In short, he was so pleased with that dinner (which I intended as a reproach to him) that he did not even perceive my ill-temper. I was at once angry and pleased—but I was silent, and hardly opened my lips to answer him. After the dessert I gave him his coffee. He was quite surprised.

"Annie," smiled he, "you must have made that coffee, my little fairy, to show me what you can do."

He had guessed it, but without suspecting the intention. My first impulse was to ask him openly openly: "Is it as good as your mother's?" That would have given him the key of the whole story; he would have understood all, and we would have made peace at once. But I was ashamed. I sipped my coffee in silence; the golden opportunity slipped away, and my good angel took flight. Pride remained master. I began even to be annoyed to see him enjoy my dinner and forget so easily how much pain he had given me. Having a good deal of business to transact, he did not remain as long as usual; but when he went out he was whistling more gaily even than before dinner. I went back to my child, thinking all the time of what I ought to do.

The child was asleep, the rain was pattering against the window, the wind was blowing furiously, and the world seemed to me as black and dreary as the tomb. I had exerted myself for that dinner, and now that the excitement was over, and that I felt the reaction, I asked myself what advantage I had reaped from it? Not the slightest. My husband had not seen that we ought to have made peace. I reproached him with heartlessness.

"Formerly," thought I, "he would have noticed the least alteration in my voice, the thinnest cloud on my goodhumor; now I can be really angry with him, without his being aware of it."

The afternoon seemed to me to have no end. I was excited and feverish. I tried everything in succession; I could sit down to nothing. I went down to tea a great deal farther from the right path than I was at dinnertime. I sat down silent and peevish. My husband tried several times to begin a conversation, but in vain.

"Annie," said he at last, with great kindness, "are you not well to-day?"

"Not quite," replied I, with a sigh.

"What ails you?"

"My head aches; the child kept me awake nearly the whole of the night."

It was the truth, but only part of the truth. I felt guilty to stop there. He advised me to lie down on the sofa, and offered to read for me. I felt how kind it was of him—it was the good old time. Although the new time had lasted but one day, it seemed to me eternity. But I wanted something else. I wished for a clear explanation, and I would not allow him to jump over it; I resolved to sulk till he should come to that explanation, till he should see and feel that after such a misunderstanding I could not recover my former happiness without reciprocal repentance and forgiveness. So I declined the sofa and the reading, saying it was necessary I should go to bed. I left him alone with his lamp, his book and a good fire, just as when he was still unmarried. I went upstairs, laid down and cried myself to sleep. You laugh, Emily; you think that I was mad. You are right. Now I believe so myself.

"And how did it all finish?"

I sulked one week, becoming every day more silent and more peevish. When alone I used to take my child and cry over him, as if my husband were dead, as if I had but that child in this world. How unhappy I was! And every day added something to my burden; every time I saw my husband I found something new to blame him for. Now he was too kind, then he was not kind enough; one time he talked too much, another time not enough. He bore my ill-temper most patiently, believing that I was ill. One day he came home to tell me that he had eight days' leave of absence, had hired a carriage, and that I was to pack up quickly, for we should be away in an hour. We were going to my mother for a week.

"It is better to pay travelling expenses than doctor's bills, my love," said he. "I will not have you to pine away as you do for the last few days. We shall send old Bridget away, shut the house, leave care behind and enjoy ourselves."

He spoke with such kindness, that I felt inclined to throw myself on his neck and to cry all my tears, when remembering my odious conduct, but the moment had not come yet.

I packed up as quickly as I could. Before having half done, I took the resolution to tell him all, from beginning to end from that instant; an immense weight was taken from me; my heart was as light as a feather. My face, the sound of my voice, all was altered. I knew it, and he saw it so soon as I met him again.

"Well, Annie," said he, "I really believe that the mere idea of travelling has cured you; we may as well stay at home."

Such is my story, Emily; the remainder would not be interesting to you.

"No, no, Annie, do not deprive me of the best part of it. Tell me how you made peace."

We got in the carriage, and went on gaily till dark. The child fell asleep then. The evening was splendid. Nature was wrapped in silence and quietness, and I envied that quietness. Tears of repentance started from my eyes, and they fell on the child before I knew it. My husband perceived them.

"What! Annie," said he, with the greatest surprise; "are you unhappy?"

"I am so sorry," sobbed I.

"Sorry! and for what, my darling; are you not happy? Is there anything on your mind?"

"I am so sorry to have been so wicked the whole week."

"What do you mean?" said he, more and more astonished.

"How should you not know?" and I began by the beginning, and told him all my story; how I had forgotten myself, and answered him harshly when he had told me that his coffee had not as good a taste at home as at his mother's; how that had annoyed me; how he had forgotten it, and had not fallen on his knees, asking for forgiveness; how I had thought of it for eight days; how that thought had poisoned my heart and spoiled all my enjoyments; how many tears I had shed when alone, thinking that all was over between us, and that we should never love one another as we did love before. He listened to me without saying a word, and then broke in a most joyous laugh:

"I want to know, Annie," said he, "if that is the only complaint you have been suffering from the whole week. Certainly—"

He stopped the horse, to make him turn back.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Go back home. if that be all your complaint."

I laughed as heartily as himself, for now, that my sin was confessed, I felt very happy. But I pulled at the reins, touched the horse with the whip, and he started briskly in the direction of my mother's home.

Then we took the resolution never to allow the sun to set on our little misunderstandings, so that we should always lie down in peace, if not with the whole world, at least with one another.

We have faithfully kept our agreement. I have never spent another miserable week as the one I have related to you, and I know that I shall never see such a one again.

I hope, Emily, that you will find with Harry the happiness I enjoy with my husband. The best wish I can form for you, is that your first quarrel will also be the last one.

A little fellow going to church for the first time, where the pews were very high, was asked, on coming out, what he did in church, when he replied: "I went into a cupboard, and took a seat on the shelf."

A Warning needed at all Fashionable Assemblages.—Look out for the paint.

ASTRÆA AT THE CAPITOL.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1862.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

When first I saw our banner wave
Above the nation's council hall,
I heard beneath its marble wall
The clanking fetters of the slave!

In the foul market-place I stood,
And saw the Christian mother sold,
And childhood with its locks of gold,
Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood.

I shut my eyes, I held my breath,
And smothering down the wrath and shame
That set my Northern blood aflame,
Stood silent—where to speak was death.

Beside me gloomed the prison-cell
Where wasted one in slow decline
For uttering simple words of mine,
And loving freedom all too well.

The flag that floated from the dome
Flapped menace in the morning air;
I stood, a perilled stranger, where
The human broker made his home.

For crime was virtue; Gown and Sword
And Law their threefold sanction gave,
And to the quarry of the slave
Went hawking with our symbol-bird.

On the oppressor's side was power;
And yet I knew that every wrong
However old, however strong,
But waited God's avenging hour.

I knew that truth would crush the lie,—
Somehow, sometime the end would be;
Yet scarcely dared I hope to see
The triumph with my mortal eye.

But now I see it! In the sun
A free flag floats from yonder dome,
And at the nation's hearth and home
The justice long delayed is done.

Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,
The message of deliverance comes,
But heralded by roll of drums,
On waves of battle-troubled air!—

'Midst sounds that madden and appall,
The song that Bethlehem's shepherds knew!
The harp of David melting through
The demon-agonies of Saul!

Not as we hoped; but what are we?
Above our broken dreams and plans
God lays with wiser hand than man's
The corner-stones of liberty.

I cavil not with Him: the voice
That freedom's blessed gospel tells
Is sweet to me as silver bells,
Rejoicing! yea, I will rejoice!

Dear friends still toiling in the sun,—
Ye dearer ones, who, gone before,
Are watching from the eternal shore,
The slow work by your hands begun,—

Rejoice with me! The chastening rod
Blossoms with love; the furnace heat
Grows cool beneath His blessed feet
Whose form is as the Son of God!

Rejoice! Our Marah's bitter springs
Are sweetened; on our ground of grief
Rise day by day in strong relief
The prophecies of better things.

Rejoice in hope! the day and night
Are one with God, and one with them
Who see by faith the cloudy hem
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light!

Atlantic Monthly for June.

WAITING FOR 'PA.

Three little forms in the twilight gray,
Scanning the shadows across the way;
Six little eyes, four black, two blue,
Brimful of love and happiness, too,
Watching for 'pa.

May, with her placid and thoughtful brow,
Gentle face beaming with love just now,
Willie the rogue, so loving and gay,
Stealing sly kisses from sister May,
Watching for 'pa.

Nelly, with ringlets of sunny hue,
Cosily nestled between the two,
Pressing her cheek to the window-pane,
Wishing the absent one home again,
Watching for 'pa.

O! how they gaze at the passers-by;
"He's coming at last," they gayly cry;
"Try again, my pets!" exclaims mamma,
And Nellie adds, "There's the twilight star
Watching for 'pa."

Jack nods and smiles, as with busy feet
He lights the lamps of their quiet street,
That sweet little group he knows full well,
May and Willie, with golden-haired Nell,
Watching for 'pa.

Soon joyous shouts from the window-seat,
And eager patter of childish feet
Gay musical chimes ring through the hall,
A manly voice responds to the call,
"Welcome, papa."

Child at Home.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

BY ROWLAND BROWN.

Little drops of dew
Give life to fainting flowers;
Little moments beating true
Make up this life of ours.
From the tiny acorn springs
Proudest of majestic trees;
And from little fluttering wings
Fall the sweetest melodies.
And as little golden seeds
Glorious harvests may impart,
So will little kindly deeds
Make a Heaven of the heart.

Dost thou sometimes doubt thy strength?
Dost thou weak and trembling feel?
See! the little trickling stream
Turns at last the giant wheel.
See the beauteous coral isle,
Mark those grottoes of the wave;
They should make thee wear a smile,
And thy heart grow bold and brave!
For, like daisies from the sod
To the winter-weary heart,
So, the weakest child of God
May some thrill of joy impart.

Journal from New Orleans towards New York D. Hoffses

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Sunday 12 day of Apr 1863
1	4		N by W	E N E		This day com fresh breezes and
2	4					fine weather
3	4					At noon tacked ship to the Northward
4	4					
5	5					
6	5					At 6 P M tacked ship to the S Eastward
7	4		S E by S	"		
8	4					
9	4					
10	4					
11	4					
12	4					Mid part wind moderates and
1	4					plesant weather
2	4					
3	3					
4	3					
5	3					
6	3					Lat by Obs 23-25
7	2					
8	2					
9	2		N by E	"		At 8 A M tacked ship head to
10	2					the North ward.
11	2					Latter part light winds and
12	2					plesant weather Pumps well attended

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Monday 13 day of April 18
1	2		N by W	E N E		This day com with light winds
2	2					and plesant weather
3	2					
4	2					At 4 P M tacked ship to the Eastward
5	3		E S E	N E		
6	3					
7	3					
8	3					
9	3		North	E N E		At 6 P M tacked ship to the North
10	4					
11	4					
12	4					Mid part Moderate breezes and
1	3		N by E	East		fine weather wind veering to
2	3					the South Eastward
3	3					
4	3					
5	4		N E by E	S E		
6	4					Lat by Obs 23 42 N
7	4					
8	4					
9	4					
10	4					
11	4					Latter part same as Middle
12	4					Pumps attended to

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

THE DAGUERREOTYPISTS.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Oh, poets of a wondrous art!
Ye have most nobly set this ago
To music on the sunlit page
That holds the image of the heart.

So now our sweet ones cannot die—
They flash upon us where we stand,
God-painted by the poet's hand
With the clear splendor of the sky!

And though the foreign summers break
About their wandering steps, we hold
The darling face, the shadowy gold,
The ideal-real, for love's sake:

And though the dreary winters blow
Across their silent resting place,
We kiss the image of the face
That moulders in the dust below.

Yours is the awful art to win
The fading unto fadeless bloom—
To wrest the beauty from the tomb
That darkly clasps our treasures in.

We keep the ideal, and the grave
May take the real for a space,
Since on us shines the pictured grace
Of all that glorious beauty gave.

And, poet-artists, take my lay,
I give it with a grateful heart—
The stamp of God-hood on your art
Redeems ye from our common clay!

A DAY'S PLEASURING.

A SKETCH OF LONG AGO.

"Man proposes but God disposes."

"Two jintlemin in the parlor for Miss Kate," said Irish Maggie, thrusting her head into my aunt's room, where we were sitting at our sewing, one pleasant summer morning.

"Gentlemen, Maggie? Who are they? Did they give their names?"

"Faith, and that they didn't, Miss Kate. But they're just some of thim young sparks that do be comin' here so often that they thinks I know thim well by now. Shall I tell 'em ye're comin' down, Miss Kate?"

"No, Maggie, I am coming to tell them myself," I replied, smoothing down my hair before the glass, and pulling my collar straight.

"Never mind, Kate, you'll do very well for the gentlemen. It can't be *somebody*, for he was here last night,—there, don't blush so, I've no more to say."

"What a dear, provoking auntie!" I answered, kissing her; and then, concluding that I *did* look well enough for the two gentlemen, I went down stairs.

To tell the truth, I did half expect to see *somebody* when I opened the parlor door. The green, Venetian blinds were closed to exclude the light, but the room was not so dark that I failed to recognize the two gentlemen who rose as I entered.

"Good morning, good morning, Miss Kate," they chorussed, in laughing tones. "You deserve credit for not making us wait, as Miss Lane did, whom we called upon just now."

"She came down dressed as if for a party," said Mr. Roberts. "But Miss Kate knows better. She knows that beauty when unadorned is most adorned."

"Thank you, Mr. Roberts, for giving me so much credit for knowledge; but I am at a loss to understand how I have gained it."

"Ah, you know very well what I mean; but I must not say any more, for Mr. Stowe is impatient to do his errand, I see, and then we must be off."

"Be seated, then, gentlemen, and I will listen. On so warm a morning everything should be done cooly and deliberately. There—I am ready to hear, and you to speak, I think."

"Well, the fact is, that we are ambassadors, Miss Kate, with proper credentials, empowered by—in fact, 'not to put too fine a point upon it,' we are sent in the name of the Bachelor's Club of S., to invite you to an excursion for the 20th, provided it should be a pleasant day—*if not, the first fine day* afterward. We have chartered the Paul Pry, and are going to spend the day upon Ash Island. We shall have music, and something by way of eatables, and are going to invite all the young ladies in town. Will you go?"

"Certainly, I shall be very happy to do so, if my friends are going. Have all the young ladies accepted the invitation?"

"All conditionally, if not fully. Some of the ladies we have called upon feared they had engagements for that day, and others wished to consult their mammas. All seemed pleased with the proposition, however, and I think will attend, if possible."

"Consider me engaged for the excursion, then," I said, as the gentlemen rose to go. "I thank you much for affording me so delightful a project in anticipation."

The gentlemen bowed themselves out, and I ran up to impart to my aunt a knowledge of this delightful invitation. There was one thought connected with it which I did not impart, but sat dreaming over it as I sewed mechanically upon a long seam: *Somebody* belonged to the Bachelor's Club *now*, and *somebody* was sure to be my particular escort on the 20th; and there were delightful groves in which we might ramble, the long, bright day through, upon Ash Island.

Well, well, we have all had our dreams, I suppose! Happy for us if the dear *somebody* of our youth has not long since faded out of them!

The sun rose bright up into the clear sky on the long expected morning of the 20th. At ten o'clock *somebody* called, and you may be sure he was not kept waiting very long. We walked along the pleasant streets, usually so quiet, but now gay with the pretty summer-toilets of the young ladies, and their bright faces, as they wended their way, with one of the "Bachelors" by her side, to the pier where the Paul Pry was moored.

The little boat, that with its inquisitive, saucy air, seemed to merit the name bestowed upon it, was in its best trim that day. The decks scoured to the last degree of whiteness, flags and streamers waving from its mast-head, and festooned about the walls of the tiny cabin, and a general holiday jauntiness of appearance, as if it was about setting out upon some pleasant mission.

Presently everybody was on board, and all was ready. The escape-pipe ceased sending forth its thunder, the paddles moved slowly round, and, with the band upon the deck playing a lively air. the Paul Pry backed crab-wise out of "the cove," turned in a broad, circling track when she reached the open bay, and then sped upon her course; while faint over the waters, from the receding shore, came the loud hurrahs of the crowd of idle men and boys who had gathered to see us off.

Oh, how beautiful were the blue waters of that lovely bay that summer morning—every tiny riplet sending back sparks of light as the sun-rays played upon it; while the green shores, dotted with white hamlets and scattered farm-houses, with here and there a church-spire pointing upward into the infinite blue, where the fleecy clouds sailed on, like the wings of angels hovering over the beautiful earth, seemed smiling in vernal beauty, and rejoicing in the sweetest harmonies of nature, never felt more deeply than in that peaceful and lovely spot. Youth, and joy, and beauty—ye sang to me your divinest song that summer morning of long ago! Discords and grief notes have mingled with the strain as the years rolled on, but its pristine melody has never melted from my ear!

I wore slight mourning for a dear friend but recently "gone home," and so did not mingle in the dance which merry youths and maidens kept up on the white deck, with undiminished spirit, all the morning, until the wooded points and tiny islands, green as emeralds rising up out of the blue water, passed, the Paul Pry came out upon the open lake, where there were waves rolling high enough to make their footing a little unsteady. Promenading and flirting, much sensible talk and also much chattering, filled up the time until the Paul Pry rounded up towards Ash Island, and cast anchor in a little bay, between two jutting points, and the party were speedily disembarked.

Very joyously and happily passed that long *summer afternoon. The gayer ones of the party* danced merrily upon the velvety green-sward, so smooth and level that one and all declared it must have been the fairies' rendezvous. The sentimental ones strolled in groups, or pairs, among the trees, or followed the course of the prattling brook that emptied its bright waters into the bay where the Paul Pry was moored. Others embarked, with their fishing tackle, upon a tiny lakelet which, without visible outlet or inlet, or connection with the Lake, was embedded in the green, setting off the ancient trees that rose above the highest point of the island. Meanwhile, busy servants were laying a long table beneath the trees, and flitting to and fro as they prepared to serve the excellent dinner which the host of the "Exchange" had sent on board the Paul Pry just before we started.

Weston Stowe, one of the famous committee whose visit was mentioned at the head of this little sketch, had long been attached to sweet Annie Barton. Weston was a lawyer, and as he had only a few months before hung his sign upon the front of a neat office in Main-street, and already commenced a flourishing professional business, it was confidently supposed the marriage would not be much longer delayed.

Annie Barton was an orphan girl who found a pleasant home in the house of a rich, childless uncle; where she was as a daughter to the old couple who almost worshipped her in return for the love she bestowed upon them. They had made but one condition to their consent to her marriage—that was, that she should still continue to reside with them. When Weston Stowe would have declined this condition, as detracting something from his independence and his just pride in desiring to provide a home, all his own, for his lovely bride, Mr. Barton had silenced his scruples by saying:—

"*This house and all I have will be Annie's when I am gone. My life cannot be prolonged many years; and, surely, you will not deprive its declining days of the sunshine of Annie's presence. The 'auld wife' and I would walk in darkness the remnant of our lives if Annie went from us.*"

Weston yielded, as who would not to such an appeal; and so it was settled that an adopted son would soon be added to the Bartons' household. To-day the pair walked apart, and talked in low tones of their happiness, and discussed their plans for the new life which was about to commence. To them everything around put on an added beauty, seen through the medium of their deep happiness.

Strolling along the woodland paths with *somebody* beside me, I saw Weston and Annie seated upon the mossy roots of a huge beech, and would have turned away, unwilling to interrupt their conversation, which I saw was engrossing. But Annie caught sight of us, and gaily called us to her side. Weston gave me his place, and the two gentlemen, themselves as fast friends as Annie and myself, stood leaning against the tree and looking down upon us while we discussed the plans of the approaching wedding, and the fitting up of those rooms in the Barton mansion which were to be devoted to the married pair. I was to be Annie's bridesmaid; and *somebody* had promised to be bridegroom's man "just to learn how to conduct himself when his turn came."

We sat there, deeply interested in our talk, until the summons to dinner was heard; and the separate parties of strollers and anglers were seen making their way towards the verdant dining-hall. The fairies' ball-room was deserted, and nymphs who had tripped upon the green-sward, almost as lightly as Titania's subjects, were soon seen at table entering into a consumption of the excellent viands with appetites that showed they were but human beings, after all.

Mirth and laughter, jest and song, passed round the "festive board," until full justice had been done to the good things gathered there; and then the party dispersed again—some hieing to the ball-room, as they termed it, with renewed gaiety, and others starting off through the wood for the lakelet in the hopes of catching a few more fish—at any rate of being able to boast of having sailed over the surface of its mysterious waters.

The four who had sat beneath the beech-tree were of this party. When we reached the shore we found the boat so old and crazy that Annie and I both shrank from entering it. I was always fearful and timid about going upon the water in small boats, and could not be persuaded to enter this; but Annie, more courageous, or more trustful in Weston's promises that no harm should come to her, than I in those whispered in my ear, finally consented. Weston aided her into the boat. As he was about to follow, he suddenly turned back to me.

"Miss Kate," said he, "I can't tell why it should be so, but ever since our conversation this afternoon, these words have been singing in my ears. 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' Can it be that anything will come in to mar our plans, and to ruin our happiness?"

He looked at me so appealingly, that, though his words struck a chill to my heart, I could not refrain from answering, with a light laugh:

"Nonsense! Don't be sentimental, Mr. Stowe. 'Away with melancholy,' was our motto for to-day, you know, and now Annie is waiting for you, and wondering at this mysterous conference."

I could see that my light words jarred unpleasantly upon some chord of feeling, and I half repented having uttered them. But before I had time to say more, he turned away and leaped into the boat.

I stood upon the bank watching them as they rowed out into the centre of the lakelet and threw out their lines. There were several fish caught, and we could hear the merry voices and the little screams of the girls at some sudden motion of the boat, or as the little creatures they lifted out of their element, were thrown into their midst. In a few minutes the signal was given to return to the shore, and the steam was heard escaping from the Paul Pry's pipe. The gentlemen lifted their oars, and turned the boat toward the little landing where we stood.

I never knew how it happened, or whether any *one deserved blame, but* suddenly the crazy boat careened and filled; and, in a momeut the whole party were precipitated into the water.

"Run for assistance," sounded in my ear, above the shrieks of the drowning. I turned just as my friend plunged into the water to swim to the rescue. Franticly I sped along the rough path, unheeding the briars that tore my dress and wounded my flesh, or the stones over which I stumbled. My cries brought assistance, and by the time I returned, all the party save one, had been drawn on shore. Annie Barton was not yet found, and Weston Stowe was madly insisting on plunging again into the lake, in search of her. He soon relapsed into insensibility, for he had gone down several times in search of her, before he would allow himself to be drawn upon the shore, and was fearfully exhausted by his exertions. He, with the rest, were conveyed on board the steam-boat, while the little lake was dragged with boat-hooks as thoroughly as possible, in hope of finding the body of Annie Barton.

At last, but not until the twilight had fallen solemnly upon the dark woods and tiny lake, the hook grappled in her white dress, and she was raised to the surface. I saw her as they laid her upon the beach, so cold and white. There was a dark wound upon her temple, which had probably caused insensibility, if not almost instant death. Thus she had sunk at once and never risen.

In what a sad procession we bore the dead girl back to the boat, which she had left that morning with a heart beating beneath its burden of happiness! How solemnly we sailed out upon the dim lake, bearing that still form to the home which the sunlight of her radiant face should no more illuminate! How silently we sat there, with the hearts which had swelled with joy at morning, now as the stars came out and shone down holily upon us, aching beneath the weight of our great sorrow.

The hours seemed very long before we found ourselves entering the cove, and approaching the crowded pier. Then we would fain have added many more to their number, if we might thus have delayed the announcement of the sorrowful finale of our day of pleasuring. But the boat came slowly up to the wharf, and we began to see the faces of anxious fathers and elder brothers, whom wonder at our late return had congregated thither.

"Where's my little Sunshine?" we heard Mr. Barton's cheery voice saying, as he stood in the front ranks, with his servant John by his side, holding a lantern so as to throw its light upon the deck.

"Where's Annie? Here Stowe—Weston, my boy, why don't you bring Annie ashore?"

Poor Weston could only moan and shudder as he sat in the little cabin, holding the dead girl's hand in his.

"What shall we do, Weston?" whispered Roberts. "Don't you hear Mr. Barton?"

"Go to him, Roberts. I cannot face him yet. Ah," he added, "he little knows what a sad burden his carriage will convey to his home to-night. Kate," turning to me, "do you remember what I said to you as I was entering the boat? I would have given anything, almost, if you would have uttered one word then to dissuade me from going."

Cries of horror and surprise sounded from the wharf. The announcement had been made, and the crowd surged back as it was cried [illegible] that Mr. Barton had fallen in a fit. Then as he was borne away to his carriage, which was waiting at the pier-head, the crowd swayed again and commenced pouring aboard the boat. Four stout arms lifted the slight form of the drowned girl, and carried her out of the little cabin, through the throng that pressed forward for a last look upon her sweet, pale face, and laid her in the carriage beside her still insensible uncle. The party dispersed to carry the tale of horror to their homes, the crowd retired, and soon the Paul Pry lay in solitude and darkness at her wharf. Thus ended our day of pleasuring.

Light and gladness went out of Annie Barton's home when they bore her forth to burial. The old people did not long survive her, and then the beautiful home, that should have been Weston's and Annie's, passed into the hands of strangers, and her name was heard no more in the halls where it had so long been the synonym of joy and light.

It was long, very long, before Weston Stowe recovered from the fearful shock he had received. A long illness followed, and soon after his recovery he left S. The very place had become hateful to him, since it had witnessed both his great happiness and his mighty sorrow. Years have passed since his name has greeted my ears. I once heard that he was a rising man, but I know that no breath of fame, no height of gratified ambition could ever make him the happy man that he was on that lovely day, long ago, when he last looked upon the living face of his promised bride—sweet Annie Barton.

Light hearts have grown heavy since that day, dark locks have been streaked with snowy monitors of age, or mementoes of suffering—hopes have faded, joys have withered, Death has claimed his victims, Misfortune hers; and, scattered wide o'er the world's broad battle-plain, they who are left still struggle on, waiting ever for the day of rest, or of deliverance.

M. C. V.

For the New England Farmer.

THE LINDEN.

Across the winter-blighted sward,
  With sad, slow footsteps treading,
I mark, O Linden, full and broad,
  Thy trustful branches spreading!

Each golden tassel cheerily
  In blooming beauty swingeth,
And with its meagre leaves, to me
  A holy lesson bringeth.

Though life's chilled fount sent scant supplies,
  The old trunk promptly lifted
Its bravest show, and blossoms rise
  In faith and hope new-gifted.

And for the violets, cowering low,
  Their frail buds gently shielding,
While its gnarled roots in silence grow—
  Their tower of strength up-building,—

May not my feeble faith bloom forth,
  Although in simplest fashion,—
Gladden and bless the murmuring earth
  With peace and kind compassion?

May not my trusting eye bring down,
  From God's unclouded heaven,
Dews of His grace and love to crown
  Souls to my keeping given?

Anne G. Hal

Lon. in. Lon. by Ob

April 18

the calms and

the Eastward

winds and

N

to the Westward

Eastward

winds and fair

this day

Lon. in. Lon. by Ob.

Journal from New Orleans **towards** New York D Hoffes [illegible]

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 16 day of April 1863
1	2		East	S W		This day com with light
2	2					winds and fair weather
3	2					
4	2					
5	2					
6	2					
7	2					
8	2					
9	2					
10	2					
11	3					
12	3					Mid part same as forme
1	2			West		
2	2					
3	2					
4						At 3 AM saw Sand Cay light
5				N W		bearing N E
6						
7						
8						At 8 AM Sand Cay Light house
9	4		W by N	N N E		bore NWbyW dist 12 miles
10	4					
11	3					Lat by Obs 24 17 N
12	2					Latter part light breezes and pleasant weather

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Friday 17 day of April 18
1	3					
2	3		"			This day com with light winds
3	2		N by W	N by E		and pleasant weather
4	2					
5	2					At 4 PM made Sombrero light
6	2					house
7	3					
8	4					
9	4					At 8 PM Sombrero light bore
10	5					NW distance 15 miles
11	5					
12	6					
1	6		N N E	North		Mid part Fresh breezes and
2	6					fair weather
3	6					
4	6					
5	5					Saw two Barques running to the S westward
6	5					
7	5					Lat by Obs 25-08
8	5					
9	4					
10	4		N E	N N W		At 12 noon made the Riding Rock on bahamas
11	4					Bank
12	4					Lat part Moderate breezs and plesant

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MARION'S APPEAL TO HIS COUNTRYMEN BEFORE THE ATTACK UPON CHARLESTON BY THE BRITISH.

BY CAROLINE L. JAQUES.

Arouse ye sluggards! Shall it be,
To despots such as these,
That free-born citizens will e'er
Submissive bend the knees?

Shall England's myrmidons, unchecked,
Invade with lawless stride
The land where Freedom's altar stands,
Undaunted in its pride?

Awake! be men, and scornful hurl
Defiance to their teeth;
Nor dare, unconquered, e'er to thrust
Your swords within their sheath.

What though unarmed against the foe,
Shall tyranny prevail?
Protectors of your country's rights,
With God, ye cannot fail!

Your watchword, Liberty!—your shield,
Hearts unappalled by death:
Resolved for victory, or else,
Unvanquished, yield your breath.

Then up, to arms! With rapid steps
Britannia's blood-stained hosts
Advance—death to the traitor who
Can now desert his post!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"SNOWED UP" IN THE CARS.

BY KATE WARE.

HE clock was striking eleven, and Kate Duncan was sitting in y chair in front of the grate looking musingly at the bright s. The room (Kate's room) was in a shocking state of disor- bits of paper scattered all over the floor, little boxes and dles lying on the table, bed, and chairs, and muslins, boots brushes in unwonted neighborhood on the bureau, while an en trunk, already nearly full, told the cause of the confusion. ate was going on a journey to-morrow. *Mrs. Duncan had an* ld friend, now a widow, living in Boston, who had been pleading or a long time for a vi[illegible] from Kate. Her own daughter was near Kate's age, and they would do everything to make her enjoy herself. So "mother" had at last consented, as Kate had just left school and needed relaxation. 'Twas a great event in her quiet, simple life, this first visit from home. So, tired with packing, and running up and down stairs after things that can never be found when wanted, she had settled herself comfortably before the fire, and was wasting her time in true girl-fashion, in dreaming dreams and building "castles in the air," instead of undressing and going soberly to bed, as a tired, well-behaved oung lady should do.

Here let me make a little [illegible]ession. As the age and appearance of the heroine ar[illegible] of the first importance in a story, I consider it right to inform you at once as to Kate. She is, or rather was at this time, eighteen years old, and she was not what people generally call "a beauty," though she looked almost so now, with the ruddy fire-light dancing over her face and form. Kate, alas, was only "*pretty*." She had pretty hair, wavy and brown, clear, truthful, brown eyes, and her lips and cheeks were bright with the rich, healthy bloom of youth, while shining through all, and making their truest charm, was her frank, sunny, loving nature, that always won her friends.

Sitting there musing, all sorts of romantic notions and fancies were chasing through her brain at this visit—for Kate had read the usual number of novels that go to make up a part of every girl's reading, and had besides an imagination quite active enough before. After a while, becoming more prosaic, she wondered if the Hamiltons where she was going to visit would like her, she being sure to like them, hoping very much they would, that is, all but Robert. "It was such a pity that he wasn't somebody she should like, it would have been so nice, and they would have had such pleasant times." She had heard much about this Robert, Bella Hamilton's *only brother. He was handsome she imagined,* and he was talented, and his sister was never tired of praising or admiring him, so that Kate really had an uncomfortable awe of the paragon, and feeling sure that he wouldn't deign to notice *her*, had made up her mind to dislike *him*. Then there was another thing about him; he couldn't be called a "woman hater" certainly, for he was everything to his mother and sister, but she had heard that though it was the fashion in Boston to admire him, he kept all the belles at a distance by the polite indifference and reserve with which he treated them, and Kate didn't relish the idea of being so treated, though to be sure she wasn't a belle at all. Altogether, she viewed him as likely to be the one great drawback to the pleasure of her visit. Having pursued her "maiden meditations" thus far, her mother's foot was heard on the stairs, and she came in with a dress on her arm.

"Kate, why don't you go to bed? it's after eleven. Is your trunk packed?"

Kate started.

"Almost, mother, just a few things to put in."

"Well, I'll finish it. Please hand me those muslins on the bureau. I'll put your travelling dress here on the chair for you, so as to be handy in the morning. You'd better go right to bed."

The weather next morning was anything but pleasant; the sky was dull and leaden, and, as Mr. Duncan remarked at breakfast, "looked as though it would snow before noon." It made but little difference though to Kate, since it didn't prevent her going. She stood waiting for the carriage, and as she shook out the folds of her pretty brown travelling-dress, and threw back her veil over her becoming little bonnet as she tied it on before the glass, the reader must pardon her if it was with an agreeable consciousness that that face and form were unmistakably pretty; and yet she wasn't vain of it, but only glad. But she forgot all about it when she came to bid "the children" good-by, and was very near crying as her mother kissed her, and whispered: "Don't forget to pray night and morning, Kate, and write often, for we shall miss you very much." Her father's "come, Kate, the carriage is waiting," was just in time to prevent such a catastrophe, however, and when he claimed his kiss in the entry, "for fear of being cheated out of it at the cars," she laughed merrily, and put on a shocked expression and serio-comic air, and asked him "if he supposed she was going to kiss there, *right before the hackman!*"

The cars started at last. Kate leaned back in her seat and made herself as comfortable as she could for the tedious five hours' ride before her. When she got tired of watching the trees and fences fly past, for all the world as though they were on a skating match over the hard smooth snow, she took to watching those around her. Unfortunately, there was nothing at all funny or out of the way in any of them, except, perhaps, a couple on the opposite side of the car, evidently just married, who were most undisguisedly affectionate and proud of each other. The bride was arrayed in the most bridish of bridal bonnets, and was in constant fear of getting it hurt and spotted, and Kate couldn't help laughing to hear her exclamations of "O, dear! there's a spark! Now there's another!"

In front of Kate sat a gentleman all intent on a newspaper. Before they got to the first way-station it began to snow thick and fast, and she noticed that the further they went the deeper the snow looked, as though it had been snowing all night, while here and there it was much drifted. The scenery was very monotonous, so having nothing else to do, she made her vis-a-vis a subject for her favorite study, physiognomy, and amused herself with guessing from his face what his character was.

It was a striking face, with a great deal of firmness and "character" in the expression of the mouth, a certain calm earnestness and clearness in the eyes, and in his whole person and manner an unmistakable air of the gentleman. "I'm glad he has got such a *fine face, if he is going to sit opposite me," thought Kate. Just at this interesting point* in her reflections, the gentleman in question looked up, and met her eyes fixed on him. Kate colored at being caught staring so, and looked quickly away to the other side of the car. The brid[illegible]room was just then tenderly spreading his red silk handkerchief over the bonnet of his fair one, to protect it from a sudden shower of sparks, and Kate to keep from laughing had to turn away again, and met a second time the eyes of the gentleman, who was looking the same way, and evidently trying to conceal a smile. "Your mouth is handsome when you smile," thought Miss Kate, "and I've no doubt you may be aware of the fact yourself. I don't wish to be caught staring at you all the time though." So, as a last resort from ennui, she drew her veil over her face and tried to go to sleep.

About eleven o'clock the cars, which had been moving very slowly, stopped altogether. Everybody looked out of the windows, but could see nothing but great drifts of snow and a little red farmhouse way off in the distance. The gentlemen who went out to see what the trouble was, soon came back and stood round the stove, talking and stamping the snow off their feet. Kate listened to what they said, and found that they had got into a snow drift, and that it would take two or three hours at least to shovel the snow away so that they could go on. Some were grumbling and scolding because the conductor had taken no snow-plough.

"We had better take it easy," said a great cheery looking man in a red woolen comforter. "They say there is just such another drift a little way ahead, only worse if anything. It will be time enough to fret when we come to that."

Kate was of the same opinion, but did not feel quite easy till she had asked the gentleman in front of her if there was any danger of their being run into by another train.

"O, no; but we shall be delayed on the road a few hours, and not reach Boston till late in the afternoon."

Perhaps he noticed that she looked rather disconsolate at the *thought, for after taking* the last "Harper" from his overcoat pocket and looking it over a few minutes he offered it to her, politely saying perhaps it would help pass away the time.

Two, three, four hours passed, wearily "dragging their slow length along," and no progress, the red farmhouse still in view. At last they detached the hind car, and the passengers were turned into the next one, which was where Kate sat, and every seat was filled except the one beside her. Then the engine gave a great puff, as if taking a long breath and preparing for a great effort, and the cars started in earnest. Everybody brightened up, the bridegroom whispered in the white bonnet, "Martha Ann, dear, cheer up, we're going!" and there was a universal expression of satisfaction, and exclamations of "This is something like now!" "How delightful!" etc.

But they hadn't run more than half an hour when they came to a deeper drift than the one from which they had just been shovelled, and made a full stop. The snow was growing every moment deeper and deeper, they were in the midst of the woods, and the wind whistled through the bare branches, which swayed and rocked in the storm, making the scene more dreary, and seeming to Kate to clap their hands in exultation at their dark, gloomy situation. It was not light enough to read any longer, so she returned the "Harper." She first, however, had the curiosity to notice the name written on the cover, Joshua Carter, and thought what a homely name. Then she leaned back in her seat, and dwelt on the gloomy prospect before her, feeling faint and tired as well as lonely and forlorn. She heard those round her say there was now no prospect of even reaching D——, where they could get something to eat, till midnight. Some one else said that there was no wood, and the fire was almost out, and he didn't know but what they should freeze, and a little child began to cry bitterly for a drink of water. Poor Kate began to feel worse and worse. She dreaded the idea of being all night in the car *alone*, though surrounded on all sides by men, some of them with coarse, disagreeable faces, and breaths smelling strongly of liquor. There were but two other women in the car, and they both had some one to care for them. How she wished her father had come with her, or that she had somebody to speak to. The gentleman who had occupied the seat in front of her and had lent her the magazine, had left his seat and was walking thoughtfully up and down the car. Presently, to her surprise, he came and took the seat beside her, and said, abruptly:

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"This must be a very unpleasant situation for a young lady travelling alone. We may be here all night, and even if we reach a place where we can get refreshment by midnight, without a protector I am afraid you will fare but poorly among such a crowd of hungry men. If you will allow me, I shall be very happy to see that you are taken care of, and be of service to you in any way I can."

Kate felt that under his protection she could not but be safe, aud his face inspired her with entire confidence in his honor and goodness of heart. So she thanked him, told him she did feel very lonely, and should be glad to have some one to protect her, for though it was very foolish, she felt afraid without any one to speak to, even. His face showed that he appreciated her frank trust in him. After awhile he drew her into conversation, and whether it was his quiet, deferential way of listening to what she said, or the singular ease and grace with which he himself talked, Kate soon forgot her timidity in talking with an entire stranger, and one so dignified, almost stern looking, and was chatting away with him almost as if he were an old friend, while her low, merry laugh really cheered those near her.

With so delightful a companion the time passed quickly. The little lamps were lighted, but their flicker only lighted those near *them, while all the rest were in deep shadow.* The fire having all gone out, the car was so cold that though Kate drew her cloak round her she could not help shivering. Her protector had relapsed into silence and was looking dreamily out of the window, but happening to look at Kate he saw that she was very cold. Quickly taking off the large, gray travelling-shawl he wore, he was going to wrap it round her. Kate remonstrated.

"You need it yourself, sir. I am not so very cold."

He smiled, and saying "I am sorry I didn't think of it before," put it over her shoulders with a quiet firmness that was not to be resisted, so she luxuriated in its warmth all the rest of the way.

Everybody in the car became very sleepy and quiet, and seemed resolved that they would make themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Kate was very tired, and laughingly telling her companion that the force of example was too much for her, and that he should see what a wonderful talent she had for sleeping, she had prepared for a nap. The pillow that he made for her out of the shawl, keeping it from falling back by supporting it with his hand, was so comfortable that she soon fell asleep. The light from the lamp above fell full on her face as she lay there, resting as quietly as if in her own little room at home, and she looked so pretty that I cannot resist the opportunity for telling you of it. Her bonnet had half slipped off, and the gentleman beside her, having placed his arm round the top of the seat to keep the shawl under her head, in moving her head in her sleep she had thrown it back till now it was unconsciously resting on his arm, her warm cheek almost touching his hand. Our faces are truer tell-tales of our characters in sleeping than when we are awake, and Kate's now was so unconsciously sweet and childlike, and the abandon of her posture so winning, that I hope the stranger may be pardoned for not taking his arm away, and for the admiration with which he sat looking at her.

She had slept two hours or so, when a sudden motion of the car awakened her. On opening her eyes and discovering her position, she blushed and immediately sat up very straight, to make up for it. But the gentleman was talking with some one opposite, and *seemed* so unconscious both of her misdemeanor and her expiation of it, that she flattered herself he hadn't noticed at all that she was resting on him. In a few minutes he turned his head.

"What, are you awake? I'm happy to inform you then, that we have started again, and have now the delightful prospect in view of supper in the course of an hour or so."

It was about twelve when they reached the village of D—— and stopped for refreshment. The hungry passengers immediately set off for the public house, fortunately but a little way off. A thundering knock at the door roused the landlord, who was at first quite frightened by the sight of so many people at that time of night. He let them in, however, and promised to do the best he could for them. When supper, such as it was, was fairly announced, there was such a rush and scrambling for places that Kate fully realized what it was to have some one to take care of her. Her protector also won her gratitude and admiration, not only by providing for her, but for a poor Irish woman, who, coming in late, would have been obliged to go without any supper at all if he had not given up his place to her, saying that he could wait as well as not; but the obsequious waiter found a place for *hi* though he could not for *her*. Never, it seemed to Kate, had brea

---

10	/	/				Latter part light winds and pleasant
11	/	/				weather Pumps well attended to
12	/	/		.4		So ends this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from New Orleans towards New York D Hoffses Mast

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Monday 20 day of April 1863
1	2		N b E	S E		This day com with light winds and plesant weather
2	2					
3	2					
4	2					
5	2					Saw a steame running to the Northward
6	2					
7	2					
8	3					
9	3			South East		
10	4		"			
11	4					
12	4					Mid part moderate breezes and plesant weather
1	4					
2	4			S W		
3	5					
4	5					
5	5					Lat by Obs 30 37 N
6	4					
7	4					
8	5					
9	5					Saw a Steame running to the Northward
10	5			West		
11	5					Latter part plesant breezes and fair weather Pump well attended
12	5					

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Tuesday 21 day of April 1863
1	2		N E b N	S W		This day com with light winds and plesant weathe
2	2					
3	2					
4	2					
5	2					
6	2					
7	3					
8	3					
9	3					
10	4					
11	4		"	S W		
12	3					Mid part light and clouds rising in the N W and Lightning
1	3					
2	3					
3	3			N W		At 2 A M had a squall from the N W with Thunder and Lightning
4	3					
5	3					
6	4		S E	N E		Wind veering to the N E and a bad Sea making double Reef Top sail and Mainsail
7	4					
8	4					
9	4					
10	4					
11	4					
12	4					Latter part Strong gales and a bad sea running Brig Labouring hard Pumps well attended to

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

---

nd cold ham tasted half so nice, because, perhaps, she had never een half so hungry; and as they all left the table it was delightul to see how refreshed and good-natured, not to say benignant, verybody looked.

As there was a prospect, now that they had got through the vorst drifts, and it had stopped snowing, of reaching Boston by norning, the passengers took the cars again, and were soon on heir way. The storm was over, the morning was bright and clear, nd the sunrise casting its rosy glow on the pure snow, Kate vatched it with her eyes kindling with enthusiasm, while her companion filled up the measure of her delight by repeating to her in is clear, low voice, Everett's exquisite description of a sunrise, een as they saw it, from a car window. They were approaching Boston, and at last descried Bunker Hill Monument.

"Do you live in Boston?" asked the gentleman of Kate.

She told him in her frank way that she did not, but was going o visit some friends of hers, the Hamiltons, of B—— Street. An xpression of surprise on his face made her ask if he knew them.

"Why, yes,—they are friends of mine."

"How delightful!" And she immediately began to speak in he warmest terms of Mrs. Hamilton and Bella, whom she had een two years before. After a pause she said: "Robert Hamilon I don't know at all, but I don't think he can be like his sister. hall I like him, I wonder?"

Her face said plainly, "I don't expect to."

"I can't tell," said he, gravely, "but I hope so."

"Why?"

"Because I am sure he will like *you*."

Kate colored a little.

"On the contrary, I don't expect he will deign to notice me at l; and I imagine him to be such a piece of perfection and propriety that for my part, I'll own I've taken a great prejudice to im. I can't bear that sort of people. I haven't seen him since e was a boy, and I suppose he has altered in his looks since then. s he handsome?"

There was a very comical expression about the stranger's mouth s he answered:

"I thought that was always the first question young ladies asked bout a gentleman. My opinion and yours, probably, would not agree, so I shall leave you to judge for yourself."

She was just going to say she had heard he was, when they appached the depot, and her attention was diverted, so she forgot

He took out his watch; looking at it, he said that the train uld leave in half an hour *for New York*, and *owing to their* ng delayed so long he should be obliged to take it, instead of opping a few hours in Boston as he had intended to do. He hould be happy though to get her a carriage and see to her baggage for her, unless she expected her friends to meet her at the lepot. Kate thought since she did not come yesterday they would ot expect her till to-day at noon, and so should be very glad if he vould do so. Her benefactor, as she mentally called him, not hinking the name Joshua Carter a very romantic one, arranged verything for her, and then when she was seated in a carriage, ame to the door to bid her good-by, while the driver was fastening on her baggage behind. He had been so kind, rendering her ery attention so delicately and politely, and making the time t would otherwise have been so tedious, not only tolerable but lightful by his conversation—of course I would not dare to intiate that his fair face and full, rich voice had any attraction for her—that she felt sincerely sorry to say good-by, and to think they night never meet again. She told him so, thanked him warmly r his kindness, and hoped that if he should ever come to P——, where her *home* was, *she should see him*. He bowed, assured her hat she owed him no thanks, but that they were due from him lone, and he should never forget the pleasure he enjoyed by being "snowed up in the cars," and then with a warm pressure of he little gloved hand she extended to him, they parted, and the arriage drove away.

Mrs. Hamilton was one of those warm-hearted, motherly women that put you at your ease at once. Bella was a sprightly, entertaining girl, very pretty, with graceful, "taking" manners, and vithal a good deal more heart than appeared on the surface. She vas a year or two older than Kate, and having seen a good deal f society was more young-lady-ish; but they were soon on the nost confidential terms with each other, after the manner of girls he world over. After the first surprise of the meeting was over, nd Kate had delivered the thousand and one messages from home, vith which she had been charged, *she told them about her kind* rotector, prudently reserving, however, all her enthusiasm on the bject till she and Bella should be alone. I had forgotten to say hat she found that the formidable Robert was from home and not expected for a week or more, and that secretly she was much ejoiced at the *intelligence*.

Mrs. Hamilton made the girls retire early, being sure that Kate ust be very tired. Kate had a delightful room given her, with a ce little dressing-room opening into Bella's room, from which arrangement they promised themselves much pleasure. Bella was sitting in Kate's room by the fire, watching that young lady while she let down her hair.

"What beautiful hair you have, Kate—so glossy and wavy. I uldn't help noticing how smooth it looked this morning when took your bonnet off, and you had been riding so long in the too. By the way, didn't your kind protector tell you his , or give you his card, or something?"

o, and I don't wonder, it's so homely! But I saw it on the r' he lent me—Joshua Carter. Did I tell you that he ur family?"

a Carter! Well that *is* funny! Why, he is a particular obert's! Short, isn't he? and rather stout?"

; tall, fine looking!"

"I always thought him short. Blue eyes, and light hair?"

"No, indeed! He has dark eyes, that look right into you someway, and his hair is dark, and he has one of those flexible, finely cut mouths, that are so rare you know, and so expressive. You ought to see him smile, Bella."

"I never minded Mr. Carter's mouth, I'm sure. But you needn't contradict your elders, Miss Duncan, for he certainly has light eyes, and he isn't a bit handsome. I've seen him twenty times at least."

"Then you haven't a particle of taste. He's what I call *splendid*. And then he talks so! He makes you forget yourself entirely; and such a deep voice he has! If there is anything I admire in a man it is a deep voice. But what I liked him best for, is that he is a thorough-bred gentleman. You should have seen how kind he was to a poor Irish woman where we stopped at D——, and he has such a quiet way of doing everything."

Bella leaned back in her chair and laughed outright.

"The fact is, Kate, Mr. Joshua Carter has bewitched you, it's perfectly plain. You're in love with him, and 'love is blind' you know. He is only a rather common-place looking person, gentlemanly enough, and Robert says there is a great deal in him, but I have never found it out."

Kate had a mind to be provoked, but it wouldn't do, for Bella's merriment was too catching, so at last she joined in. She persisted, however, that it must be another Mr. Carter; for he was so far from common-place that if she ever wrote a novel she should certainly have him for the hero.

"Be the heroine yourself then, and marry him in the last volume. Do put me in as a heartless flirt, and let me have the pleasure of refusing him first though. I don't doubt it would do him good to be jilted. Good-night." And Bella wentto her room.

The first week flew by wonderfully quick, as it always does when we enjoy ourselves, and Kate did so thoroughly. One day, as she sat in her room writing home, she heard an unusual noise down stairs, and in a few minutes Bella came running into her room with the news that Robert had come, and she must put up her writing and come right down stairs. As they entered the parlor together, Robert Hamilton was standing by the fire, with his back to them, but as Bella said, "Robert, Miss Duncan," he turned, and Kate uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was her friend of the cars! He, however, for his part, seemed not surprised at all, and bowed with a quiet smile of recognition.

"It gives me great pleasure to see you again, Miss Duncan."

Bella stared in astonishment, *first at one and then at the other. But as she heard Kate's "Why, it's Mr. Carter!"* the truth flashed upon her, and she cried:

"I see now! So, Robert, *you* were Kate's protector in the cars! If that isn't delightful—capital—grand! And she never knew it, —told me his name was Joshua Carter—saw it on his 'Harper!' Didn't you know who she was?"

Mr. Hamilton glanced with an amused expression at Kate, she was dumb with amazement.

"Not till just a little while before we parted, and then from what she had just said, I was afraid she would not be pleased to know that *I* was her companion."

"Well, I never heard anything so charming!" said Bella, who had not minded the last part of his reply, which indeed had been meant for Kate. "I thought your friend Joshua Carter must have changed wonderfully from the glowing description she gave me. So fascinating, handsome, and such dark eyes! O, it's too funny!"

"I am willing to confess, Miss Duncan," said Robert, "that I cannot justify myself in not at once introducing myself to you, but I didn't want to revive your 'prejudices' then, against me."

"O, Robert, you ought to have heard her, what she said. I told her she had certainly fallen in love with Mr. Carter, she got so enthusiastic, and she—"

There is no knowing where she would have stopped, for her eyes were sparkling with amusement and mischief at Kate, whose face was crimson with vexation, if her brother, with a delicacy and tact which Kate appreciated, had not interrupted her by saying that he had a letter up stairs for her in his valise and would get it, and at once left the room, to the great relief of at least one.

Kate was in a highly uncomfortable state of mind; very indign[illegible]hat Bella should have told what she had said, and very much vexed with herself, as she remembered how freely she had expressed her opinion of Robert Hamilton to himself. "At least," *she said to herself*, "it was very ungentlemanly in him not to tell me who he was before I had made such a fool of myself. And if he flatters himself that I have fallen in love with him after what Bella told him, I will just show him his mistake."

So summoning up her pride, she assumed towards him a degree of reserve and indifference, that was as unlike the frank, impulsive, girlish Kate she was, as possible. At dinner, Bella took a malicious pleasure in teasing her, and asked her brother how that delightful Mr. Carter's name—with a mischievous glance at Kate, who preserved a very dignified air—came on the "Harper."

"It was his book; he gave it to me to read in the cars, because there was a particular piece in it which he wanted me to see."

"It *is* rather amusing that Kate should have made the mistake," said Mrs. Hamilton, "but it was perfectly natural too, and Bella you shan't laugh at her any more."

So Bella forbore in future any allusion to it, to the relief of all concerned. Kate's reserve and hauteur, being so foreign to her disposition, gradually melted away; but Robert Hamilton, to whom they were more natural, thinking she still had the same opinion of him that she had expressed in the cars, and not wishing to presume on any services he had rendered her, or the slight acquaintance he had with her then, treated her with uniform politeness but with distance.

In the meantime, her merry, winning ways, and the charming freshness of her character, made her a great favorite not only at the Hamiltons, but with all those she met in society. There were many gentlemen whom Kate saw very frequently. Hardly an evening when they were at home but they had callers, and just because, without making the least effort to please them, Kate felt, and could not help seeing that most of them admired her, and courted her society, she didn't care for them in the least. Robert Hamilton never complimented her, but treated her always with the most perfect politeness, seeming to be indifferent whether she liked him or not, and never obtruding his attentions on her, so she in her feminine perversity, was at first piqued, than attracted by it. So what with changing her mind on the subject half a dozen times a day, it came at length that Robert Hamilton was continually in her thoughts, which is plainly a very dangerous state for a young lady to be in. One thing, however, discovered an unexpected bond between them. There was a poor protege of Mrs. Hamilton's dying of consumption, whom she used to often go and see. She was so patient, and even joyful in her pain, and had such simple, earnest faith in her Saviour, that Kate, who too was a Christian, delighted to be with her. One evening Bella expressed her astonishment that Kate should like to go there so much; such a little stived-up room; and she didn't think the sick girl very interesting. Kate answered, in a low voice:

"O, Bella; I love her because she loves Christ! It makes me better to be with her."

Bella made no reply, but Robert looked up from his book, and as Kate met his earnest, kindling gaze at her, it told her that there was one tie of sympathy between them, the noblest and highest.

When two months had passed, there came the dreaded summons home from her father, saying they could spare her no longer, and should expect her the next week on Thursday. There was great lamentation when the Hamiltons knew that she must go. Kate was sad to leave them all, sadder on many accounts than she chose to show. There had been planned a grand moonlight sleighing-party for the next week, Wednesday, and Bella declared that Kate must go, even if she were to desert them all in such a heathenish manner the next day. They were to go in single sleighs about thirty miles out of the city to a friend's house. Bella had been invited by Mr. Hale, a gentleman friend of hers (Kate had her suspicions about this "friend," by the way), and Kate, to her indignation, had been invited as soon as the party was proposed, by a Mr. Brooks, a cousin of Bella's, whom she utterly despised for *his foppish, dandified ways, and his self-assurance, at the very moment* when she saw Robert approaching her for the very same purpose. She had no excuse to give, and was obliged to accept the invitation or else stay at home; but she consented with a bad grace.

Wednesday evening had come. Kate dressed herself in a most becoming blue silk, and tried to look pleased, but was in reality most disconsolate, both at the prospect of a tete-a-tete ride with Mr. Brooks and because she found that Robert was not going; but coming down into the parlor she found Bella in her merriest mood. It was a cold night, and Mrs. Hamilton insisted on their putting on such a number of cloaks and shawls that they could hardly move, and stood laughing at their own rotundity. In the midst of the mirth Robert came in, and s[illegible]Kate:

"Miss Duncan, I have just receiv[illegible]ote from Mr. Brooks, saying that he has had a telegraphic despatch from S—— that his father is very sick, and he must start for home at once. He wished me to apologize to you for not coming, and regrets it exceedingly. Now will you go with me? My sleigh will be at the door in five minutes." Kate's face brightened.

"O, I'm so glad!—not that his father is sick of course, but because he can't go. I don't like him, and I had much rather go with you," she said, with sudden frankness, and then half blushed at herself for saying it.

"I thought you were not going, Robert?" said Bella, "didn't care about it."

"I have changed my mind," said he, quietly.

The sleighing was perfect—the night glorious. Kate was in the highest spirits, and fairly bewitched with excitement and pleasure. The wind blew her hair in curls from out of her little blue hood, her eyes sparkled and danced in the moonlight like two stars, and her cheeks were glowing with the red, rich color. Her companion entered as fully as she into the spirit of the ride, and Kate's laugh rang out merry and clear, in unison with his deep, manly one. His reserve, his coldness, disappeared. And as he talked with all the earnest and unconscious grace of manner that had so charmed her at first, or his whole face grew bright with a smile as he listened to her gay, quick sallies, she was entirely swayed by the power and fascination he had over her.

"We shall be there in half an hour. Our horses fly as though they were winged."

"O!" she exclaimed, "I'm so sorry. It seems as if I could ride forever!"

"Kate, would you ride forever with *me*?"

The sudden depth and passion in his tone made her turn her head quickly away, and sobered while it thrilled her. Her cheek was burning now, and she was quivering, but not with cold.

"Kate, answer me. I mean that I love you—with my whole soul I love you, and would have you for my wife!"

There was a moment's silence, then Kate turned her face to him, and meeting his eyes with a loving trust shining in hers, said:

"Yes, I do love you, and I will be your wife."

Kate went home next day, and was not "snowed up" or delayed on the way at all, yet for all that, the same gentleman sat by her side and took care of her that had done so before, and more than that, seemed as anxious to reach P——, and see her father and mother as she did. In about a year from this time, a delightful event took place, which made them one for life.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS.
10	6					Latter part fresh breeze and passing clouds Pumps well attented
11	6					
12	6					

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from New Orleans towards New York & Hoffses ma

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Friday 24 day of April 18
1	8		N E	S S W		
2	8					This day com with Strong gales and pasing clouds with a bad Sea runing much water boarding the Brig Pumps attened to
3	8					
4	8					
5	8					
6	8					
7	8					
8	8					
9	8			S W		
10	7					
11	4			N W		At 10 PM had a heavy squall from the N W with Thunder and Lightning Mid part moderate and clears up turned out the Reefs
12	6					
1	6					
2	6					
3	6					
4	6					
5	6					
6	6			W N W		
7	6		N N E			Lat by Obs 35-30 N At 6 A M whent on Sounding
8	6					
9	6					
10	6					
11	6			S W		Latter part fresh breezes and passing clouds Pumps well attended So end this day
12	6					

Course.	Distance.	Diff of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Saturday 25 day of April 1863
1	6		N by E	S W		
2	6					This com with fresh breezes and fair weather
3	6					
4	7					
5	8					
6	8					Strong breezes and passing cloud Double Reef Topsail and mainsail a bad sea running
7	7					
8	6					
9	5					
10	5			West		
11	5					
12	5					
1	4					Mid part moderates some turne out the Reefs
2	4					
3	4			W N W		
4	4					
5	4					
6	4					Lat by Obs 37-15 N
7	4					
8	4					
9	5		N E	N N W		Saw a number of sail of vessels runing to the south ward
10	5					
11	5					
12	5					Latter part fresh breezes and fine weather Pumps well attended to

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

APOSTROPHE TO THE SUBTERRANEAN RIVER,

OTSGARAGEE CAVE, NEW YORK.

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

Roll on, thou dark, mysterious tide, roll on!
 Thy thunders only reach us from that shore
From whence thou pealest up thy endless song:
 From whence thou'rt heard—but seen, ah, nevermore.

Thy wavelets gush—we hear their cooling plash:
 Thy urn is emptied into depths profound;
Thy riplets murmur, and we list the dash
 Of thy mysterious cataract underground.

Roll on, thou tide of endless song, roll on!
 Thou swell'st a pæan in a lofty dome:
Thou fill'st old Nature's organ with thy song—
 Thou peal'st an anthem through the darkened tomb.

But whence thou com'st and whither goest—in vain
 For us to ask thy subterranean wall;
Earth's mighty dome reverberates back again,
 And only echo answers when we call.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

T MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

KLE, tinkle, tinkle, went the bell at the shop-door, and John hastened up to attend to the customer, leaving the door ajar. We were plain people, and were very glad to a parlor, even though it was back of a shop; and what a ort it was to Uncle John to sit in that room during the long er evenings, with those he loved about him, and only leave n when the tinkle, tinkle announced some one in the shop.

Well," said Mrs. Uncle John, a quiet, respectable little body you would meet anywhere, "who could venture out on an rrand such a night as this? My, my! how the rain comes down he chimney!"

Patter, pish—crack! went the rain and the embers together, nd the purses flew out of the fire into Cousin Millie's lap as she before it, with her faithful lover, Holme Brae, beside her.

"It is a wild night, *truly," said Uncle John, in the shop,* "and hard one to be abroad in."

"Yes, indeed," was the answer, in a weak, tremulous voice, 'hard to be abroad at any time and think that there is no place n the wide world with loving hearts to welcome me."

"Some poor wanderer," said Millie, rising and going up into he shop. By-and-by she returned, bringing down with her an old man, weary and wet, and placed him in her chair before the fire.

"A stranger, aunt," she softly said to Mrs. Uncle John. "They would not receive him at the inn, and we could not turn him away, you know."

The old man stroked the pretty hand that was busy removing is dripping coat.

"God bless you!" said he. "How happy must the father of such a good girl be."

Millie turned to put away the old man's coat, and I whispered to him:

"Please don't speak of her papa to my cousin Millie; she hasn't a father."

Millie came back with an old coat of Uncle John's, and my thoughtful little tongue was silenced. It was Millie who mixed a tumbler of hot punch for the wayfarer, and made him drink it, when he declared he could not eat; and Uncle John, Mrs. Uncle John and Holme Brae, watched her with shining eyes, as she moved around with her light, graceful step, and her sweet face expressive of pitying tenderness. When she sat down, after seeing his wants attended to, there was silence for a while. The presence of the stranger threw a restraint over all; and it must be that he noticed it, for he said, from the arm-chair in the warm corner where Millie had placed him:

"Please don't mind me. I am very grateful to be privileged to sit here among you all, good people, and in the presence of that good girl—God bless her!"

So after a while they resumed the conversation his entrance had interrupted, and I sat in my little chair beside the stranger, and was led by him to talk of those before us. With the ready communicativeness of a child who finds an attentive listener, I told him how the good man sitting opposite us, although every one called him Uncle John, was only uncle to Millie, and no relation at all to me; but he had always pitied my poor deformed body, and when my father and mother died, he brought me here, and said that he and Mrs. Uncle John would be parents to me. That the young man talking to Millie was Holme Brae, who loved her with that noble love we read about in stories; and he was rich and Millie poor; but his father, who was as proud as he was rich, would not let him marry Millie, and Millie would not marry Holme Brae without his father's consent.

"Alas! dear child!" exclaimed the old man, "must that sweet girl be unhappy? Ah, if I were rich!"

"But Millie might have married him once," I continued. "She would have been a rich woman if her grandmother hadn't died without making her will. For Millie's mother was a lady; and when she married Uncle John's brother, who was ever so far beneath her, her family wouldn't look at her. It was only when she was dying that her proud mother forgot her pride in her sorrow for her child, and she came to her and forgave her. When she died, her mother took the little Millie and gave her father money to go off to America, India, or some other country where persons become rich, and told him if he ever was wealthy he could come back and claim his child. He went away and was never heard of afterwards. Then Millie's grandmother brought her up like a lady; but she was determined, she used to say, that she never should disgrace herself, or them, by a mean connection. So when Millie was eighteen, she went on a visit with her to Mr. Brae's, Holme's father. The young people loved each other, and they would have been married, if one morning the old grandmother had not been found dead in her bed, and the will she was going to sign in Millie's favor, was of no benefit to her now. A cruel, haughty aunt of Millie's got the property; and when Mr. Brae learned that Millie was portionless, he broke off the intended marriage between her and his son. It was then, in her heavy trouble, Uncle John sought his niece and gave her a peaceful shelter under his roof. But Holme Brae was true to her, and he would marry her in defiance of his father's commands, but Millie would not hear to it; and this was the last time she would see him for three years, for he was going abroad to travel."

"Hush, my dear," said the old man, "let me hear what she says."

"Urge me no more, Holme," said Millie. "I believe no marriage happy that a parent's sanction does not bless. My dear mother, though she was rich in her husband's love—"

"Ay! she was rich in her husband's love!" exclaimed the old man, rising and sinking back into his chair again. "She was rich in her husband's love, Millie, and he in hers. Millie, my dear, dear child!"

He arose—he extended his arms and she was folded in them, clinging to him, murmuring often as she drew back her dear head from his bosom to look him in the face:

"My father—my father!"

"Yes, yes—your father, my own Millie! Your father, after fifteen long years, holds his child to his heart. Come here, John," to his brother, holding out his hand to him. "Do you not recognize me?"

Uncle John wiped his eyes.

"I do, Robert; but you are sadly changed."

He sat down again, his daughter occupying my seat, her head on his knee.

"How often have I dreamed of this!" he said, softly, as if speaking to himself; "dreamed of being at home in my own country, and my Millie beside me. Thank God! I am not dreaming now. I am blessed in a loving child. And is he worthy of you, my *dear?" to Millie, and looking at Holme Brae. "But you must be, young man, if she loves you."*

The dignity of his manner as he addressed Holme, presented a strange contrast to the almost childish display of poor Uncle John's ecstacy at the restoration of his brother, whose quiet little wife was vainly attempting to soothe him.

"Dear sir!" Holme exclaimed; "my Millie's father, persuade her to be my wife!"

"No, my lad," he gravely said. "The girl is right in refusing you. If you truly love her, you can wait until you are free to marry her. But leave us for to-night, if you please. I have much to say to her. Come to-morrow to bid her farewell."

Holme went away to the inn, attended by Uncle John and Mrs. Uncle John, and I sat in the shop, leaving Millie alone with her father. When Uncle John came back, he said Holme could do nothing but talk of the strange return of Millie's father, and what a lofty way he had with him; in fact, he felt an awe of him. Millie, hearing Uncle John's voice in the shop, called us down again, and said that she had been telling her father of her happy life at her grandmother's, and they had planned something since.

"You know, dear Uncle John," said Millie, smiling, but it was a sad smile, "how gratefully I have always felt my dependence on you; but now, with my father's protection, I can go to London and find employment there, and please God, we will be happy together. I will be with my dear father, and I trust he will be with me."

"Yes—we will be very happy, dearest," said her father.

Uncle John persisted, with tears in his eyes, against this determination; they never should leave him; he had enough for them all. But Uncle John's heart was larger than his means, and Millie knew it; so she said nothing could change their intention.

It was a beautiful sight to see Millie kneeling for her father's blessing, and receiving it before they parted for the night. We were up early on the next morning, but Millie's father had anticipated us. He was seated in the little parlor, reading, when we came down. He was a fine-looking old man, and Millie strikingly resembled him.

Millie's heart was heavy at the prospect of parting with Holme Brae, and when he came to bid her good-by, she could not repress her tears.

"Cruel Millie," said Holme, reproachfully; "what pain you inflict upon me, when it lies in your power to make me happy. Say but the word, Millie, and we never more will be parted."

"My resolution never can be altered, Holme," she answered, mournfully.

"But it may be, Millie," said her father. "If I told you to marry Holme Brae, would my command influence you?"

"No, sir," she said, firmly. "I love Holme too well to marry him under our present circumstances."

"But your objections, dear child?"

"Are too weighty to be removed," she answered.

"However weighty they may be, they would be light if put in the scale with twenty thousand pounds. Millie, my dear child," taking her hand and placing it in that of Holme Brae, "tell your lover if twenty thousand pounds will make you acceptable to his father, they are yours, my girl! For Robert Wilkes was not idle for fifteen years. Tell him so, Millie; tell him your father has come back a wealthy man, and claims his child as he promise to do!"

And while we were all looking at each other in joyful and half-incredulous surprise, the vision, the beautiful vision—alas! it was but a vision—faded away, and in place of the happy morning, with Millie's wealthy father returned to make her the happy wife of Holme Brae, it was still the wild March night, the weary stranger dropping asleep in the corner, and Millie, with a sorrowing heart, bidding her lover a last farewell. For, dear friend, my imagination, as I sat there, had woven the blissful scenes I have related. Poor Millie was still fatherless, and the old man was nobody's father that I knew of—only a wayworn wanderer, sheltered for the night under our roof.

Years have gone by since that night. When next Millie saw Holme Brae, he was bringing home a bride. She was very beautiful, even more lovely than Millie—and she was rich; would not that alone make her beautiful in the eyes of the money-loving many? My hand was in Millie's as the bridal train dashed by, and she crushed it so violently in hers that I would have cried out in pain, were it not for the pale face that looked down at me. O, it was hard after that to see the pale presence of grief in that fair young face! But she bore up against her sorrows, and cheered the declining years of Uncle John and his wife.

They have now been dead some years. Millie and I keep the shop together, and we are happy in some degree. The night before last, we were sitting by the fire together, recalling bygones, and I told her for the first time, of the air-castle I had built so many years before, when the wanderer was sheltered at our fireside. Tears gushed from Millie's eyes as I concluded, and she murmured, regretfully:

"It might have been."

With a joyful heart I add—*Et Erat.*

Yesterday, the successful member was chaired. That member was Holme Brae. How every cheer for Holme Brae was caught up and shouted over the town! Proud ladies waved their handkerchiefs for him and wore his colors. Holme Brae was a widower now. It was a lovely evening. The lively strains of the band announced the procession coming down the street. What a lively sight it was! the banners, the music, the crowds of rejoicing people—for Holme Brae is the people's friend. Borne aloft on the shoulders of freeholders, seated in the chair decorated with flowers and his own colors, came Holme Brae.

Millie stood at the door with me, for her fond heart gloried in *seeing him honored. His smiling* eyes wandered over the crowd, and rested on Millie as she stood in the shadow of the doorway. Their glances met, the first time for many years; his hat was lifted from his head, and an obeisance, reverent as to a queen, made he to his early love. The gay procession moved on.

Last night Holme Brae was in our little parlor. This morning he and Millie were married. The joyful tears that blind my eyes prevent my writing more. And O, what bliss to feel that, in place of "it might have been," I can whisper in dear Millie's ear:

"Et Erat."

AN INCIDENT AT THE EVACUATION OF FREDERICKSBURG.

The correspondent of the *Times* says:

On reaching headquarters, at the Lacey House, Fredericksburg, I found all the tents had been struck, the ambulance and army wagons were hitched up, officers' horses were all saddled for a start, and everything betokened a decided movement. In the midst of this scene Gen. Burnside was observed walking leisurely to and fro, dispatching orders to the different regiments, and watching in calm silence the movements of the various commands. It was indeed an hour of deep interest and concern to him.

For days and nights he had watched, with sleepless vigilance, every movement of our own and the enemy's forces, as they affected his own position, and something of weariness could be detected in his usual elastic step. At this juncture a poor woman, with three lovely children clinging to her side, came up the hill and passed through the gate, bringing, each of them, some little article of household furniture. The quick eye of the General immediately recognized her as an excellent Union lady of Fredericksburg, who was escaping, with her children and little effects, from the town. "Have you anything else down to the bridge, Madam?" asked the General. "Only a bed and a few small articles, sir," she timidly answered. "Send down an ambulance, wagon-master, and have them brought up and carried to the depot," was the General's orders; and it was done. In a few minutes the poor widow had the pleasure of seeing all her remaining goods safely deposited on the cars for Aquia Creek.

A PERSON desirous of buying some milk said that he had seen a cow go into Mr. G.'s yard, and inquired of an Irish girl if he would not be likely to get some milk there. "No sir," answered she; "there is a cow that goes up their yard, but I believe she is no relation to them."

A PASSENGER on a steamer had a roll of canvas with him. In a lurch of the boat it rolled overboard. He pitched in after it. On seeing which, bystander remarked, "As that fellow is in for a duck he is bound to have the *canvass back!*"

---

40 N

Latter part plesant breezes and fine weather Pumps well attended

f. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from New Orleans towards New York D Hoffses m

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Tuesday 28 day of April 1863
1	5		NbW	West	99	
2	5					This day com with plesant breeze
3	5		Augt	6/76	75	and fair weathr
4	5					
5	6					
6	6					At 6 PM Pilot came onboard
7	6					
8	6					At 7 PM made Barnagat light
9	7		Gard			
10	7					
11	6					At 10 PM passed Barnagat light
12	6					
1						Mid part Moderate breeze and
2						fair weathr
3			1	L P	Morton	
4						
5				South	Waldoboro	At 8 AM passed the highlands
6						
7					me	
8						
9						
10						At 4 PM came to Anchor at the
11						city of NY and Pilot went on shore
12						Later part light winds from the
						SW and hazy weathr
						this day end with 36 hours

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Wednesday 29 day of April 18
1						This day com with light breezes from
2						the NE and cloudy weathr at 10 AM
3						Tow boat came along side and took us
4						in to Thompsons wharfs Later part light
5						winds from the NE and cloudy weathr
6						crew discharged this day
7						
8						
9						
10						D
11						
12						
1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						
11						
12						

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

The Poets' Corner.

MOTHER, CAN I GO?

I am writing to you mother, knowing well what you will say,
When you read with tearful fondness all I write to you to-day;
Knowing well the flame of ardor on a loyal mother's part,
That will kindle with each impulse, with each throbbing of your heart.
I have heard my country calling for her sons that still are true;
I have loved that country, mother, only next to God and you;
And my soul is springing forward to resist her bitter foe:
Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, can I go?

From the battered walls of Sumter, from the wild waves of the sea,
I have heard her cry for succor, as the voice of God to me;
In prosperity I loved her—in her days of dark distress,
With your spirit in me, mother, could I love that country less?
They have pierced her heart with treason, they have caused her sons to bleed,
They have pierced her heart with treason, they have triumphed in her need;
They have trampled on her standard, and she calls me in her woe:
Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, can I go?

I am young and slender, mother—they would call me yet a boy,
But I know the land I live in, and the blessings I enjoy;
I am old enough, my mother, to be loyal, proud and true
To the faithful sense of duty I have ever learned from you.
We must conquer this rebellion: let the doubting heart be still;
We must conquer it, or perish. We must conquer, and we will!
But the faithful must not falter, and shall I be wanting?—No!
Bid me go, my dearest mother! tell me, mother, can I go?

He who led His chosen people, in their effort to be free
From the tyranny of Egypt, will be merciful to me;
Will protect me by His power whatsoe'er I undertake;
Will return me home in safety, dearest mother, for your sake.
Or should this, my bleeding country, need a victim such as me,
I am nothing more than others who have perished to be free.
On her bosom let me slumber, on her altar let me lie;
I am not afraid, my mother, in so good a cause to die.

There will come a day of gladness, when the people of the Lord
Shall look proudly on their banner, which His mercy has restored;
When the stars in perfect number, on their azure field of blue,
Shall be clustered in a Union, then and ever firm and true.
I may live to see it, mother, when the patriot's work is done,
And your heart, so full of kindness, will beat proudly for your son;
Or through tears your eyes may see it with a sadly thoughtful view,
And may love it *still more dearly for the cost it* won *from you.*

I have written to you, mother, with a consciousness of right—
I am thinking of you fondly, with a loyal heart to-night;
When I have your noble bidding, which shall tell me to press on,
I will come and see you, mother—come and kiss you and be gone.
In the sacred name of Freedom—and my Country as her due—
In the name of Law and Justice, I have written this to you,
I am eager, anxious, longing to resist my country's foe:
Shall I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, shall I go?

An Amusing Story.

MARY THORNE'S COUSIN.

"Mary, I am astonished!"

Of course the grave elder sister was astonished! In *truth*, and in *fact*, she lived in a chronic state of amazement, for Mary Thorne was always doing something to astonish her friends and relatives. Miss Ruth could hardly credit the evidence of her own senses, in the hazy glow of the August morning, when she came out of the clematis shadows of the little south porch, and discovered that yonder moving object half way up among the umbrageous branches of the huge old pear tree, was not a spray of leaves, nor yet a russet-plumed robin, nor a cluster of sun-cheeked pears swinging in the blue empyrean, but—Miss Mary Thorne comfortably perched in the crook of the gnarled tree, her curls all flecked with the sifted rain of sunshine that came down through the shifting canopy of leaves, and a book in her lap!

"I don't care!" *said the little damsel, laughing* saucy defiance. "It's the nicest place in the world up here; I feel just like a bird, with the leaves fluttering against my face, and the wind blowing so softly—and I intend to stay here! Wouldn't you *like* to come up here, Ruthy? It's easily done—just put your *foot* on that knot, and"—

Ruth, who was thirty, and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds, bristled up with amazement.

"Mary Thorne! are you crazy? Come down this instant!"

"I shan't!" said naughty Mary, tossing the silky shower of curls away from her forehead, and glancing down with eyes that shone and sparkled like two blue jewels!

"But we are going"—

"Yes, I understand—you are all going in triumphal procession to the depot, to render an ovation to the great Professor La Place, the wisest, sagest and grandest of mankind, to whom the Thorne family have the unutterable honor of being second cousins, and to escort him solemnly to a month's sojourn at Thorne Hall! O, dear!" ejaculated Mary, "I wish I could run away somewhere and hide! I hate this paragon of prim precision! I shan't marry if he asks, and I mean to behave so badly that he won't dream of it! No, I am *not* going with you—I hate the close barouche, and it's too warm to ride on horseback. *I* shall stay at home!"

And Miss Mary settled herself so snugly with one tiny slippered foot swinging down, and her pretty head close to a nest of blue speckled bird's eggs, that Ruth gave it up with a sigh of despair.

"Well, then have it your own way, you incorrigible romp! I wish you weren't too big to shut up in a dark closet, or have your ears well boxed!"

"It *is* a pity, isn't it!" said Mary, demurely.

"Of course it is, Mary; if Cousin Tom Bradley comes this morning, be sure and explain to him why we are absent, and behave like a young lady, mind!"

"All right!" said Mary, dauntlessly. "I always liked Tom! we used to have grand romps together when we were children!"

She sat there in the old pear tree, prettier than any Hamadryad that ever might have haunted the mossy old veteran of the garden, her cheek touched with sunshine and carmine, her dimpled lips apart, now reading a line or two from the book in her lap, now looking up, rapt in girlish reverie, into the blue sky as it sparkled through ever-moving leaves, and now breaking into a soft little warble of song that made the very robins themselves put their head on one side to listen! The carriage had driven away long since—she had watched it beyond the curve of the winding road; the dark mantle of shadow was slowly following the creeping sun-glow across the velvet lawn below, and the old church-spire among the far-off woods had chimed out eleven! And still Mary Thorne sat there in the forked branches of the giant pear tree!

Suddenly there floated up into the leafy sanctuary a pungent, aromatic odor which made her lean curiously forward, shading her eyes with one hand, the better to penetrate the green foliage below. Not the late monthly roses—not the amethyst borders of heliotrope, nor the spicy geraniums—none of these blossoms distilled that peculiar smell!

"My patience!" said little Mary, "it's a cigar!"

A cigar it was, and the owner thereof—she could just see a white linen coat and a tall head covered with black, wavy curls—stood on the porch steps quietly smoking, and indulging in a lengthened view of the garden slopes.

"That's Tom Bradley!" said Mary to herself. "Now, if he thinks I'm coming down out of this delicious cool place to sit up straight in the hot parlors, he's mistaken! Tom!" she called out, in a silver accent of imperative summons, and then burst into merry laughter at the evident amazement with which the stranger gazed round him, vainly trying to conjecture whence the call had proceeded.

"You dear, stupid Cousin Tom!" she ejaculated; "don't stare off towards the cabbage beds! Look straight up here! *you* may come up if you please—there's plenty of room for both! You *are* Cousin Tom, aren't you?" she continued, as a sudden misgiving crossed her mind.

"Of course I am; and you are Mary, I suppose?"

"Mary herself! Up with you, Tom—catch hold of this branch—there. Now shake hands—you saucy fellow, I didn't say you might kiss me!"

"Well, I couldn't help it—and, besides, aren't we cousins?" said Mr. Tom, swinging himself comfortably into a branch just above Mary.

"Why, Tom, how you have changed!" ejaculated the young lady, pushing back the curls with one hand, that she might the better view her playmate of childhood's days. "Your hair never curled so before; and what a nice moustache you've got! I shouldn't have known you, Tom!"

"No?" said Tom, roguishly.

"And you've grown so tall! I declare, Tom, you're splendid!"

The gentleman laughed. "I could return the compliment, if I dared! But where are all the rest of my relations? The house below is as empty as a haunted hall!"

"All gone to welcome that horrid, poky old Prof. La Place, who has graciously indicated his willingness to pass a few weeks with us! Tom, I do hate that man!"

"Hate him! what for?"

"O, I don't know; I'm sure he is a snuff-dried, conceited old wretch, and I'll wager a box of gloves he wears spectacles!"

"Nonsense, Mary! why, he is only twenty-six!"

"I don't care—I know he's rheumatic and wears spectacles for all that. And, Tom—now if you'll never, never breathe a word of this"—

"I won't, upon my honor," said Tom.

"Well, then, papa has actually got the idea into his dear old head that I should make a nice wife for the professor, and—and"—

Mary turned away with crimson indignation *flashing in her cheeks.*

"It is *too bad of you to laugh, Tom!* I never, *never* will marry the man!"

"I wouldn't if I were you!" consoled Tom. "But, Cousin Mary, wait and see the man before you decide. He may be quite a decent fellow."

"No!" said Mary, shaking her head and biting her cherry lips firmly; "I hate him beforehand!"

"What a spiteful little pussy you are!" said her companion, laughing.

"No, indeed, Tom, I'm not!" and the blue eyes became misty. "I love papa and Ruth dearly—and I love almost everybody! I like *you*, Tom! but I hate Prof. La Place! And I want you to promise, Tom, that you'll stand my friend, and not allow him to tease me into walks or rides, or tete-a-tetes of any kind! Will you?"

Would he? If she had asked him to precipitate himself out of the pear tree upon the stone steps below, with those blue eyes fixed on his, he'd have done it! Any man of taste would.

"I promise!" he said; and they shook hands on it!

What a cosy place for a chat that gnarled old tree was! And when they had talked over everything they could think of, it was the most natural thing in the world that Tom should recover the book which had slipped down into a network of tiny boughs, and read poetry to his pretty cousin in the deep musical voice that maidens love to listen to! And Mary sat there, watching the jetty curls blowing to and fro on his broad, white brow, and the long, black lashes almost touching his olive cheek. And she thought how very, very handsome Cousin Tom was, and how much he had changed in the ten years that had elapsed since she had seen him last; and she wondered whether Tom was engaged to any pretty girl—somehow she hoped not! Now, why couldn't Tom have been rich like that horrid Prof. La Place, instead of a poor young medical student, and—

And when the large black eyes were suddenly lifted to hers, Mary felt as though he had read every thought of her mind, and blushed scarlet!

"Come, Tom," she chattered, to hide her confusion, "we've been up here long enough. Help me down, and I'll show you the old sun-dial that we used to heap up with buttercups when we were children!"

What a tiny, insignificant, little Mary she felt, leaning on the arm of that tall cousin. And how nice it was to have the stately head bent down so courteously to catch her soft accents—for somehow Mary had forgotten her sauciness, and grown wondrously shy!

A rumble of wheels—it was the returning carriage, and Mary clung to Tom's arm.

"The awful professor!" she whispered. "Now, Cousin Tom, be sure you stand by me through everything!"

"To my life's end!" was the whispered answer; and Mary felt herself crimsoning, much as she strove to repress the tell-tale blood.

But there was no one in the barouche, save Mr. Thorne and Ruth, as it drew up on the grand sweep, beside the two cousins.

"Where is the professor?" questioned Mary.

"He was not at the depot," said Ruth; "and"—

But Mr. Thorne had sprang from the carriage, and clasped both the stranger's hands in his.

"La Place! is it possible? Why, we have just been looking for you at Mill Station?"

"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, sir," was the reply; "but I came by the way of Wharton, and walked over this morning."

"Never mind, now, so you are safely here," exclaimed the old gentleman. "Ruth, my dear—Mary—let me introduce you to your cousin, Prof. La Place!"

Mary had dropped his arm and stood dismayed.

"You told me you were Cousin Tom!"

"So I am Cousin Tom! that is my name and relationship. Now, Mary," and the black eyes sparkled brimfull of deprecating archness, "don't be angry because I don't take snuff, nor wear spectacles! I beg the other Cousin Tom's pardon, whoever he is; but I am *very* glad he isn't here. Mary, be just, and don't hate Cousin Tom, because his other name happens to be La Place!"

He *need not have been so apprehensive, for,* in *their twilight walk beside the sun-dial that very* evening, she confessed that she did not find Prof. La Place such a terrible ogre, after all; quite the contrary, in fact. And he succeeded in convincing her that he liked his impulsive little cousin Mary all the better for those pear tree confidences!

But, no doubt, it was a very perplexing thing to have *two* Cousin Toms; and so, about six months subsequently, Miss Mary contrived to obviate that inconvenience by allowing one of them to assume a nearer relationship, and in spite of all her asseverations to the contrary, she is Mrs. Prof. La Place.

For it's a solemn fact in this world, that, whenever a girl says she "*never, never*" will do a thing, she is pretty sure to go and do it the first chance she gets, and Mary is no exception to the general rule!—*New York Ledger.*

TIT FOR TAT.

"Good morning, Miss Katie," cried young Mickie Fee;
"Good morning, again—it's yourself, sure, I see,
Looking blooming as ever." But Kate turned away,
As she said, "Mister Mickie, I wish you good day.
You're a heartless desaiver—now don't spake a word;
Pretty tales about you and that Norah I've heard.
You know you danced with her the day of the fair,
And praised her gray eyes and her very red hair;—
You called her an angel, said in love you had fell,
And at night when you parted, you kissed her as well."
Then young Mickie gave a sly wink, as he said:
"Just whisper, dear Katie; this way turn your head.
I desaived her, my darlin'." "Sir, you kissed her!"
"That's true!
But I shut both my eyes, Kate, and fancied 'twas you."
"Well, I've no time to stay; so, good-bye, Mickie Fee,
You may desaive *her*, but you can't desaive *me*;—
I'm not to be blarneyed. Mick, a word in your ear:
You had better be off, for my dad's coming here."
"O, your dad's coming, is he? Is that him I see,
Just bobbing behind that old blackthorn tree?
Why, that's Paddy Maguire." "O," said Kate with a sneer,
"You've got your eyes open at last, Mickie, dear.
Well, he's coming to meet me; now listen, my lad:
"If Paddy should kiss me, sure, won't you be glad?
For when his lips meet mine, why, what will I do,
But shut both my eyes, Mick, and fancy 'tis you?
Yes, when Pat kisses me that's just what I'll do;
Shut both my eyes, Mickie, and fancy 'tis you."

A SHORT ANSWER.—One of the enrolling marshals, the other day, received a strong hint from a down town female. Stopping at the lady's house he found her before her door endeavoring to effect with a vegetable huckster a twenty per cent. abatement in the price of a peck of tomatoes.

"Have you any men here, ma'am?"

The reply was gruff and curt—"No."

"Have no husband, madam?"

"No."

"Nor brothers?"

"No."

"Perhaps you have a son, ma'am?"

"Well what of it?"

"I should like to know where he is."

"Well, he isn't here."

"So I see, ma'am. Pray where is he?"

"In the Union army, *where you ought to be.*"

The Marshal hastened round the corner. He didn't further interrogate the lady.

SAID one student to another, whom he caught swinging a scythe most lustily in a field of stout grass, "Frank, what makes you work for a living? A fellow with your talent and ability should never be caught engaged in hard labor. I mean to get my living by my wits." "Well, Bill, you can work with duller tools than I can," was the reply.

---

master

1863

the light

Clear

the Stream

Sea

had

pilot

Lon. by Ob

1863

from

hook came

pilot left

So Ends

in. Lon. by Ob.

Journal from New York towards Laguna Benjn Winchenbach Master

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Wednesday day of 27 may 1863
1						In Cushing, Nov 5th, Mr Orrin Spear of Warren, and Miss Ellen E Winchenbach of Friendship; 7th, Mr John McFarland of C and Miss Mary E Jameson of Friendship. ght brises from S S W
2						And hary at 2 PM Sandy hook
3	3	1	S E ½ E	Variables		Light house bore N W ½ W 6 miles
4	3	1				From which I take my dep at 4 PM
5	5	1	West			Tacked Ship to the westward at 6 PM
6	5	1				Tacked to S E winds Varing to westward
7	3		S E b S			
8	3					
9	3					
10	3					
11	3					
12	3					Middle part moderate light brises
1	3		S b W	Do		Westerly
2	3					
3	2					
4	3					
5	3					
6	3					Latter part light brises W S W
7	3					and hazy
8	2					
9	2	1	S b E	Do		Latd Obsd 39 24 N
10	2	1				
11	3					
12	3		Do			

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 28 day of May 1863
1	3		S b E ½ E	Variables		Begins Light brezes from W S W
2	3					And hazy
3	3					PORT
4	3					
5	1	1	South			
6	1	1				
7	1	1	S S W			
8	2					
9	2		S b W			
10	2					
11	1	1	N W b N			
12	1	1		Do		Middle part light brezes and a Calms
1	1	1	S b W			Saw a Sail Standing South
2	1	1				
3	1	1				
4	1	1				
5	1		South			
6	1					
7	2	1				The day Ends with gentle Brezes
8	2	1				From westward
9	3		S b W			
10	3					
11	3					Latd Obsd 38° 28 N
12	3		Do	Do		

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

The Cup that Cheers.

DEDICATED TO "THE TEA CUP," BY B. WINSLOW PACKARD.

When I am tired of the world,
As tired as tired can be,
I love to sit beside the fire
And sip a *cup of Tea*.

It makes me all life's cares forget,
And bringeth unto me
A respite from life's weariness,—
That sovereign *cup of Tea*.

When head doth ache and heart is sad,
And comfort seems to flee,
There is a harbinger of ease
Found in a *cup of Tea*.

It fills the heart with buoyancy,
And sets the spirit free,
And heart and head ache flee away
Before the fumes of *Tea*.

Canton, Mass., 1868.

"My Fortune's Made."

My young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as if, to use a common saying, "just out of a band-box." Cora was a belle, and had many admirers. Among these was a young man named Edward Douglass. I saw from the first, that if Douglass pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest; and so it proved. I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky man. But a visit which I paid to Cora, one day, about six weeks after the honeymoon had expired, awoke some unpleasant doubts. Cora wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper; her hair was in papers; she had on dirty stockings; and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me, Cora," said I, "what is the matter?"

"Why do you ask? Is my *dishabille* rather on the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh, well! no matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," said I.

"I'm married, you know."

"Yes; I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now."

"Why not?"

"Didn't I just say?" replied Cora. "My fortune's made. I've got a husband, and he doesn't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball-room attire is one thing, Cora; and becoming home apparel, another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly.

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before, and dressed with the same regard to neatness. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen annoyed him seriously. When he hinted anything on the subject, she did not hesitate to reply, in a jesting manner, that her fortune was made, and she need not *trouble herself* any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel very much complimented, but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied, on one occasion, quite coolly and indifferently. Next morning he made his appearance at the breakfast table with a beard of twenty-four hours' growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty-looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly; "it's a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look so much better with a cleanly-shaved face."

"Looks are nothing — ease and comfort everything," said Douglass.

Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaven face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," aid Douglass the next morning, running ver his rough face, upon which was a ard of forty-eight hours' growth. His fe had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and h slipshod feet, and head like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking-chair, awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you knew how dreadfully you looked."

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what's come over you all at once."

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday!"

"I know: I am just as well off to-day, though, as if I had. So much saved, at any rate."

On the following morning Douglass appeared not only with a long beard, but with a bosom and collar that were both soiled and rumpled.

"Why, Edward! How you do look!" said Cora. "You've neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

"It's no matter. I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress is waste of time, and I'm getting tired of it."

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was.

About six months after their marriage we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone, quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged, and could not come until after tea. My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire.

About an hour after tea the door of the parlor opened, and in walked Mr. Douglass. And what a figure he did cut! His uncombed hair was standing up in *stiff* spikes in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days, and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled, his boots unblacked; and there was an unmistakable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed 'is wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room, with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter?" said my husband, frankly.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?" And Edward looked down at himself, felt his beard, and run his fingers through his hair. "What's the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"You look as if you'd just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on, and came off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"Oh!" And Edward's countenance brightened a little. Then he said, with much gravity of manner, "I've been extremely hurried of late, and hardly thought it worth while to go home to dress up. I knew we were all friends here. Besides, *as my fortune is made*, [and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken toward his wife,] I don't feel called upon to give as much attention to mere dress as formerly."

I turned towards Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few moments she arose and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came after us pretty soon. He found his wife in tears, and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me, aside, half laughing, half serious; "so help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder."

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves, I never inquired. But one thing is certain, I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterward, at home or abroad. She was cured.

"What is It?"

A PRIZE ENIGMA.

I'm a word of three letters,—
But though I'm so small,
There are thousands who cannot
Do without me at all.
Cut off my last letter,
You change not my name;
Cut off my next letter,
And still I'm the same.

Who shall give the *best* answer,
In prose or in *rhyme*,
And send to our office,
Within three weeks' time,
In our very next TEA CUP
We'll tell *who* they be,
And *present* them a pound
Of our best Japan Tea.

A Democrat on Chase.

To the Editor of the Chronicle:

A friend of mine, who lately made the trip across the Alleghanies, relates the following incident as occurring *en route:* At Grafton an old West Virginian, a resident of the Summit or thereabouts, came aboard, who had been on a visit to the West, and at Chicago while the National Convention was in session. He was full of talk of the marvellous beauties of the land beyond the mountains, and of the wonders he had seen. In politics he claimed to be a "War Democrat," and spoke of Grant as a "good man." After talking in this strain for a time he remarked: "You have been in Washington, and of course understand these matters. Can you tell us who are to be our candidates against Grant and Colfax?"

"Oh, yes; that's all fixed up. The ticket is to be Chase and Vallandigham."

"What, Vallandigham! The fellow Burnside sent outside the Union lines?"

"Aye, the same."

"And Chase. Who's Chase?"

"Why, you know Mr. Chase; Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, and appointed by him Chief Justice?"

"What! The president of the underground railroad and the nigger-thief Governor of Ohio? I know him. But is he a Democrat?"

"Oh, yes; certainly."

"How long has he been one?"

"Well, he has been a Democrat for the last three weeks."

"Three weeks! Thunder! Turned his coat for a nomination, has he?"

"You'll support him, won't you?"

"Support him for President and Vallandigham for Vice President? No, sir'ee; not by a —— sight. I'm for Grant and Colfax. They'll do to bet on. No turn-coats or traitors for me. Had enough of them during the war.

This little incident will illustrate the reception "the Court" is likely to receive at the hands of the rank and file of his new allies. The leaders who hope to profit by his treachery may fawn and flatter and applaud, but the unpurchased and unpurchasable will hate and revile. Not even the hope of triumph over their old-time opponents will reconcile them to take to their kindly embraces such a distinguished champion of abolition, free soil, negro equality, and woman's rights.

"Like Diana's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;"

and if Mr. Chase thinks he can buy the sam of the Democratic party, most manifestly "th Court do not understand herself, though sh thinks she do." *

☞ The following exquisite lines were found in the Louisville Journal, and are anonymous. The editor says: We defy any tasteful lover of poetry to read them without exclaiming—"How beautiful!"

My soul thy secret image keeps,
My midnight dreams are all of thee!
For nature then in silence sleeps,
And silence broods o'er land and sea;
Oh, in that still, mysterious hour,
How oft from waking dreams I start,
To find there but a fancy flower,
Thou cherished idol of my heart;
Thou hast each thought and dream of mine—
Have I in turn one thought of thine?

Forever thine my dreams shall be,
Whate'er may be our fortunes here!
I ask not love—I claim from thee
Only one boon—a gentle tear;
May ere blest visions from above
Play gently round thy happy heart,
And the sweet beams of peace and love
Ne'er from thy heart depart,
Farewell! my dreams are still for thee—
Hast thou one tender thought for me?

My joy like summer birds may fly
My hopes like summer blooms depart,
But there's one flower that cannot die,
Thy holy memory in my heart;
No dews that one flower's cup may fill,
No sunlight to its leaves be given,
But it will live and flourish still,
As deathless as a thing of heaven.
My soul greets thine, unmasked, unsought—
Hast thou for me, one gentle thought?

Farewell! farewell! my far off friend!
Between us broad blue rivers flow,
And forests wave, and plains extend,
And mountains in the sunlight glow;
The wind that breathes upon thy brow
Is not the wind that breathes on mine;
The star-beams shining on thee now
Are not the beams that on me shine;
But memory's spell is with me yet—
Canst thou the holy past forget?

The bitter tears that thou and I
May shed whene'er by anguish bowed,
Exalted in the noontide sky,
May meet and mingle in the cloud;
And thus, my much loved friend, though we
Far, far apart must live and move,
Our souls, when God shall set them free,
Can mingle in the world of love!
This were ecstacy to me—
ay, would it be a joy to thee?

A Rebel's Mistake. A laughable incident occurred near Richmond just before the late engagements began. The woods are very dense all around our encampment, and unless one is well guided, he will get lost in spite of himself. Well, our pickets held one part of the woods, and those of the enemy another. About 3 o'clock, a horse was driven through a road, towards our men, at a pretty rapid rate, and the pickets brought the rider to a stand:

"Where is the Eighth Alabama?" asked the new comer.

The picket saw that Secesh had made a mistake, but not wishing to shoot him or allow him to escape, sent the inquirer over to headquarters, says that was where the Eighth Alabama officers could be found. Secesh went there and found himself a prisoner. The only thing he said was, "D—n funny mistake for our pickets to send me the wrong way."

The prisoner was one of the regimental staff, and has been sent North.

Home without a Mother.

What is home without a mother?
What are all the joys we meet
When her living smiles no longer
Greets the coming of our feet?
The days seem long, the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on:
And O, how few are childhood's pleasures,
When her gentle care is gone.

Things we prize are first to vanish;
Hearts we love to pass away;
And how soon even in our childhood,
We behold her turning gray.
Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow,
Her joys of earth are past,
And before we learn to know her,
She has breathed on earth her last.

Other hearts may have their sorrows;
Grief that quickly die away;
But a mother lost in childhood
Grieves the heart from day to day.
We miss her kind and willing hand,
Her fond and earnest care;
And O, how drear is life around us,
What's home without a mother there?

From Putnam's Monthly of July..

Early Rising.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!'
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by "patent right!"

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration;)
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
Whate'r the rascal's name, or age or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—"Early rising!"

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed!"
Observes some solemn sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about the rise—and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The "time for honest folks to be abed,"
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks!

Thompson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season.
But then he said it—lying—in his bed
A ten o'clock, A. M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
Awake to duty and awake to truth—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood, or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile,
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live, as only in the angel's sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So, let us sleep, and give the maker praise.
Like the lad who when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early youngster caught,
Cried. served him right!—it's not at all surprising—
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

D. R. Lat. by Ob. Variation. Diff.

Journal from Newyork towards Lagoona Benja Winchinbach Master

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Sunday 31 day of May 1863
1	4	1	WSW	South	1½	
2	4	1				Commences fresh Breses from
3	3					The South thick and rainy at
4	2	1	ESE			2 P.M furld F.T gallant Sail
5	2	1				Flying gibb and main T.M Stay
6	2	1				Still blowing fresh at 2 P.M
7	2	1				Tacked to the S.E.
8	2	1				
9	2	1	SEbyE	SSW		
10	2	1				Middel part the Same
11	2	1				A Short head Sea from South
12	2	1				Caused the vessel to labour
1	2	1	SE½E	S.W.	Do	hard
2	2	1				
3	2	1				Saw a Sail Staring North
4	2	1				
5	2	1				
6	2	1				
7	2	1				Latter part more more modeate
8	2	1				
9	2	1				
10	2	1				Lat By Obs 36°29 N Doubtful
11	2	1				
12	2	1	Do	Do	Do	

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Monday 1 day of June 1863
1	2	1	SE½S	S.W.	1½	
2	2	1				Begins fresh breses from S.W
3	2	1				Cloudy hazy weather
4	2	1				A high Cross Sea running Caused
5	2	1				The vessel to labour hard
6	2	1				
7	2	1				Double reefd F.T Sail & mainsail
8	2	1				
9	2	1				Saw A Sail Staring North
10	3					
11	3			Do	Do	
12	3	1				
1	3	1				
2	3	1				
3	3	1				Latter part more modeate
4	3	1				at 8 A.M more Modeate Set whole
5	3					T Sail & mainsail
6	3					
7	3					
8	3					No Obs this Day
9	3					
10	3					
11	3					
12	3			Do	Do	

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

33°13 N

Father and Son.

A Comedy in Two Acts.

PART I.

"And so, sir, this is your decision?"

"Honor, father, forbids any other."

"Do you mean to say, sir, that you are engaged to the girl?"

"Not exactly. I await her decision."

"Then you have proposed?"

"I have, sir."

"And you've resolved to marry Miss Cameron and not Miss Dashwood?"

"If Miss Cameron will accept me."

"Very well, sir, very well! This is your gratitude—this your filial duty! you self-willed, ungrateful dog, in return for the trouble I've had with you, the efforts I've made to secure for you the best match in the country. Here is a fine, dashing, handsome young woman, rich, and belonging to one of the first families of the country, whom you throw aside for the sake of a pale-faced chit of a clergyman's daughter."

"Father!"

"Don't father me, sir—don't interrupt me—don't speak to me again! Get out of my sight! but remember! the day on which you marry Lena Cameron you will cease to be a son of mine. I'll disown, I'll disinherit you, sir, and leave all I have to the new Orphan Asylum!"

Such was the scene enacting in Squire Chester's parlor—a scene frequently presented upon the stage to sympathizing and delighted crowds—an irate father, portly, red-faced and loud-voiced, with hands beneath coat tails, *a la* Pickwick, and eyes glaring wrathfully through gold-rimmed spectacles, upon a handsome and undutiful son, bent upon wedding the object of his soul's idolatry against his father's wishes. Yet in this instance it was no mere acting, but on the part of each serious and resolute earnest.

To add to the dramatic effect, at the moment in which the Squire's last words were spoken, a fair, delicate looking girl, who was abouf entering the room, catching the sound of the angry voice, paused an instant with her hand on the door knob, as if hesitating whether to enter. And thus it happened that she heard her own name coupled with the threat already mentioned.

She turned then, and *glided swiftly up the* stairs to her own *room*. Locking the door, she threw herself on a couch, and burying her face in the pillows, remained a long time quite motionless. She did not weep, but when she at length arose, her face was very, very pale, and her sweet blue eyes had a haggard look of suffering painful to witness in one so young.

Seating herself at the table, she drew towards her writing desk, and wrote as follows;

"Dear Cousin Philip:—Since our interview of yesterday, I have thought the matter over, and come to the conclusion that it will be best that we should not marry. Do not blame me—do not question me ever. I have reasons which I cannot explain, but act as I think will be best for us both. LENA."

"Where is Miss Cameron?" questioned Philip of the servant who handed him this note.

"Gone over to Elmwood, sir, to her aunt, Mrs. Page. I heard her say she should stay there until her return to the city in a few days."

An hour later, Philip Chester was on his way to Elmwood. The path was lonely, leading through a sequestered wood, and he was consequently surprised when, at an abrupt turning, he came suddenly face to face with a young lady, very tall, very handsome, and attired in a rich riding habit and floating plume. Philip lifted his hat respectfully and would have passed on, but the lady passed full in the path before him.

"Excuse me—you are Mr. Philip Chester?"

He bowed.

"And I am Josephine Dashwood."

In his surprise he hardly knew what to say. "I did not know—I was not aware of Miss Dashwood's being in the neighborhood."

"I dare say not. You were expecting, perhaps, you and your honored father, to behold me *for the first time at the residence of* my respected uncle and guardian, Simon Walker, Esq. But you see I was too anxious to wait, so I concluded to run down for a day or two to Elmwood, on the strength of Mrs. Page *being* an old friend of my mother. I wanted to see you, Mr. Chester."

"You do me honor," said Philip, puzzled in what manner to treat this frank avowal. The young lady meanwhile played with her horse's mane.

"I am glad of this accidental meeting," she resumed, "for I was just thinking how it would be possible to obtain a private interview."

Philip started.

"I believe," continued she coolly, "that there has been some arrangement made, concerning us by these two old—I mean your much honored father and my highly respectabl uncle—a little matrimonial scheme, if I am not mistaken. Very kind of them, doubtless, though it might have been kinder to have left us to choose for ourselves and be happy in our own way."

A faint gleam of hope began to dawn on Philip.

"I want to tell you a secret, Mr. Chester, May I trust you?"

"If you will do me the honor," he replied ill coldly.

"Ah, I see you don't like me. but you will ter awhile. This, then, is my secret. I m in love—pray don't be alarmed—not with you,"

"Thank you!" said he, almost involuntari-

"With a very handsome, very clever, very thy and deserving young man," resumed Dashwood, with unmoved seriousness t *poor*. And *you* are in love with one ly perect, but suffering under the same a."

looked at him seriously now, wi eyes and he met the gaze frankly.

"Now we understand each other," she said, resuming her former tone and manner; "and now we can act as seems best to us under the circumstances. It won't do to rebel openly against these two old fogies—I beg their pardon—those wise and venerable old gentlemen; but we can manage quietly to circumvent them, and have our own way, can't we?"

"Perhaps you have formed some plan to that effect?" said Philip, half amused and half interested.

"You shall hear," she answered. "I am told that your dear, delightful father admires '*dashing*' ladies, wants a dashing-daughter-in-law and mistress of his establishment.—You will dine to-morrow at Elmwood. Be sure not to disappoint Mrs. Page, who knows all about it, and takes a tender and motherly interest in the affair. We will see whether the old gentleman is satisfied with his chosen daughter-in-law. But whatever occurs your *role*, remember, is to be perfectly charmed. Will you accept your part, Mr. Chester?"

Half laughing, half wondering, he agreed. And so they rode on together through the shadowy woodpath; Philip Chester liking his companion far better than he had previously thought possible of Miss Dashwood,

PART II.

Scene second, act first, transports us to the drawing room, where sat the good lady, Mrs. Page, in all the formal dignity of a country dinner dress, endeavoring to entertain some half a dozen guests, of whom Squire Chester was one. Seated near an open window he was anxiously awaiting the appearance of Miss Dashwood, with a vague hope as to the effect which might be thereby produced upon his undutiful son. That self willed young man lounged near, cheerfully conversing with a lady, while Lena Cameron, very pale and quiet, was bending over a bit of embroidery, with fingers that trembled a little, and eyes that were rarely uplifted,

Suddenly the sharp notes of a bugle pierced the ears of the assembled company.

"There is Joe!" said Mrs. Page, "I am glad that she is come, as now we can have dinner."

"Joe?" doubtfully inquired one of the lady guests.

The squire looked from the window, as invited, and beheld a man's hat and coat, as he thought, and a woman's skirt, dashing full speed up the avenue toward the house, with a half a dozen dogs accompanying. Springing unassisted to the ground, she proceeded to unloosen the saddle and throw it upon the ground; then walked several times round the horse, evidently examining into his condition, and discussing the same with the groom who had now appeared.

If Squire Chester regarded this unexpected appearance of his son's chosen wife with any emotions of surprise or disappointment, he at least did not express it. On the contrary, he bowed and shook hands with true old school gallantry and courtesy, as that young lady presently entered the room, followed by two of the dogs aforesaid, to whom she whistled an encouragement to enter.

"Oh, my dear, the dogs!" remonstrated Mrs. Page, piteously; "we are not accustomed to having them in the drawing room."

"Dear me! not have dawgs in the drawing room! Why, I have mine with me everywhere, and all over the house. Like dawgs, sir?" she inquired with a pretty drawl, of her future father-in-law.

"Very much—in their proper place," the old gentleman felt restrained to say. To which Miss Dashwood replied by a just perceptible shrug of her graceful shoulders; and then went to dinner.

"No turkey, thank you," said she; I never take fowl—its only fit for invalids and babies; so insipid. I'll take roast beef—rare. if you. please—though I prefer steak and onions."

And besprinkling the gory slice with an abundance of cayenne sauce, Miss Dashwood commenced her repast, while the Squire turned away his eyes, meeting those of Lena Cameron, his wife's neice, who had been regarding these proceedings of the "dashing" young lady with an expression akin to horror Poor child, she wasn't in the secret. But the Squire thought as he looked at her, how very delicate and refined, and lady like she appeared.

Miss Dashwood declined sherry, but accepted a little port instead—though expressing a preference for French brandy and water. It was quite the "style" now, she asserted, for ladies to prefer brandy. Indeed, some even professed a partiality for Bourbon though she herself considered it inferior to brandy in point of taste and real refreshment; and Squire Chester felt provoked at the assiduity with which his son refilled the young lady's glass, and listened admiringly to all she said.

"Give us some music, Joe," said Mrs. Page, when the were again in the drawing room. And the Squire, who was devoted to music, looked up and brightened. It was one of his favorite anticipations, that of his son's wife playing to him, and soothing him in his after dinner hours with the melodies he loved. And now he came up to the piano and stood expectant.

Miss Dashwood played a rattling prelude, and then suddenly broke into a bravora, which caused one old lady to vacate her seat near the instrument. The squire, undaunted, kept his post, until a hunter's song, with all the accompaniment of "horn, hound and rider halloo," overcame even his courtesy, and he too retreated.

"Now, Lena, one of your favorite songs," said her aunt, quietly, and the girl sat down, and in sweet, low and somewhat plainitive voice, sang "Bonnie Doon," and "Annie Laurie."

"That's the music that I like," remarked Squire Chester, to his hostess, *sotto voce*. "Those charming old songs are worth all the modern fal-de-rals that have ever been written." And he looked thoughtfully at Miss Dashwood, and then at Miss Cameron. Likewise, he hearkened to the discourse now going between the former and his son.

"I do so doat on horses," observed the young lady. "I couldn't be happy under any circumstances, without at least two of my own—a rider and a hunter. I delight in hunting, whenever it is to be had, and generally, on that account, pass my summers among the mountains, though deer are becoming very scarce, and woodcock almost as much so. I wish we had fox hunting here, as in England. I prefer novels in which fox hunting comes in—'Guy Livingston,' for instance. What a splendid fellow he was! and what a humdrum country is ours, where there is hardly anything to amuse one except the theatres. If I had my own way I should be an actress. Don't you think so, Mr. Chester?"

"Capital!" responded the young man, with emphasis, and a pleased, half-amused, and half-earest look, which didn't escape his watchful sire, though he might not understand it.

"He's a ninny!" was the mental reflection of the lotter. "What sort of a wife would such a woman make?" was his next involuntary thought, until it suddenly occurred to him, with something like a shock, that this was really, after all, the woman he had chosen for his son's wife, for his daughter-in-law, for the mistress of the house and household. And again he looked at Lena—very kindly this time.

"You must see my Beelzebub," resumed Miss Dashwood, enthusiastically; "such a charming creature!—full of spirit, yet so, tractable and affectionate, that I assure you sir," addressing the Squire, "he'll walk into the breakfast room and drink out of your coffee cup at the table."

This assurance appeared to have no particular charm for Squire Chester, for he turned away with very little ceremony. Miss Dashwood went up stairs on some errand, and they heard her whistling as she crossed the hall.

"Philip," whispered the Squire, "I think we'd better be going."

"Not yet, sir. Miss Dashwood is about to show me her new pistols; and then she will teach me a new game with cards, and afterwards we're to go to the stables."

"To go where?"

"To the stables, sir, to look at the horses."

The Squire cast on him a look of concentrated indignation.

"Is that—is Miss Dashwood, or Joe, or whatever else she is called, a man or a woman?"

"The latter, I presume, sir. It is the fashion now-a-days, you know, for dashing young women like her, to adopt a masculine style in general. It sits well on Miss Joe—don't you think so, sir?"

"Miss Joe be ——."

The old gentleman recollected himself in time. But he had seen enough of the dashing young Miss Josephine, his old friend, Simeon Walker's niece, and very moody was he as he rode homeward that night.

"Philip," said he, a day or two after, "I don't see the use of your going to Elmwood so often, now that Miss Daswood is there."

"Why not, sir?" I thought you would like it."

"The truth is, I'm dissappointed in Miss Dashwood. I can't approve of such a woman as a wife for any man save a horse dealer or a circus rider. Especially I should not approve of her as mistress of this house. I have no desire to see my drawing room turned into a dog-kennel, or to have horses walking in and drinking out of my coffee cup. In fact," said the Squire. waxing warm, "I won't have my future daughter-in-law going about the house whistling, and odorous of brandy and cigars, too, I shouldn't wonder. I heard her say it was the fashion. Ugh!"

Philip was satisfied; the more so when, a week later, his father observed that little Lena would make as good a wife for him as any he could get.

The wedding took place within six months. Miss Dashwood herself a happy bride, was present, and the Squire wondered exceedingly at the great change and improvement wrought in her by the influence of marriage.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thine innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold;
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen,
O well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath,
With accents of kindess, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone;
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the Ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours
And blessings thy pathway to crown,
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

Ladies' Portfolio.

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

As though no shade of human wrong fell darkly on their beauty,
And all men walked in brotherhood the shining ways of duty,
The blessed summer days glide by in calm and sweet succession;
God writes on Nature's palace-walls no curse against oppression.

The strong man arms him for the fight; he hears the bugle calling;
And while between the patriot-shouts her tears have time for falling,
Pale woman plies the treaded steel, nor shapes her lips to singing.
But still with every stitch she draws the pearls of prayer is stringing.

She thinks of those whose wounds are fresh; of those in death-sleep lying,
Whose brows of youth and manhood won their brightest crowns in dying;
She thinks of others brave and true hid in the smoke of battle,
Where bayonets gleam, and cannon roar, and bullets hiss and rattle.

She shudders while the words of fate along the wires are chasing,
Or trembling waits the hurried line some comrade may be tracing;
Her heart grows faint; she lifts her hands in anguished imploration:
"God save my soldier!" first she prays, and then, "God save the Nation!"

And when she moans: "The very thought of loss doth overcome me!"
Crying; "If it be possible, O, let this cup pass from me!"
God chides her not, if, choked with sobs, she add to her petition
But brokenly, Christ's after words of meekness and submission.

He saw her pale with victory, in the dark hour of trial,
When Self lay slain, and sorrowing Love was fettered with denial;
And the Divine One, who alone can clearly read the human,
Traces the hero's autograph through tear-blots of the woman.

Independent.

WORDS FOR WIVES.

I believe the influence of a wife to be always, for good or for bad, very decided. There is not a woman living, unless she have forfeited all claim to her husband's respect, but is making her mark day by day upon his character. We men are foolishly proud, and do not like to let the women see how they influence us, but we know that, outside of our business, and sometimes even in it,—all our doings are more or less controlled by our wives, and he is a knave who will not honestly own it. Is it a disgrace to a man that he is kept at home, away from bad company, away from doubtful pleasures and foolish expense, through his wife's influence? Some poor, cowardly souls think so, and utter senseless cries against her who, as a guardian angel, stands between these and their victim. I think the wife was given to man to supply him with certain things wanting in his own nature, and in yielding to her judgment, her opinion, her desire,—where these are on the side of truth and justice,—he only follows out the leading of a Divine will. But though the husband hide it or deny it, let the good wife be of good cheer. One thing, however, let her understand,—worrying, fretting, fault-finding, direct and frequent harangues, ill-tempered slurs, anything that looks like passion, suspicion, or jealousy, will do no good. These are things a man cannot bear, and have driven many into the things they were intended to prevent. She lacks judgment and prudence who shall ever indulge in these. Let her know that the strongest influences are those which are silent and indirect, that it is impossible for her to be in the right, gently, patiently, consistently, without its being felt. It may not be acknowledged to-day, or to-morrow, or ever; it may not do all that she hoped it would do. Counteracting influences may be too strong for that, but it is felt among the deepest and last things of life, even when he jeers, and scoffs and strikes.—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

Be Gentle to Thy Wife.

Be gentle—for you little know
How many trials rise;
Although to thee they may be small,
To her of giant seize.

Be gentle—though perchance that lip
May speak a muttering tone,
The heart may speak with kindness yet,
And still be all thine own.

Be gentle—weary hours of pain
'Tis woman's lot to bear;
Then yield to her whate'er thou canst,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle—for the noblest hearts
At times must have some grief,
And in a pettish act or word
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle—none are perfect here—
Thou'rt dearer far than life;
Then, husband, bear, and still forbear;
Be gentle to thy wife.

Be gentle—then let every man
Respond, "So mote it be;"
'Twill smooth life's checkered path
Of marriage to eternity.

Journal from New york towards Lagoonna B Wachenbach Master

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 4 day of June 1863
1	3	1	W b N			Commences gentle brises from S S W
2	3	1				and pleasant weather
3	3	1				
4	3	1				
5	3					
6	3					
7	3		S.E ½ S			
8	3					
9	3					Seen Sail Standing S.E.
10	3					
11	3					
12	3					Middle Part Cloudy
1	3		S E ½ E			
2	3					
3	3					
4	3					
5	3		W N W			
6	3					
7	3					
8	3					
9	3					Latter part Squally and rainy
10	3					
11	3					No Obs this day
12	3		N. E.			

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Friday 5 day of June 1863
1	3		W b S	S S W		Commences fresh brises from S S W
2	3					Squally and rainy
3	3					
4	3					
5	3					
6	3					Saw a Sail Standing Eastward
7	3					
8	3					
9	4					
10	3					
11	3			Do		
12	3					
1	3					
2	3					Middle part gentle brises and
3	3					Fair weather
4	3					So Ends the day
5	4					
6	4					
7	4					
8	4					Lat Obs 32.32 N
9	4		W b S ½ S	South		
10	4					
11	4					
12	4		Do	Do		

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Only a Blunder.

"n't you know of some one who would make me a good wife, Dr. Ellsworth?"

Salmon Hayden chewed anxiously on a bit of shaving as he spoke.

"Vell, Hayden, I don't know. Can't you find somebody for yourself?" replied Dr. Ellsworth, folding a powder in a bit of blue pape.

"No, Doctor, I can't," answered Hayden hopelessly; "I have been refused so many times I feel rather delicate about trying. If you *could* do something for me! I should like to get married. It is very difficult finding help, and the best of help don't ake that interest a wife would. Why, verything's at loose ends in my house: amantha—that's my oldest—she does the est she can; but what do young girls know bout planning and contriving?"

"Sure enough," responded the Doctor, eelingly.

Having taken to himself a "child-wife" n his old age, he was supposed to know vhat "shiftlessness" is.

"And then again," continued the would-be Benedict, rolling the shaving under his ongue, as if it had been a cud of sweet and bitter fancy—"then, again, it costs a sight of money to *hire* so much. Says I to myself more'n six months ago, says I, 'Salmon Hayden, do you look round for some smart, driving, go-ahead woman, and marry her if you can!' But somehow I haven't seemed to have any luck."

The Doctor rubbed his left ear reflectively.

"Suppose now I should say Priscilla Danley. She would make an excellent wife, I am sure; and I really think she would be willing to change her situation There is nobody else who occurs to me at this moment."

Salmon Hayden's eyes lighted like the eyes of Jonathan after he had tasted the honey in the wood.

"Well, she's a woman I don't know; but if you think she will do, why, all right. I must consider my children, you understand, and get somebody who will make a good mother to them. But I have a great deal of confidence in your judgment, Doctor, and if it is your opinion she will suit all around you would confer a great favor by saying a word for me."

Dr. Ellsworth folded another powder in a bit of *white* paper.

"I think," said he, "*you* had better do the speaking. I am not accustomed to such business myself; never did anything of the kind but once, and that was on my own account."

"I can't, Doctor, I have so much bad uck. If you only *would* help me this once shall always account you my best friend," aid Hayden, in a pathetic tone which truck home to the Doctor's benevolent eart.

So he promised; and that very evening ook occasion to call at Mr. Danley's under pretense of asking after old lady Danley's rheumatism.

Priscilla met him at the door.

"I would like to see you a few minutes alone, Miss Danley," said the Doctor, blushing like Aurora.

"To be sure you may," answered Priscilla, briskly, "*if you'll step into the kitchen* where I'm paring apples. It's a busy time just now, and I can as well keep my hands going while I talk."

"*What* has he got in his head now?" thought she, as they walked along together, "Come to borrow money, I'll warrant. He may as well save his breath; for I've taken all the money out of my stocking to pay off that mortgage—as far as the heel."

"Miss Danley, said the Doctor, after a few desultory coughs, and a few preliminary ahems, "I would like to ask you your candid opinion in regard to—to matrimony."

Priscilla punched the apple-corer a little way into the ball of her thumb.

"My opinion, Doctor? You didn't come all this length of ways to hear that? If you did it's a pity you shouldn't get it, though; so I'll out with it, and not wait to be coaxed. It's my candid opinion that matrimony is very well in it's place."

"But in your own case, Miss Priscilla? Suppose now a good, likely man, and an excellent provider—"

Priscilla sprang up as if one of Cupid's arrows had suddenly hit her, and ran to the sink in the most irrevelant manner to wash her hands.

"A man that would give you a comfortable home—"

"No more or your 'supposes,' Dr. Ellsworth. If you've got anything to say

"So I will, all but the name. I've no idea of trifling with you, Miss Priscilla. He is a man I can recommend."

"A widower?"

"Yes."

"How many children?"

"Six."

"What are his means?"

"Well to do, Miss Danley, or I wouldn't have come here on any such errand."

"What do you want me to say, Doctor? I shouldn't like to have the certificate made out, you know, and the minister spoken to, before I'd set eyes on the man!"

Dr. Ellsworth laughed. The worst was now over, and Miss Priscilla's matter-of-fact manner had set him quite at his ease.

"All I ask of you, Miss Danley, is this: Will you or will you not see him?"

"I will; certainly; why not?" replied Miss Priscilla, looking at her questioner with eyes as penetrating as two blue gimlets, and with as much composure as though it had been a suit of clothes instead of a wife Dr. Ellsworth was bespeaking.

"Oh well! Then it's all right. I will call over with the gentleman and introduce him," returned the Doctor, hastily drawing on his gloves. "By the way," he added, remembering his pretended errand, and turning back at the door, "how is your grandmother, Miss Priscilla?"

Miss Priscilla threw up her nose, which was as sharp as a fish-knife, disapprovingly. "Grandmother is no better," said she, "and she will be no better while she continues to live on blue-pills and Dover's powders. All my wonder is that she is alive."

"I have told the old lady," observed Dr. Ellsworth, mildly, as became a warrior who would not speak to the prejudice of his own weapons, "that too much medicine may effect one as unfavorably as too little; but she *thinks* that she has lived long enough to judge for herself; and as I can do nothing for her I will wish you good-bye for the present, and call again soon, with your leave, to introduce the gentleman referred to."

"Of course. Only not Monday of the week, or Saturday—that is baking-day. Men *are* such fools, and the most foolish thing about them is, they don't know they are fools," said Miss Priscilla aside, taking up a pan of apples and setting it down again with an emphasis.

Miss Danley's figure was adapted to wiry strength rather than grace, and she carried decision and capability in every thread of her chocolate calico. Her hair, which was the color of white pepper, had a way of coiling itself up in a tight twist, fastened by an inflexible steel comb; and her complexion was more like a russet apple than an apple-blossom. But, though not strictly beautiful, Miss Priscilla Danley had other attractions beside those in her money-stocking. She never made a failure of anything she turned her hand to, from pies to poetry; and in sickness she was worth her weight in diamond dust.

Dr. Ellsworth was quite conscious of this as he shut the door of the thrifty Danley mansion; yet somehow, such is the perversity of the heart of man, he went home to his silly "child-wife's" pretty face and gay spirits with especial satisfaction that night.

Next week, on the afternoon of ironing-day, which every body knows is Tuesday, he called with the impatient Mr. Hayden, on Miss Priscilla.

And this was the way the fates had ordered it: She and her cousin Mrs. Pillsbury, not expecting visitors before tea, were engaged in taking to pieces and putting together again the sewing machine. Round Miss Priscilla's slender waist was tied a blue checked apron; and in her left hand was a kerosene lamp with the top off; while in her right hand brandished a feather.

It was not an opportune moment that nephew David, aged sixteen, roguishly ushered the two callers into the sitting-room. Miss Priscilla was conscious that scarlet vied with russet in her face, and that the tight twist at the back of her head was stuck full of knitting-needles.

Introductions were hurried over, and the Doctor took his leave, feeling very guilty, and very much afraid of the severe glances which the gimlet eyes were boring into his soul. The moment he left the room however, Miss Priscilla darted after him.

"So that is your widower, is it? And a pretty time of day to bring him here, without so much as a word of warning!"

The Doctor lingered for no further reproaches, but shut the front door behind him with the utmost dispatch, while Miss Priscilla ran up stairs to arrange her toilette, leaving Mr. Hayden and her cousin togeth-

As it was a day of blunders, and the Fates had matters in their own hands, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Hayden had made a mistake at the outset—the trifling mistake of supposing Mrs. Pillsbury was the lady of his love.

"I am glad it was not the other one," said he to himself, complacently; for Mrs. Pillsbury's comely face and plump little figure did certainly contrast very favorably with the grimness and angularity of "the other one." There was not the shadow of a doubt in Mr. Salmon Hayden's mind that the lady with her hair full of knitting-needles had left the room on purpose to give him an opportunity to express his sentiments. There was no time to be lost, he thought; for she might come back again as suddenly as she had gone.

"I am a poor bereaved man," said he, trying to get a view of the sole of his left boot, "ahem! as I suppose my friend the Doctor has told you."

Mrs. Pillsbury looked up sympathetically.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Hayden."

There was a tear in her eye, which was very encouraging to the poor stammerer.

"Yes, a poor, bereaved man," repeated he, in more assured tones; "and really, Madame, a word of condolence from *you* is worth a great deal to me—worth more than you can think."

Mrs. Pillsbury looked up again, and this time with innocent surprise. It was not really clear to her why her sympathy should be so especially valuable.

"You have a feeling heart, Madame."

"I hope I have, Mr. Hayden; but your lonely condition must touch *any* one, I am am sure. I always thought a house must seem utterly desolate when a man goes home and finds motherless children in place of his wife."

Mrs. Pillsbury, as she spoke, looked up into the eyes of the bereaved with such tender pity that his heart leaped with a great bound toward his gentle sympathizer, instantly taking her into his empty corner.

"I don't know how to thank Dr. Ellsworth enough for the favor of this introduction," said he, gratefully. "I suppose you understand the object of my visit upon this occasion, and are willing, I hope, to receive my attentions with a view to marriage? I suppose, too, you must understand that I must wish to hasten matters as fast as is convenient to you. I am all ready now, and I hope you will name as early a day as possible."

So saying—the mind of Mr. Hayden reverting to the old days of his first courtship—he took Mrs. Pillsbury's pin cushion of a hand in the most affectionate manner—the very hand which ought at that especial moment to have been frying fritters for its impatient owner, her husband. Impatient, sure enough; for before Mrs. Pillsbury, in her amazement, had time to speak, or even draw back, the voice of Mr. Pillsbury, inquiring with conjugal freedom, if supper was nearly ready. Then he stepped over the threshold and stood in dumb surprise just as Miss Priscilla appeared in the other doorway.

"Sarah Matilda! my wife!" was all the astonished husband could utter; while "Mercy on us!" fell from the pursed lips of Miss Priscilla like a quick storm of hail Which was the most astonished one of the party it would be difficult to say; but the first to regain equipoise was Sarah Matilda.

"An apology is due to Mr. Hayden," said she, with ready tact. "He has mistaken me, an old married woman, for my cousin, Miss Danley. Priscilla, he has asked for my hand and I refer him to you for an answer."

"Yes, yes," gasped Mr. Hayden, with as good grace as he could command. "A natural mistake, ladies; and I hope you'll excuse it, Miss Danley, I mean Mrs.—Mrs.—"

"Pillsbury," suggested the outraged husband, severely.

"And I sincerely hope"—faltered the father of six, with an appealing glance at the spinster's top-knot of steel-colored ribbon, which protuded from each side of the tight twist like a two-edged sword—"I sincerely hope, Miss Danley, it will be so you can overlook this little blunder, and take me for—for better or worse."

"Tea is ready," said Miss Priscilla without bending her head; "walk out and sit down with us, Mr. Hayden."

This invitation looked propitious. If the lady had been offended beyond all hope of reconciliation she would not have asked the enemy out to tea. Mr. Hayden's India rubber spirits had suffered collapse on account

He watched her, sitti
the little Japan tray, pou
tea as nearly as possible a
the nose of the tea-pot; a
his own soul that this " o
rule his house better than
Mrs. Pillsbury, on whom
minutes of hopeless and u
Yes, he was satisfied that
his future life depended up
from Miss Danley's decis
yet had only opened to
they would take sugar an
cups.

Miss Priscilla did not f
get the proprieties of the
while she was acting he
with the strictest decorum
busy with the thoughts of th
she, or should she not,
hand of Salmon Hayden,
six responsibilities which
his hearth-stone?

There was Sam—that
brother—he had a wife, jus
iting—she usually was gon
eight children. Was it Pr
stand forever over those
towel, a cake of soap, a dar
a pair of scissors? She h
far ever since Sam married
Hannah Lovejoy, and do it
end of the chapter, and wh
thank her for it? Six was
eight. She could take the
own hands as no maiden a
and there would be only a
easy-going man to say, "Wh

Miss Priscilla considered a
As for the mistake Mr. Hay
in addressing Mrs. Pillsbury
self, it did not weigh a feath
sible Priscilla. It only show
sent-minded, flighty man was
to risk the possibility of such
the distracted Salmon had n
Sarah Matilda, he *supposed* he
it to Priscilla; so pray what w
ence? It is not best to "split
west to northwest side," and M
never wasted time in such pu
ment. She had been weighing
of marriage ever since the Frid
and now that she had seen the b
expectant she had no particular f
with him, except that he would
his mouth full. She considered
sidered; and before the pile of f
quite sunk to nothingness Mr
prospects had risen in inverse
Miss Priscilla had decided that h
to sit at the foot of the table at
should preside as head. She would
pour tea for him as for any man she
and being a woman who did what sh
to do in the shortest space of time an
the fewest possible words, she soon
the ecstatic man acquainted with th
of her heart; whereupon he smiled l
sun after a shower, and immediately
together all the scattered rays of his
tions, and beamed down upon the trop

After supper Mrs. Pillsbury steppe
her cousin's place once more.
fore, in the affections of her sui
time more acceptably in her w
ing away the table and overl
am Danley's eight children
oldest to youngest, inherited their m
incapacity; "Hannah all over,"
Aunt Priscilla often said, with a
ed sigh. And thus
for a little necessary
elected bridegroom in
not wholly lost,
carried a ball of yarn
in her pocket, and man
the yard of edging tha
such odd minutes.

"I hope," said Mr.
impatience of a househ
lover—"I hope you wo
long."

"Nothing to wait fo
never was one to dawdl
anything to be done, do

---

is honora
ook in his
ome conje
e eyes of
ubscriptio
was to
ke him, a
ade the P
ome of th
t last th
uriosity
gh-minde
ad increas
ever forg
e face o
ook and a
le man
five hu
had agr
By and
ssment.
ournal w
hich he
the Ag
5, and p
is day!
We have
re, only
ristics o
ances, w
ore cert
edges of
lied upo
ry temp
norable
s! Wh
ises wo
rters!
Now th
y one s
duals sh
nsisten
ch in th

The ne
e rece
out ce

et
aw i
outh
is. D
67, s
ld, a
e An

reafte
ourier-
low ne

Taking the
is importa
oon. Hon
oped to me
nce of his
e building
e lower st

---

ase me much to give a sketch of
ing and busy location, with its
tories and thrifty growth, did
But I must be home in the morn-
ain connecting with the boat will

se EXECUTED. Gov. Chamber-
ed his warrant for the execution
Harris, now under sentence of
murder of the two women at Au-
s ago. It will be remembered

Journal from New York towards Laguna as B. W. Master

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Monday 8 day of June 1863
1	3		S. E	Variables		Commences fresh gales Squally
2	3					And rainy took in Sail acordingly
3	3					at 8 P M Tacked Ship to the
4	3					West
5	3					
6	3					
7	3					
8	3					
9	3		W N W			at 12 midnight Tacked Ship to
10	3					The S. E. Cloudy and Sharp
11	3					Lightning
12	3					
1	3		S S E ½ E	Do		at 1 A M wind sudenly Changed
2	3					To N. E.
3	3					
4	3					
5	2		Suth			Winds Varing to the East and Cloudy
6	2					So Ends the day
7	2					
8	2					
9	3		S W by S			
10	3					Lat Obs 30 35 N
11	3					
12	3		Do	Do		

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Tuesday 9 day of June 1863
1	4		S S W	Variables		Commences Light Breses from the E N E
2	5					And Cloudy
3	3					
4	2					
5	1					at 4 P M showers of rain attended with
6	Calm					Heavy thundering and lightning at 8
7	2		S. W			P M Calm
8	2					
9	2		N W by W			at [illegible] heavy gales from N N E to
10	2					Took in all Sail nessary a high Cross
11	2					Sea running many Seas breaking the
12	2					Vessel and Vessel labouring hard
1	2		S W by S	Do		
2	3			North		
3	3			N N E		Pumps well attended to
4	4					
5	5					
6	5					
7	4	1				The day Ends more moderate
8	4	1				Set more Sail So Ends the day
9	5					
10	5					
11	5					
12	5		Do	N E		Lat by Obs 29 43 N

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

A Jealous Father.

A RAILROAD ADVENTURE.

"Katonah," shouted the brakeman, opening the car door as the train passed before a splendid little station on the Harlem railroad.

I do not know as I should have particularly noticed that we stopped at all, for I had been napping for some miles; but just as I was casting an inquiring, sleepy look out of the window, and settling myself for another siesta, my attention was attracted by the entrance of a young lady, a way-passenger, who perceiving the car was well filled, paused before me in evident embarrassment.

I scarcely wish the reader to infer from this that there were no vacant seats; on the contrary, the chair I occupied was selfishly monopolized by my shawl and valise which had excluded many an occupant, and so the moment I observed the car door open I mentally resolved not to budge an inch; but one glance at the new comer changed my mind.

She was a young lady of exceeding beauty, dressed in the rich and tasty style of the present fashion. Whether it was genteel aspect or the soft melancholy of her dark impressive eyes I cannot say, but when she ventured almost timidly, to inquire if the half seat at my side was engaged, I gallantly rose and proffered it to her at once. I must acknowledge I felt somewhat flattered by her preference, for though a young man, and tolerably good looking, I had the sense to perceive that there were far better looking men around, who like me, might have shared their chair with the handsome lady stranger. I fancied they envied me too, as the fair girl sat plump down, and her dainty form nestled close to my side.

"I fear I have disturbed you," said my companion in a low sweet voice that thrilled me with its soft cadence.

"Not all Miss," I rejoined with stereotyped politeness. "I am too happy to oblige you?"

She bowed and smiled in reply, and a short pause ensued, as is usual upon such sudden acquaintanceship. In the meantime the train has started, and we rattled swiftly through the fields and woods, now decked in the lively tint of spring. The conductor came in and went through his customary routine of examining the tickets. I perceived hers was marked for New York and after some hesitation I said:

"You go to the city?"

"Yes," she replied with a smile of winning candor; "that I presume you have already found."

"I shall keep you company then," I observed pleasantly.

"Thank you, sir."

There was a slight dignity, I thought, in her tone which repelled further familiarity; so, as I am a very modest man, I drew back and said nothing further. On rushed the steam horse upon its iron railway. One more station has been passed, and I was fast relapsing into my former apathy when my lady friend to my surprise, leaned toward me and whispered,

"I am very timid on the cars."

"Indeed," said I quite charmed with her abruptness. "You surely are well accustomed to travelling?"

"Perfectly," she replied with some nonchalance; "but that is not it exactly. There are so many dreadful accidents on the railroad."

"Dreadful indeed!" echoed I.

"And," added my companion with naivete, "It is unpleasant to travel unattended. I usually have my brother Charlie with me. He is a splendid escort."

"If you will allow me," said I quite gallantly, "I will gladly occupy that position."

"I am much obliged to you, sir," replied the young lady, with a grateful glance from her dark orbs, "yet I am half frightened to think I am accepting the escort of a stranger; not that I fear you, sir; but alas! I have a jealous father."

"A jealous father!" I repeated, somewhat puzzled and surprised.

"Ah yes," sighed the young lady. "It is my misfortune while having wealth, health and almost everything that the heart can wish, to be under the control of a tyrannical old step-father who treats me oftimes in the most cruel manner, debars me from the society of our sex, shuts me up in the gloom of my chamber, and treats me with pitiless rigor if I do as much as to speak to or look at a man."

"What a monster!" I ejaculated with a melo-dramatic sympathy.

"That is the reason," she continued, looking around her half-fearfully as she spoke, "that is the reason why I am so diffident about entrusting myself to your care, but I did it on one condition."

"Name it," I rejoined, charmed and delighted with the strange confidence the young lady was reposing in me.

"That you leave me the instant the cars reach New York."

I was so bewitched by the beauty and charming *insouciance* of my quondam friend that I readily gave the required pledge. Apparently quite relieved the young lady threw aride all reserve, and talked and chatted with me in the most pleasant manner possible. It is needless to say that in an hour's time I had so far advanced in her good graces as to venture to press her hand, and the sweet half coquettish smile that played around the corners of her cherry lips did not seem to disapprove of the liberty I had taken.

"Do you know," said she, as we sat chatting confidently together, "that I liked your face the first time I saw it."

"It was sympathetic on both sides, then," I whispered, drawing her so near that I could feel her hot breath fan my cheek.

"Yes, she murmured gently withdrawing herself from my glowing embrace, for we had passed through the tunnel, and I had taken a lover's advantage snatched a hasty kiss.

"You are a naughty man—the naughtiest man I ever saw," she said in a low and tremulous tone. "If pa should be on the train, what would he say to such proceedings?"

"Never, sweet creature," I rejoined earnestly, "your cross old father is miles away, and so let us improve the present opportunity."

"Are you aware," she observed half mischieviously, "that there is another tunnel beyond, a great deal darker too than the one we have left?"

"I know it," said I, with a tender glance at my fair enslaver. "We are drawing near it very fast."

Once more I placed my arm around the waist of the lady, and wrapped up in the gloom of the tunnel, took sweet pledges from her lips. It was very gratifying to my vanity. All good looking men are vain you know. I perceived that my lovely companion clung more affectionately to me than before; indeed I had scarcely time to tear myself from her arms when we emerged once more into broad daylight. She had let her vail drop over her face, but I could detect the crimson flush through the fine net work of lace. Her voice betrayed much agitation as she whispered:

"I have gone too far with you, sir; alas! you have ceased to respect me."

"My sweet charmer," I replied, "let us ever be friends. Give me your name and address."

"My name and address," she responded "you must never know. I already feel frightened to think how far I have permitted myself to venture with a stranger. Forgive and forget me."

"A flirt—a coquette!"

"No, no," she returned hurriedly, pressing my hand; "I am not a flirt, but I dare not—as much as I think of you—let the acquaintance proceed further. Have pity on me—have pity!"

She looked so pleadingly, so entreatingly, with those dark, soft eyes gleaming through the silken meshes of her veil, that I could not persuade myself to be offended with her. At last she reluctantly consented to give her name, and handing me a prettily embossed card, I read, "Kate Darrel, No. — University Place."

The train had reached Thirty-second St., and I could see that my fair inamorata grew every moment more restless and disturbed. First her head peered out of the window, and then she would half rise and cast hurried and fearful glances behind.

Already I was beginning to share the uncomfortable feeling of my companion as visions of angry papa flourishing a cane over my head rose vividly before my mind's eye, when suddenly Miss Darrel uttered an exclamation, rose from her seat, and unceremoniously darted from the car.

I wondered at the ease and dexterity with which she descended, though the car was propelled quite rapidly by horse power, but my wonder and surprise was destined to be considerably increased when, a few minutes afterward, a thick set, stern looking gentleman entered from the side, his eye inquisitively scanning the face of each lady passenger.

"Halloo!" said he rather gruffly pausing before me, "has a young lady been occupying that seat?"

"Yes sir," I replied somewhat disconcerted and quite abashed.

"Light jockey, maroon-colored silk and gray travelling cloak?" pursued he interrogatively.

"I believe that was her costume," I replied sulkily.

"By Gad, she's given me the slip again," cried the gentleman, slapping his breeches pocket with much emphasis.

"Given you the slip," I repeated, a sudden and awful light breaking upon me.

"Yes, the jade is as sharp as a noble."

"Pray, sir," said I, with a slight sensation of suffocation, "may I be so bold as to inquire if you are the father of that young lady?"

"Father, the devil! No, sir, I am a detective."

"Then," said I with desperate calmness, "who is this young lady?"

"Bless my soul, she is Nancy Dacors, the fashionable pickpocket. By gad, sir, has she been playing her points on you?"

The detective grinned, and the passengers, gradually comprehending the "situation," smiled provokingly. I did not reply; the intelligence was stunning and mortifying in the highest degree. So my beautiful companion was nothing more than a member of the "swell mob," and I, while flattering myself upon having made a conquest. in reality had been the victim of a cunning and designing deceiver; and well had she duped me, for even while I was snatching those dear-bought kisses she had dexterously relieved me of my watch and purse, and it may be readily believed that my adventure was not without its moral, or that I was thereafter quite as eager for a RAILROAD FLIRTATION.

A PORCINE JOKE. A good story is told of a Mr. Sayre of Lexington, Ky.:

Mr. Sayre lisps a little, and a good joke is told on him, the better for its truth. Some years since an overseer of one of his farms told him he needed some hogs on his place. Says Mr Sayre:

"Very well, go and buy four or five thouth and pigs right away, and put them on the farm."

The man accustomed to obey, and that without questioning asked:

"Shall I take the money with me to purchase with?"

"No, thir! They all know me. Thend them here—I'll pay for them, or give you the money to pay when you get them."

The overseer went his way and in two weeks returned, when the following conversation took place:

"Well, Mr. Sayre, I can't get that many pigs. I have ridden all over the country, all about, and can buy but between eight and nine hundred?"

"Eight or nine hundred what?"

"Eight or nine hundred pigs!"

"Eight or nine hundred pigth! Who told you to buy that many pigth? Are you a fool?"

"You told me to buy them two weeks since. I have tried to do it."

"Eight or nine hundred pigth! I never told you any thutch thing!"

"But you did—you told me to go and buy four or five thousand pigs!"

"I didn't do no thutch thing! I told you to go and buy four or five thows and their little pigs, and you have done it I thould thay."

Mr. Sayre had pork to sell next fall."

Master

une 1863

breses

Brees

ded to

27° 46 N

Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

ne 1863

n the Eastwar

e

atter part light airs an pleasant

Lat Obs 26 17 N

Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal from New York towards Laguna B W Master

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Friday 12 day of June 186
1	3		S.W.	East		
2	3					Commences Light breezes from
3	3					Eastward and pleasant
4	3					
5	3					a large fleet of vessels in
6	3					Sight
7	3		Do			
8						
9						At 7 P.M. Saw the land hole
10						In the wall bearing S W by W
11						Dist 12 miles
12						
1						Light breezes & Cloudy all Sail
2						Set at 8 A M Saw berry Isld
3						Bearing west Dist 12 miles
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						Latter part Ends with Calm
10						
11						
12						

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Sat 13 day of June 1863
1						
2						Commences light breezes and Calms
3						at 4 P.M Stirrup Kay bore E by S dist
4						10 miles
5						
6						at 6 P.M fresh breezes with thunder
7						Showers of rain
8						
9						
10						
11						
12						
1						Middle part moderate So
2						Ends the 24 hours
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
10						
11						Lat By Obs 25 20 N
12						

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

The Sober Second Thought.

"I must have it, Charles," said the handsome little wife of Mr. Whitman. "So don't put on that sober face.

"Did I put on a sober face?" asked the husband, with an attempt to smile that was anything but success.

"Yes, sober as a man on trial for his life. Why, it's as long as the moral law. There dear, clear it up, and look as if you had at least one friend in the world. What money-lovers you men are!"

"How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Whitman. There was another effort to look cheerful and acquiescent.

"About forty dollars," was answered, with just a little faltering in the lady's voice, for she knew the sum would sound extravagant.

"Forty dollars! Why, Ada, do you think I am made of money?" Mr. Whitman's countenance underwent a remarkable change of expression.

"I declare Charles," said his wife, a little impatiently, "you look at me as if I were an object of fear instead of affection. I don't think this is kind of you. I've only had three silk dresses since we were married, while Amy Blight has had six or seven during the same period, and every one of hers cost more than mine. I know you think me extravagant, but I wish you had a wife like some women I could name. I rather think you'd find out the difference before long."

"There, there pet, don't talk to me after this fashion! I'll bring you the money at dinner time, that is, if——"

"No ifs nor buts if you please. The sentence is complete without them. Thank you dear! I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk. So don't fail to bring the money. I was in at Silkskin's yesterday, and saw one of the sweetest pattern I ever laid my eyes on. Just suits my style and complexion. I shall be inconsolable if it is gone. You won't disappoint me?"

And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft, white hand on the arm of her husband, and smiled with sweet persuasion in her face.

"Oh, no. You shall have the money," said Mr. Whitman, turning off from his wife, as she thought a little abruptly, and hurrying from her presence. In his precipitation, he had forgotten the usual parting kiss.

"That's the way it is always!" said Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing, as the sound of the closing street door came jarring upon her ears. "Just say money to Charles, and at once there is a cloud in the sky."

She sat down pouting and half angry.

"Forty dollars for a new dress!" mentally ejaculated the husband of vain, pretty, thoughtless Mrs. Whitman as he shut the door after him. "I promised to settle Thompson's coal bill to-day—thirty-three dollars—but don't know where the money is to come from. The coal is burnt up, and more must be ordered. Oh, dear! I'm discouraged. Every year I fall behind. This winter I did hope to get a little in advance, but if forty dollar silk dresses are the order of the day, there's an end to that devoutly to be wished for circumstance. Debt! debt! How I have always shrunk from it; but steadily, now, it is closing its Briarian around me, and my constricting chest labors in respiration. Oh, if I could but disentangle myself now, while I have the strength of early manhood, and the bonds that hold me are weak. If Ada could see as I see—if I could only make her understand rightly my position, Alas! that is hopeless I fear."

And Mr. Whitman hurried his steps because his heart beat quicker, and his thoughts were unduly excited.

Not a long time after Mr. Whitman left home the city postmaster delivered a letter to his address. His wife examined the writing on the envelope which was in a bold, masculine hand, and said to herself, as she did so—

"I wonder who this can be from?"

Something more than curiosity moved her. There *intruded* upon her mind a vague feeling of disquiet, as if the missive bore unpleasant news for her husband. The stamp showed it to be a city letter. A few times of late, such letters had come to his address, and she had noticed that he had read them hurriedly, thrust them without remark into his pocket, and became silent.

If the thoughts of Mrs. Whitman recurred as was natural, to the elegant silk dress of which she was to become the owner on that day, she did not feel the proud satisfaction her vain heart experienced a little while before. Something of its beauty had faded.

"If I only knew what that letter contained," she said, half an hour after it had come in, her mind still feeling the pressure which had come down upon it so strangely, as it seemed to her. She went to the mantle-piece, took up the letter, and examined the superscription. It gave her no light. Steadily it kept growing upon her that its contents were of a nature to trouble her husband.

Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and over again in her hand in a thoughtful way, and as she did so, the image of her husband—sober-faced and silent as he had become for most of the time, of late, presented itself with unusual vividness. Sympathy stole into her heart.

"Poor Charles!" she said, as the feeling increased; "I'm afraid something is going wrong with him."

Placing the letter on the mantle-piece, where he could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman entered upon some household duties, but a strange impression as of weight lay upon her heart—a sense of impending evil—a vague feeling that all was not going well with her husband.

"He has been a little mysterious of late," she said to herself. The idea affected her very unpleasantly. "He grows more silent and reserved," she added, as though under a kind of feverish excitement becoingm active in a new direction. "More indrawn, as it were, and less interested in what goes on around him. His coldness chills me at times and his irritation hurts me."

She drew a long, deep sigh. Then, with an almost startling vividness, came before her mind in contrast, her tender, loving, cheerful husband of three years before, and her quiet, silent, sober-faced husband of to-day.

"Something is going wrong with him!" she said aloud, as feeling grew stronger. What can it be?"

The letter was in her hand.

"This may give me light." And with careful fingers, she opened the envelope, not breaking the paper, so that she could seal it again if she desired to do so. There was a bill of sixty dollars, and a communication from the person sending the bill. He was a jeweller.

"If this is not settled at once," he wrote—"I shall put the account in suit. It has been standing for over a year; and I am tired of getting excuses instead of my money."

The bill was for a lady's watch, which Mrs. Whitman had almost compelled her husband to purchase. "Not paid for! Is it possible?" exclaimed the little woman, in blank astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead.

Then she sat down to think. Light began to come into her mind. As she sat thus thinking a second letter for her husband came in from the penny postman. She opened it without hesitation. Another bill, and another dunning letter!

"Not paid! Is it possible?" She repeated the ejaculation. It was a bill of twenty-five dollars for gaiters and slippers, which had been standing for three months.

"This will never do!" said the awakening wife—"never—no never!" And she thrust the two letters into her pocket in a resolute way. From that hour until the return of her husband at dinner time, Mrs Whitman did an unusual amount of thinking for her little brain. She saw the moment he entered, that the morning cloud had not passed from his brow.

"Here is the money for that new dress," he said, taking a small roll of bills from his vest pocket, and handing them to Ada as he came in. He did not kiss her, nor smile in the old bright way. But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile just then would have been more precious to the young wife than a hundred silk dresses. She took the money, saying—

"Thank you, dear! It is kind of you to regard my wishes."

Something in Ada's voice and manner caused Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes, with a look of inquiry, to her face. But she turned aside, so that he could not read its expression.

He was graver and more silent than usual, and eat with scarcely an appearance of appetite.

"Come home early dear," said Mrs. Whitman, as she walked to the door with her husband, after dinner.

"Are you impatient to have me admire your new silk dress?,' he replied with a faint effort to smile.

"Yes it will be something splendid," she answered.

He turned off from her quickly, and left the house. A few moments she stood, with a thoughtful face, her mind indrawn, and her whole manner completely changed. Then she went to her room and commenced dressing to go out.

Two hours later and we find her in a jewelry store on Broadway.

"Can I say a word to you?" she addressed the owner of the store, who knew her very well.

"Certainly," he replied, and they moved to the lower end of one of the long show cases.

Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's watch and chain, and laying them on the show case, said, at the same time holding out the bill she had taken from the envelope addressed to her husband—

"I cannot afford to wear this watch, my husbands circumstances are too limited. I tell you so frankly, it should never have been purchased, but a too indulgent husband yielded to the importunities of a foolish wife. I say this to take blame from him. Now, sir, meet the case, if you can do so in fairness to yourself. Take back the watch, and say how much I shall pay you besides."

The jeweller dropped his eyes to think. The case took him a little by surprise. He stood for nearly a minute; then taking the bill and watch he said:

"Wait a moment," and went to a desk near by.

"Will that do?" He had come forward again and now presented her with the receipted bill. His face wore a pleased expression.

"How much shall I pay you?" asked Mrs. Whitman, drawing out her pocket book.

"Nothing. The watch is not defaced."

"You have done a kind act, sir," said Mrs. Whitman, with feeling trembling along her voice. "I hope you will not think unfavorably of my husband. It is no fault of his that the bill has not been paid. Good morning, sir." Mrs. Whitman drew her vail over her face, and went, with light steps, and light heart, from the store. The pleasure she had experienced on receiving her watch was not to be compared with that now felt in parting with it. From the jeweller's she went to the boot maker's,—and paid the bill of twenty-five dollars; from thence to her milliner's, and settled for her last bonnet.

"I know you are dying to see my new dress," said Mrs. Whitman, gaily, as she drew her arm within that of her husband, on his appearance that evening. "Come over to our bedroom,—and let me show it. Come along! Don't hang back, Charles, as if you were afraid."

Charles Whitman went with his wife passively, looking more like a man on his way to receive sentence than in expectation of a pleasant sight. His thoughts were bitter.

"Shall my Ada become lost to me," he said, in his heart—"lost to me in a world of folly,—fashion, and extravagance?"

"Sit down, Charles." She led him to a large, cushioned chair. Her manner had undergone a change. The brightness of her countenance had departed. She took something, in a hurried way, from a drawer, and catching up a footstool, placed it on the floor near him, and sitting down, leaned upon him, and looked tenderly and lovingly into his face. Then she handed him the jeweller's bill.

"It is receipted, you see." Her voice fluttered a little.

"Ada! how is this? What does it mean? He flushed and grew eager.

"I returned the watch, and Mr. R— receipted the bill. I would have paid for damage, but he said it was uninjured, and asked nothing."

"Oh, Ada!"

"And this is receipted also; and this," and handing the other bills which she had paid.

"And now, dear," she added, quickly, "How do you like my dress? Isn't it beautiful?"

We leave the explanations and scene that followed to the reader's imagination. If any fair lady, however, who, like Ada, has been drawing too heavily on her husband's slender income, for silks, and jewels, is at a loss to realize the scene, let her try Ada's experiment. Our word for it, she will find a new and happy experience in life. Costly silks and jewels may be very pleasant things, but they are too dear when they come as the price of a husbands embarrassment, mental disquietude or alienation. Too often the gay young wife wears them as the sign of these unhappy conditions. Tranquil hearts, and sunny homes, are precious things; too precious to be clouded by weak vanity and love of show. Keep this in mind, oh, ye fair ones, who have husbands in moderate circumstances. Do not let your pride and pleasure oppress them. Rich clothing,—costly laces and gems, are poor substitutes for smiling peace and hearts unshadowed by care. Take the lesson and live by it, rather than offer another illustration, in your own experience of the folly, we have been trying to expose and rebuke.

◆

COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE.—A meeting of Trustees of the Maine College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, was held at Bangor on Wednesday, March 28th. The Farmer has received a report of the proceedings:

Hon. Robert Martin was chosen Chairman pro tem, of the meeting. Two vacancies in the Board of Trustees for Cumberland and Piscataquis counties were filled by the election of Hon. S. F. Perley and John H. Gilman, Esq. Hon. S. F. Perley was unanimously elected President of the Board, and Dr. J. C. Weston was chosen to fill the vacancy. Mr. Goodale still remains a member of the Board of Trustees.

The Trustees received a full and complete title to the White and Goddard farms in Orono, for the location and site of the Industrial College. They also received a portion of the money subscribed in Bangor for the benefit of the College; the balance to be paid on or before the 1st of June next.

An Executive Committee, consisting of S. F. Perley, S. L. Goodale, W. A. P. Dillingham, R. Martin and J. H. Gilman was appointed to arrange and carry out the plan of operations for the present year.

A meeting of the executive committee will probably be holden at Orono next week.

◆

One of the latest works advertised is entitled "The Irishman, by an Irish woman." We would like to see an Irishman by an other woman.

W Master

June 1863

breezes from

s

to anchor

from S E

r and

our way

t dark and

nchor

der way

y bore N by W

light breezes

24 54 N

Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

ne 1863

zes from SSE

to anchor

els in Sight

stward weighed

banks

ate

Lat Obsd 23° 31 N

Lat. by Ob. | Variation. | Diff. of Lon. | Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

Journal from New York towards Laguna By Windward Pas

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Tuesday 16 day of June 1863
1	1	1		Variables		
2	1	1				Commences light breses from
3	1	1				Eastward and Calms
4	1	1				
5	2					
6	2					at P M saw the light on Salt
7	2					Key bank
8	2					
9	3					at 12 mid night light bore
10	4	4				S E b E Dist 5 miles
11	4	1				
12	3			Calms		now Comes on a Calm
1			Calm			
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						at 10 Light airs from Eastward
9						So Ends the day
10						
11	1		S W b W	East		
12	1	1	Do			

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Wednesday day of 17 June 1863
1						
2						Commences light breses from Eastward
3						Cloudy
4						
5						
6						
7	4		S.W			at 6 P M Salt Key bank light bore
8	4					East dst 10 Miles
9	5					
10	5					
11	5					
12	5					
1	5					
2	5					
3	5					Middle & Latter part gentle
4	5					Breses and fair weather
5	4					
6	4					
7	4					
8	5		W S W			
9	5					
10	5					
11	5					
12	5		Do			Lat^d By Obs 23.29 N

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

A Check for a Carpet.

"And how about the carpet?"

Pretty little Mrs. Lane spoke coaxingly with her hands clasped on her husband's arm He looked down at her a moment before he answered. She had been his wife for five years, but her face was as sunny and as girlish as when he first wooed her. Her blue eyes had scarcely shed a tear in all those years, except the lazy, luxurious tears such happy little souls weep over the ideal woes of story-book heroines. Her monthly rose in the French window was not pinker than her cheeks—her scarlet geranium was not brighter or redder than her lips—and the pet canary chirping above the blossoms was no gayer or merrier than the little bird-like woman who waited for John Lane's answer. He smiled as he looked at her, and brushed back her soft, brown hair with an unconscious tenderness.

"Yes, about the carpet, Annie. If I thought we needed it, I would get it, of course. But we use the drawing-room so little. The carpet that is on it now is almost as bright as it was the day we chose it, and you know how pretty both thought it then."

The girlish young wife pouted her dainty lip—

"Well John, but it has been down five years, and it is only nice because I've taken such nice care of it. If I'd been careless and let it got spoiled, you'd have got another without grumbling, you know you would. It is too bad, if I have got to see things round, forever, just because I am careful of them. Don't you get tired of seeing the same things, always, John?"

"Not easily, so long as they are the same, fresh and bright as ever. I am not tired of you yet!"

She laughed, and her pink cheeks flushed a little.

"But I am not a carpet. Ours is only a Brussels you know, and I did so want a Wilton, like Mrs. Mayne's."

"So Mrs. Mayne is the serpent in our Eden? Well Annie, give me till to-night to think of it," and he bent toward her for his good-bye.

After he had gone, she went into the drawing-room, and took a survey of her possessions. The carpet was that soft, many shaded moss-like green, on which everything looks so well. She confessed to herself that it had a more refined air than Mrs. Mayne's large-figured Wilton, which held your gaze like the eye of the ancient mariner, from the moment you entered the room. But then, she thought, she need not buy a great gaudy thing; and a Wilton was really so much more elegant, so much more in keeping with her rosewood and brocatelle. The she began dusting some of her books and ornaments.

While she stood there she heard the bell ring, and a short parley at the door—a child's voice, apparently asking for food, and the cook's answer that to-day there was nothing to spare. A sound in the young sad voice, a sort of uncomplaining hopelessness, struck her, and she stepped down stairs just as Bridget was about to shut the door.

"Come back a moment, little girl," she said, in those gentle tones that John Lane loved so well to hear.

The child turned, an eager light coming into her face for a moment, and then going out. Mrs. Lane was acting on impulse—She almost always did it; it was a good thing therefore that most of her impulses were sweet and gentle and true.

"Are you hungry? she asked pityingly."

"It does not matter so much about me, ma'am, I could bear to be hungry, but I do not know what to do for my mother, I've tried to find a place to work, but no one will take me. They say a child ten years old is more plague than profit. Mother had to work so hard to keep us, and now she's been sick a while, and she cannot work, and so we have eaten up everything. So I came out to see if anybody would give me something for her, and I've been at every house in the street, and *everywhere* they said just the same, that they had nothing to-day."

"Where do you live—is it far?"

"Only a few steps, madam—three streets off."

"Well then, I will go home with you, and see your mother. Come into the house, while I put my bonnet on, and Bridget will give you some bread and cold meat."

Mrs. Lane's sweet young face was full of pity, as she hurriedly packed a basket with bread, tea and sugar, for the sick mother. Then she ran up stairs and tied on her pretty summer hat, and down again while the hungry girl was finishing her breakfast.

"Come little girl," she said, "what is your name?"

"Ellen Staunton; but my father always called me Nellie, and so does mother."

"And is your father dead?"

"Oh, yes! that is the way our trouble began. Father died, and mother was not used to hard work, and she had to work so hard to keep the baby and me."

Mrs. Lane asked no more questions just then. She was thinking more seriously than she had ever thought in her life, remembering how she had been born to ease and luxury, shielded all her days from care—how her deepest discontent had been when some other person's carpet was handsomer, or their India shawl had a deeper border—and now she was going where hunger and sorrow were tenants. Had she been living all this time for herself? She questioned with a sudden pang of terror and self-reproach, whether ever in her life she had done really one unselfish act—whether, if the great harvest day were come, she would have one sheaf to show the Master. She had given of her abundance now and then, of course, when charitable subscriptions had been presented to her; but she had thought it a bore and a burden, not a privilege. Of her own accord, what good had she ever done—what man, woman or child was there to rise up and call her blessed?

"Here we are ma'am," said the child breaking the silence.

It was a two-story wooden house before which they had stopped. They went up stairs and the little girl opened the door—

"Mother," she said, "a lady has come home with me to see you—a kind lady who has given me breakfast and brought yours."

Mrs. Lane stood a moment on the threshold of the door, and took in such a picture as in her young happy life she had never seen before. The apartment was almost bare of furniture—no carpet was on the floor—there was only the bed, three chairs and a table. But everything was as neat as hands could make it; against the wall, at the foot of the bed, hung a framed photograph—the portrait of a man with kind, honest eyes, the features of which the child Ellen's were almost a copy.

"I have come," Mrs. Lane said, with the sweet grace which had made her a welcome guest in far different scenes, "to see if I could arrange something for your comfort; but first of all, you must have some toast and tea," and giving her little guide some money, she sent her out to procure fuel, and sat down herself, in the meantime, beside the bed where the sick woman lay, with her baby asleep on her arm. The wan, pale face upon the pillows was not beautiful—Annie Lane could not be sentimental or romantic about this woman—could by no means idealize her into a heroine. Yet there was something good and true in her expression, and when she turned to place the baby more comfortably, a light and glow of mother-love illumed her features until they were better than pretty. Mrs. Lane was not long in learning her history.

She had been used all her days to self-dependence. Before she was married she had worked on a sewing machine in a shop, and she understood the business thoroughly. But when James Stanton married her she had given it up. He was a good mechanic, a carpenter, and his wages kept them comfortably. They had not laid up much, however, for during the eleven years of their marriage three children besides the two she had left now had come and gone—poor feeble little things that cost a great deal for doctors and medicine. Then, just before this last baby came, a scaffolding had given way where her husband was at work—he had fallen from the fourth story of a house and had been brought home to her dead. She had sold almost all of her furniture, and got along by that means until she was able to be about, and then she had left baby with Ellen, and gone out to day's work of washing and cleaning. It was labor for which she was not strong enough, but it was the only occupation she could get, and after awhile she had taken a severe cold, and grown so ill that she could not go out at all. They had eaten up everything they had; and this morning for the first time she had sent Ellen out to try to get something, somewhere, to keep them alive until she could work again. "And it must have been God, ma'am, that sent her to you," she concluded.

Mrs. Lane, helpless, pretty little thing scarcely knew what to say. Her heart beat with tumultous throbs, of pity—her eyes were full of tears; in all her sunny life she had never been brought in contact with actual, gaunt misery and *destitution*. At last a thought occurred to her, and she uttered it eagerly—

"If you only had a sewing machine now you could take work home when you get better, couldn't you, and support yourself and the children so very nicely?"

The woman sighed a deep, unconscious sigh of heartfelt longing.

"Yes, ma'am, I could, but you know that is an impossible *if*. I can never get one. I will be only too thankful if I can get well enough to get out again by the day. If I do not, I do not know what will become of the children."

"But God knows!" whispered Mrs. Lane, softly. "He pities us, you know, as a father pities his children."

Then came Ellen with coal and kindlings, and the subject was not alluded to again.

When their five o'clock dinner was over that afternoon, John Lane went gaily into the sitting-room with his wife. He had a pleasant surprise for her, and he laid it in her lap, in the shape of a check for two hundred dollars!

"There, humming-bird!" he said lightly, "there's for your carpet. Business has prospered this year, and what is it for but to make home pleasant, and wife happy?"

She turned her face and touched her lips silently to the kind hand resting on her shoulder. Perhaps John was disappointed that she expressed her pleasure so quietly He had anticipated her gay laugh of merry exultation, her delighted chat about colors and patterns. Her new mood surprised him He sat down beside her gravely, and waited for her to speak.

She told him her story of her day, leaving out nothing. He could see how deeply she had been moved, by the color which came and went on her cheeks, the tears which gathered unheeded in her eyes. When she was all throug , she said hesitatingly—

"John, we are happy, aren't we?"

"Yes, dear."

"And we owe something, don't we to those who are less so? Think, John, if I had lost you as she lost her husband! And if I had not only lost you, but had, afterwards no way to live?"

She paused, as if for encouragement, but she received none. John Lane was beginning to get a glimpse of a new phase in his little wife's character, and he meant she should bring out her own ideas unaided. She began to fear that she should not interest him. She went on timidly enough, but very earnestly:

"A part of two hundred dollars, John would buy that woman necessaries which would make her comfortable, and she would soon be well again, for her disease is only the result of exposure and over-work. Then the rest of it would buy her a sewing machine and she could get along nicely with that. She would not need any more help.

Still John Lane was silent, and she drew a little nearer to him, and began smoothing his big fingers with her own little ones.

"I know, John, dear," she said coaxingly "that two hundred dollars would be too much to ask you for in any one charity;—but I am so set on really and substantially helping this poor bereft woman. Our drawing-room carpet really looks very nicely—you know you thought it would do this morning. And if just this once I might have the two hundred dollars to do this good deed with, and keep this old carpet down it would make me so happy. —Just think John, that poor Widow, and those little children would say your name every day in their prayers, and they would be made comfortable for life. May I John?"

John Lane bent down and kissed the tender eager face. I am afraid his eyes were too dim just then to see all its brightness.

"Are you sure, dear," he asked gently, "that you would be satisfied with the old carpet?"

"Quite sure, John. It shall last as long as the Wilton would. Oh, John, I never did any good in my life. Let me do this little now!"

"Annie, you shall!"

The great, manly heart was too full just then for many words, but by the firm clasp which held her so tenderly, Annie Lane knew that her husband was not displeased.

She carried out all her plans. By August Mrs. Stanton was well again, and the sewing machine stood at the window of her comfortably furnished room. To her the face of Annie Lane seemed like the face of an angel—God's messenger she has indeed been to the widow and fatherless. I think there is one woman whose heart will never be moved to envy by Wilton carpets or wide-bordered shawls, since she has tasted the luxury of doing good. John Lane loved her well when she was his gay, laughing child-wife; but he loves her now with a holier, deeper tenderness that reaches through time and takes hold on eternity.

◆

WANTED.—Wanted, an intended bride who is willing to begin housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began.—*Exchange.*

Well, sir, you can find many a one; yes, many. They are not half as scarce as you can imagine. Hundreds and thousands of good, sweet tempered, cherry lipped angels, with blue, black, hazel or grey eyes, are willing to be "intended brides" of the men they love, and with them "begin housekeeping in the same style in which their parents began." To say such is not the fact is a base slander upon the sex, and as married men we're bound to resent it. And we will, too; for havn't we seen hundreds of such as we describe walk up to the Church, the Priest or the Squire, with men that hadn't a sixpence to bless themselves with, and agree to "love, cherish and obey" them forever. And havn't we seen the same poverty-stricken couple go out into the world hopeful and determined, the man ready and willing to toil, and the wife to second and encourage him in it; and then, after a few years of this, have we not seen them surrounded with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, to say nothing of the smiling faces that gather round their knees at the family hearthstone when the days of toil is over. Yes, sir sneerer at the sex, there are more "intended brides who are willing to begin housekeeping in the same style in which their parents began" than was ever dreamed of in your stupid philosophy. Girls are not fools now-a-days, no more than they were fifty years ago. They can tell the true diamond from the paste, even though the paste may be set in fine raiment, and the diamond in a rougher guise. There were silly light-headed girls of your day as well as now: girls who thot' it a disgrace to be seen in the kitchen, and not genteel to profess a knowledge of anything useful. Such, it may be, were not *then* "willing to go to housekeeping in the same style in which their parents began," and the same class would not now be willing, it is most likely. But thank fortune, now as well as then, they constitute but a small portion of "intended brides."

—*John Smith.*

W master

June 1863

zes from

easant

of

g South

moro Light

West

t bries

23 Do Do

Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

une 1863

riables and

zales from

at 6 M

flying gib

ales fair

23° 01 N

Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

Journal from New York towards Laguna B Wentworth master

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Saturday 20 day of June 1863
1	4	1	W½ S	SSE		Commences fresh gales from
2	4	1				SSE at 1 PM Tok in F T gallant
3	4	1				Sail a high Cross Sea running
4	4	1				Vessel labouring hard
5	4	1				
6	4	1				Many Seas breaking over her
7	4	1				
8	5					
9	6		WSW	Do		
10	6					Middle part the Same
11	6					
12	6					
1	7					
2	7					
3	6					
4	6					
5	6					
6	6					
7	6					Latter part more moderate
8	6		S½ E S	SE½ E		
9	4	1				winds veering to the East
10	4	1				
11	4	1				
12	4	1	Do	Do		No Obs This day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Sunday 21 day of June 1863
1	6		S.W.	ESE		Commences light breezes from ESE
2	6					And Cloudy
3	6					
4	6		SSW			
5	6					
6	7					At 7 PM Saw the Yucatan Coast
7	7		S.W.			Saild down the Coast in 6 fathoms
8	7					Water at day light abrest of Sisal
9	7		WSW	East		
10	7					
11	7					
12	7					
1	7					
2	7					
3	8					
4	8					
5	8					Latter part fresh gals and Cloudy
6	7					Took in light Sails
7	7					
8			South	ESE		
9						
10	8					Lat Obs 20 33 N
11	8					
12	8		Do	Do		

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

The Bachelor's Button.

Some years ago, when I was a single man and dreaming (as some single men do) of double bliss yet destined to arrive, I went to a concert at Music Hall in Boston. Music is poetically and proverbially "the food of love," and in my sentimental state, I consumed a great deal of it; not that I had any object in view. Mine was abstract love; I cultivated it, I increased my stock, so that I might have a good deal of the tender passion on hand, whenever I saw an eligible opportunity of investing it. Well, to return to the concert, it was crowded to excess, and the rush on leaving, to reach cabs and carriages, was very great. I wore, on this memorable night, a blue coat with brass buttons, and flattered myself there were worse looking men in the room. I tell you candidly, I admired myself, and next to myself, the other party I was struck with, was a girl, with dark eyes and black hair, who sat with some young friends a few forms distant. I hoped she noticed me and my blue coat with black buttons. I looked at her often enough to attract her attention to both; and being, as my friends would say, in rather a spooney state, worked myself to a towering passion—of love. But how was I to come to the object of my admiration, for I was as diffident, as devoted, "as shy as I was I was vain," as an over candid friend once said. Hail Columbia, which concluded the concert, surprised me, as unprepared as at my first glance, to improve the occasion, and the company were shoaling out, while I stood gaping after the object of my love at first sight. She and her party eddied for a while by the inner door of the concert room, and were then drawn out into the retiring current, and lost to view.

I followed quickly after, lest I should lose forever all opportunity of identifying my idol; but alas! the lights in the outer corridor were few and far between, so that no glimpse of my star could I get. I pushed and elbowed fiercely through the crowd, with a view of getting to the outer door before my fair one's party emerged, and thus gaining once more a sight of my sweeting.

"Hang it!" I muttered impatiently, as I felt a tug at my coat tail, and was instantly conscious of one of my hind buttons having hitched to some lady's dress; my progress was suddenly arrested. "How provoking," said I, as I was brought to a stand, for I could not push on without losing a button, or tearing a dress; "how provoking the modern fashion, a lady now has as many hoops and tentacles about her apparel as a sea anemone." It was with some irritation that I stopped to undo the button, but my hurry made the task more difficult, and instead of undoing I only bungled and more twisted the loop around the button.

"Please to let me try," said the lady herself, as I bungled over the business; she ungloved her hand, it was a sweet white hand, so I looked at her face. Stars and garters, but it was a fair one, the black hair and dark eyes I was in pursuit of. As she stooped over the entangled button, a slight blush tinted her cheek. Oh, it was delicious. I hoped she would never undo the loop, and indeed I thought she never would, for her fingers were twitching nervously, and my heart was beating audibly; I tried to help her; our fingers met.

"Please to make way there," shouted a gruff voice behind. We were blocking up the passage; was there ever such an unlucky spot for so lucky an entanglement.

"You hinder the people from going out, Anna," exclaimed one of her companions, with some asperity; "plague upon the tiresome loop, break it; and suiting the action to the word, the speaker leaned forward, caught the sleeve of her beautiful friend's dress in one hand, and my coat tail in the other, and giving a quick and decided tug, severed us.

The crowd bore on, and we were separated, not however, before I gave my "star" a look which I intended to speak volumes. I thought she did not seem conscious of my meaning—our eyes met, I know, that this was the only consolation left me, for immediately afterwards I lost her and her party to view, in the darkness outside.

That night I scarcely closed my eyes, thinking of my "bright particular star," and by what means I should find her out. I knew little of the city, which was a large one, and to expect to know the name of my fair one by mere description, was hopeless, as there doubtless must be a great many with black hair and dark eyes, within "bill of mortality," as elsewhere.

My love fit grew more violent, in the course of the day, but tired out at length with my search, I returned to the hotel, and took out my portmanteau, to feed my flame even with the contemplation of the inanimate button that had detained the black eyed divinity so long. It was with no little delight that I now discovered what did not before catch my eye—a fragment of the silk loop of her dress, still adhered to the button around the shank. I pressed it to my lips, it was lilac in color—and stooped to disentangle it from the bit of brass as though it were a tress of my loved one's hair, when something clinked in my skirt pocket. Supposed I had left some money there, for in my perturbation and excitement I omitted to search the coat, on taking it off the night before, I thrust my hand into my pocket. Gracious me! What did I behold, what did I take out?—a gold chain and bracelet!

You could have brained me with my lady's fan. I saw at a glance how matters stood—in the excitement and flurry of undoing the loop from my button, the lady had undone the clasp of her own bracelet, which had not unnaturally, fallen into the coat-skirt with which she was engaged, and doubtless, on missing it instead of regarding me in a romantic light, she put it down that I was one of the swell mob, and had purposely entangled myself in her dress to rob her of her jewelry.

Here was an anti-heroic position to find one's self in, when I wished to be considered the most devoted of knights, to be remembered only as the most expert of pickpockets. Was ever an honest lover in such a plight? And to make it worse, I could not see how I was to escape from this inevitable dilemma. I must go down to the grave remembered only in the dear one's mind as the nefarious purloiner of her bracelet. To find her out was impossible, but a bright idea struck me, as my eyes lighted on a newspaper lying on the coffee-room table. I sat down and wrote an advertisement, in the following words:

"If the lady whose dress got entangled in a gentleman's coat button, in leaving the concert last Wednesday, will call at, or send to the Tremont Hotel, she will hear something to her advantage."

There, I thought, as I gave the advertisement to the boy, and five shillings to pay for the insertion in the paper, there, if that will not give me a clue to escape from a very unpleasant dilemma, and at the same time to know who my enchantress is, the fates must indeed be very unpropitious.

My plans being thus far adopted, I ordered dinner, and waited patiently or rather impatiently, the appearance of the newspaper next morning. It was brought up in my room damp from the press, and then I read in all the glory of large type, my interesting announcement—but, my stars! with what an advertisement was it followed in the very same column. I only wonder that my hair did not stand on end, as I read as follows:

"$2 REWARD. Lost or stolen, at the concert at the Hall, a Gold Chain Bracelet. It is thought to have been taken from the lady's arm by a pickpocket, of gentlemanly appearance, who wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and kept near the lady on leaving the hall.

Any one giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the bracelet, or the capture of the thief, (if it was stolen,) will receive the above reward on applying at No. 7 Cambridge Place."

Here was a pretty plight—to be advertised in public papers as a pickpocket, when my only crime was, like Othello's that of

"Loving not wisely, but too well."

My determination, however, was quickly adopted. I went up stairs, put on the identical blue coat, so accurately described, and taking the paper in my hand, proceeded to Cambridge Place.

I knocked at the door and asked the servant who answered, the name of the family. Having heard it I said, "Is Miss Raymond in?"

"Yes, sir," replied the servant woman, "who shall I say wants her?"

"Tell her that the pickpocket with a gentlemanly address, and blue coat with brass buttons, who stole her bracelet, is here, and wishes to return it to her."

The woman stared at me as though I were mad, but on repeating my request to her, she went and delivered my message.

Soon there came out, not my fair one, but her stalwart brother.

"That," I said, handing him the bracelet, "is Miss Raymond's property; and though, as you perceive, I wear the blue coat with the brass buttons, and am flattered to think my manners are not ungentlemanly, I am bound in candor to say I am no pickpocket."

"Then, sir, you shall have the reward," said the brother, taking out his purse.

"No," I replied, "for, strange as it may appear, though I am no pickpocket, I stole the lady's bracelet."

The man looked puzzled; but when I told the truth, and pointed to the advertisement in the same paper, as a proof I did not want the property, he laughed heartily at the whole story, and did not wonder the least at his sister's description of the gentlemanly pickpocket.

"Well," he said, "you had better walk in and have tea with us, and my sister will be able to say whether she can speak to your indentity, after which it will be time enough to canvass the propriety of sending for a constable.

You may rest assured I accepted the invitation. Need I go further with the story. The lady (to use the words of the advertisement) captured the pickpocket. The bachelor's button no longer adorns my blue coat, and I have now framed and glazed over the fire-place the advertisement, in which I am publicly described by my own wife as a "pickpocket with a gentlemanly address."

When I charge her with the libel, she always does what she has this moment done, pay damage for the slander with an amount of kisses, declaring, though not a pickpocket, I was a thief, and stole her heart and pocketed her bracelet.

Tempted and Fallen.

BY W. W. RICHMOND

Licensed to make the strong man weak;
Licensed to lay the wise man low;
Licensed the wife's fond heart to break;
And make her children's tears to flow.

Marian Vane was a pretty girl, and she never looked one-half as pretty as when she stood by the side of William Dix, the orange flowers clustering amid the jetty ringlets of her hair, and a beautiful and costly veil of lace shading her features.

Yes, Marian Vane was a pretty bride, and her "dear five hundred friends" said she had made an excellent choice; for William Dix was a wealthy man, and remarkably fine looking withal; and many a fair maiden envied her the position she had gained by the marriage.

William Dix took his blooming bride to a home of wealth and luxury, and for many months they were happy—haypy as "love among roses;" but the Demon of Intemperance ever on the alert for victims, singled out this young man upon whom to practice his fascinations. Night after night William tarried over the wine-cup and beside the card table; night after night he saw hundreds of dollars swept from his possession, and still he yielded to the fascinations of the tempter.

He drank deeper and deeper to drown the voice of conscience; and in two years from the day he brought Marian Vane, a happy bride, to his princely home, he took her from that home, deprived her of the comforts with which she had been surrounded, and in their place provided for her small and poorly furnished apartments, and treated her and their only child with neglect and unkindness.

His fortune had all been spent at the gaming table and at the fashionable bar; and still the demon claimed him as its own. He could no longer find a welcome in the halls of fashionable dissipation, where he parted with his fortune.

Oh no! Those elegantly fitted up establishments are for the wealthy only.

When the bird has been stripped of its plumage it must seek some other quarter, and William Dix sank lower and lower in crime and infamy. The lowest gambling houses in the metropolis now became his place of resort.

One evening he returned to his miserable home apparently perfectly sober, and Marian indulged in the fond hope that he was about to reform, and said—

"You will not go out again to-night William, will you?"

"I must; I h
"Oh William
cannot imagine
are away all
thoughts."
"Terrible t
"I wonder w
thoughts and
"But nev
I won a hu
double it,
sail for Ca
return wit
and becon
live in sty
are as go
"Oh,
do not w
only lea
—oh, s
"No
temper
"Go
was go
All
ber w
hand
men
her

---

e proud-
this great coun-
e. There was a time, in
r ours, when slavery was regard-
as the corner-stone of American institu-
ns. Thank God! that time has passed and
build henceforth on a foundation of liber-
[Applause.] To-day, under the legisla-
n of the American Congress, in the great
public, shaped by the geography of a con-
ent and washed by the water of the two
at oceans of the globe, there is no person,
h or poor, high or humble, learned or un-
rned, who does not live in security under
protection of equal laws. [Applause.]
m prouder to-day, also, of the great Union
anization of which I have been a member
n ever before. Its history is nobly writ-
in the history of our country. Adminis-
tions, and Congress, and parties may pass
ay, but the record which the great party
made will shine with greater glory on
country's pages than any other in the
nals of our history. When the great re-
lion broke out, and when our Ship of
te rocked in a fearful storm, and was
eatened by a terrible mutiny, the Union
anization stood unflinchingly by our no-
President, the martyred Lincoln, in his
ermination to crush the conspiracy and
serve the Government intact; and when
phrophesied to us by false tongue, and at
same time shouted "No coercion!"—
t the rebellion could not be subjugated—
Union-loving people of the country, form-
into a mighty phalanx, determined that
hould be. When your armies needed re-
orcements they took voluntarily upon
mselves the odium of conscription laws
l drafts, because they were necessary for

Master
une 1863
brizes
ms and Cloudy
gales R J
blowing
moderate
in sight
winds
in. Lon. by Ob
18
sh breeze
Clean
or at the
bound
worked
Coast
and
Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Remarks On bourd towards Lying in Laguna

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. day of 1863
						Wednesday 24 Commences fresh breses From Eastward and Clear at 6 P.M hald in to the reef and made fast readdy to Discharge Cargo
						Thursday 25 First part fresh breses From Eastward and Clear Vessel readdy for dischaging
						Friday 26 all these 24 hours had Fresh breses from Eastward and Clear weather at 6 A.M Commened discharging Cargo All hands Employed in Landing Cargo Latter part Breses from The North and pleasant

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Sat 27 day of June 1863
						All these 24 hours had fresh Breses from Northward and Pleasant weather All hands Employd in Discharging Cargo
						Sunday June 28 all these 24 hours Light breses and variables light Showers from Eastward
						Monday June 29 these 24 hours had gentle breses from Eastward and Clear wether All hands Employd painting and Sundry Jobs on board
						Tuesday 30 all these 24 hours had gentle breses and variables All hands Employd discharging Cargo at 6 P.M Very Squall from S.E So Ends this day

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

have no doubt that you, like myself

I don't know why I should speak thus is the singular number, for certainly Lillian could count more than one lover when she came to visit at the farm-house of her aunt, relict of the late Jacob Andrews. Lillian had flirted with half the seniors of X—— College, one after another, as well as the professors, at her own home, and, having enjoyed the advantage of such extended practice, she was, as may be supposed, able and accomplished in that fine art. But, as she used to affirm, "A lover is a myth till he declares himself." Lillian being somewhat out of health this summer, it had been decided that, instead of recruiting after the fashionable methods at the springs or the mountains, she should make a visit to the country town of Briarbanks, where the air was good and the diet wholesome, and the landscape unsurpassed.

She arrived at Briarbanks late in the evening, and, after being coddled with a cup of tea and a custard, retired to her pillow without more ado. Consequently she was somewhat surprised, on entering her aunt's breakfast-room, to find a handsome young man —dressed in homespun, of course, but not one whit less handsome for that—seated at her aunt's table.

"Good morning, Lilly," said that lady. "I hope you rested well. You look as fresh as a rose jest blowed. That is John Yarmouth, Lilly."

"Indeed," thought Lilly; "one would suppose John Yarmouth to be a person of renown. It's as if she had said, 'This is John Bunyan, Lilly,' or 'John Milton.' John Yarmouth, forsooth! I never heard of him." Then, "Good morning, Mr. Yarmouth."

John pushed away his chair, rose to his full height, and held out a brown, honest hand awkwardly enough, for Mrs. Andrews had not told him that Lill was under the roof. "I hope you will find Briarbanks pleasant," he said.

"I mean to find it pleasant," returned Lill.

"And the saying is, when a woman says she will, she will!"

"And when she won't, she won't!' added Mrs. Andrews.

"Oh, I don't know about that! I think she can be persuaded then."

"That is encouraging," laughed John Yarmouth.

"Who is he?" asked Lill, when he had gone out.

"He's Mr. Andrews' brother's nephew's second cousin. He manages the farm for me. Your uncle Jacob set a great sight by him. He's an uncommon young feller for these parts, or any others."

"He's uncommonly handsome," acknowledged Lill. By-and-by she strolled into the best parlor, where the blinds were drawn, and a strong odor of black pepper and camphor prevailed against the moths that dared to forage on Mrs. Andrews' three-ply carpet.

"An organ!" cried Lill, stumbling upon it in the dusk. "I never knew you played, Aunt Rhoda. It wasn't here when I came before."

"It's John Yarmouth's."

"Oh! . What does he do with it? Keep it to look at, or for visitors?"

"Why, he plays on it, to be sure."

"Plays on it! With those great hands?"

"I guess that don't hinder him. Why, child alive, he plays for the choir in meeting; and when they had the great festival up at the city they sent for him to come and help 'em out with it. I can tell you he's got a voice that goes jest to the right place. When I hear him it seems to me I should like to hev him go on so fur ever and ever."

"Seems to me you and Uncle Jacob are in love with him," said Lill, pertly.

"Well, you jest take care that you don't catch the distemper. You won't be the fust girl, nor you needn't be ashamed of it nether."

"Mercy, Aunt Rhoda! I didn't come here to fall in love."

"Very like; but folks often gits what they don't come after."

Aunt Rhoda proposed that they should take Lill over to Ruby Mountain that afternoon; then, remembering that she had invited company to tea, backed out of the affair, and left John as sole escort.

"You might call in on your way and take Bessy Bell along with you," she suggested. But when they had driven half the distance John suddenly reined up and said:

"I beg your pardon. I didn't call for Bessy Bell. Shall we go back for her?"

"If you want her. If she's a favorite of yours," returned Lill. And John whipped up the horse and drove on, Lill chatting, as her way was, *familiarly* and easily, as if John Yarmouth had been an acquaintance of a lifetime, while John, not a bit abashed, related the history of this and that farm as they passed, some drowsy old legend haunting yonder wood, some enchantment residing in a way-side brook.

It would be difficult to recount the degrees by which John Yarmouth became Lill's devoted slave, for such he was before the month was well out. If she wished to sit on the veranda, he brought the camp-stools; if the air grew chilly, he hunted up her wraps; if she had expressed a latent desire to visit the moon, no doubt but he would have made the attempt.

"He's such a delightfully obliging soul," she once said to her aunt. "And yet he makes you feel as if it were all a matter of course, as if you were doing him a favor to receive his services; and then, one don't feel at all afraid lest he'll mistake one, and go to falling in love, you see."

Aunt Rhoda looked at Lill over her spectacles.

"The girl that gits John," said she, oracularly, "gits gold."

"Oh, yes," answered Lill, absently, "he's a very nice sort of fellow; he's as strong as a lion."

"A modern Samson," hinted Aunt Rhoda. "I wonder who is the modern Delilah!"

"Oh, I should think he was above letting any woman ruin him."

"Everybody has a weak side."

"Yes, I think John's weakness is on the side of grammar," laughed Lill.

"His grammar! Why, I never noticed it," which wasn't at all surprising. "He's well educated, John is; he taught the district school winter before last, and he beats everything at ciphering.

"Does he?" said Lill, as if she didn't care a fig about it.

"You haven't tried your fortune at the brook yet," said John that evening when he had "slicked up," as Aunt Rhoda called it, after his hard day's work, and come in to play the agreeable to Lill; "the moon's all right for it too," he pursued.

"Then we'll go to-night," said she; "you know you promised to wait at the stile. I declare it makes my flesh creep now to think of it. What if I should really see a face there!"

"It seems to me you'd be a sight more cut up if you didn't," put in her aunt. "It's all a piece of foolishness, any way. I should think you were two children."

"Did *you* ever try it, Aunt Rhoda?" asked her saucy niece.

"Well, no; but I know who did to her sorrow, and that was Liddy Knight—you've seen her John?—as miserable an old maid as ever breathed. You see she had a lover round these parts, and she went to visit in the city, and jest got her head turned and her brain addled, and home she came, and up and jilts this poor fellow, 'cause he wasn't quite so fine as lace; and that very night a lot of 'em girls together took it into their silly heads to look into the brook after fate, they said. Liddy, she was the first to try it, and while the others waited, laughing at the stile, up she goes to the brook-side as bold as you please and begins to say—

'Whoever my true lover's to be,
Let him look into the brook with me:

And then she gave a shriek like the last trump, for there at the bottom of the stream, looking up at her with staring, dead eyes, lay her old lover!"

"Mercy!" cried Lill, "I won't go near it. Why didn't you tell me, John?"

"I never heard it before. I think the fellow was a fool!"

"Oh, it makes my blood run cold," said Lill, shivering and nestling nearer to John just for human companionship.

"It was an awful thing—an awful retribution," said Mrs. Rhoda; "it shows the danger of playing with fire. There, John, it's a dreadful creepy subject; let's have some music. I'm real thirsty for some, and I guess Lill is too."

"I'm afraid to go in there in the dark after all this hobgoblin talk, unless Miss Lill will come and take care of me."

"I will go," said Lill, rising and taking John's arm to the dusky parlor, and sitting there beside him something happened to Lill, something that had never happened before. The moon had got up high enough to look in at the window and hold the two in a circle of light, as if it would fain shut them in together in a charmed world of their own. John had been idly playing some lingering melodies and listening to Lill's interpretations.

"That," said she, "reminds me of a young girl sitting before the fire of a dull evening. She has a lover, you know, but she must not think of him, because he is poor, or—something, no matter what—"

"Would that keep you from thinking of your lover?" interrupted John.

"Nonsense, I am not speaking of myself. So she sits down, not meaning to allow herself the pleasure of thinking of him; and forbidden thoughts, like forbidden fruit, being sweetest, she falls perforce to think of him, and of nothing but him. Then she remembers what she is about, and catches herself up and reprimands herself. There, don't you hear where it seems to say, 'I'll think about my new ball dress, or Amaranth and her Hyacinth in the novel I read yesterday; and yet—and yet—it is so much nicer to think of him, of his tender eyes and the touch of his loving hand, and—" Oh, Mr. Yarmouth!" cried Lill; for poor John, at the mention of a loving hand, had almost unconsciously put out his own, and had clasped Lill's fingers in a caress as gentle as friendship, but as intense as love!

"Lill," he said, speaking very low, "I have a heart to give you—very little besides just now. Will you have it, dear? It is all your own, whether you will or not."

"Oh, Mr. Yarmouth, what do you mean?"

"I love you. I didn't mean it at first. I fought against it like a lion, but love is mightier than reason; it prevailed against me. Lill, have you anything to give me back?"

"Oh, Mr. John, I am so sorry. I do not love you—that is—excuse me—I can't help it—I never thought of it; perhaps if I had it might have been different—who knows? There, let me go, Mr. Yarmouth; don't speak to me any more, please. I can't accept your heart, you see. I—I don't need it; there, don't mind what I say, I am quite beside myself. Nobody ever loved me before."

"Oh, fie! Miss Lillian," walking away to the window, and seeing nothing but a great blur before him. "You, with your rare skill at playing with men's hearts!"

"Oh, indeed, John, I never did such a thing. You really don't believe it? The men I played with knew the game a thousand times better than I, and I thought they were all alike," the tears rising to her eyes. "I speak the truth when I declare that nobody ever loved me well enough to say so before, and though I—I can't—return it, I thank you. I—I appreciate your goodness."

"Confound appreciation!" muttered John.

"Am I to blame for your loving me, John? Did I bring it about?"

"I don't know, I am sure, Lill. Sometimes I think you did, and then again I have a feeling that if I had been one of the gay, idle young men you know in the city, with their white hands and lady-like ways, and a fortune at their beck and call, you'd never have gone on with me as you have without thinking of love."

"So you are angry with me, sir, for having been civil to you?"

"No; but when I have given my best, I don't expect to be repaid with an inferior article. Lillian, you are not loved every day as I love you. I would go through fire and water for your sake."

"If you really cared for me you would not torment me with the expression of your regard, when you see how painful it is for me to listen!"

"My regard is a torment to you! I mean to torment you all my life! I mean to marry you, Lillian!"

"Do you, indeed?" half pleased and half angry with his vehement determination. "The days for that sort of thing are past, thank goodness! Nobody can be married against her will now."

"I mean to marry you, Lillian, and you shall give consent. I mean to do it!"

John had business at the market-town next day which detained him a week, and while he was jogging home a traveling carriage passed him, and a fair, tantalizing face showed a moment at the window, and Lillian waved him her adieus in a flirt of her handkerchief, as much as to say, "Here I escape you, after all"; then she set back in her carriage quite satisfied with herself; henceforth she knew what love was like—she should be able to distinguish the counterfeit from the real. John had furnished a noble example—what a pity that she had not been able to match it!

One evening, when Lillian had dressed for a reception, she stood for a moment before the mirror to take a look at her attire. The clear, bright tints of her complexion, eyes pleased and shining, hair, like a web of golden light, all set in this mass of floating drapery, made her a pretty picture to behold.

"I should so hate not to be pretty," she said to herself smiling back at her image; then she raised an arm to turn down the gas, rising, a golden stamen out of the crystal heart of a lily, and in an instant the flame had plucked at her sleeve and was soaring above her head.

When Lillian recovered from the pain and weakness consequent, she was no longer beautiful.

"I will see what beauty is worth," she said, accepting the first invitation received since her convalescence. So she dressed herself in her gayest attire, she put on her most spirited manner, and wore her smile that was like a sunbeam athwart cloudy weather. Lovers who had hung about her to distraction passed with a nod—at most, with a touch of estranged fingers, and congratulations upon recovery, with an effort at appearing natural. Rival beauties, who hitherto had exchanged only congealed commonplaces with her, sympathetically assured her that "the scars would wear away in time."

"I know it," she answered; "but while they are wearing away, so am I."

"Beauty is worth everything here," she thought. "Down at Briarbanks perhaps they discount it." So she wrote to Mrs. Jacob Andrews, "I'm coming down to see you for a day or two."

"Ahem!" said that far-sighted matron, "to see John! Why can't folks be honest?"

When John and Lillian met, Mrs. Andre[illegible] discreet soul, contrived to be engaged in her dairy.

"I suppose you came down to cure me with that scar," said he; "but when I look at you I don't see it!" And then the impudent fellow [illegible]p and kissed it all the same.

"The ancients believed in the ordeal by fi[illegible]" said Lill.

"Because fire destroys whatever is not im[illegible]rtal," returned John; "thus truth and love survive it."

"He kissed this poor, marred face," she said regarding it that night before the mirror. "I[illegible] cannot be love, it must be pity. He misjudges his own feelings; by-and-by he would come to his senses, and I—where should I be? No; i[illegible] would be wicked for me to take the advantage. And then what is to prevent him from thinking that I esteemed my charred face good enough for him, now that the idle, mincing youths who once adored me pass me by."

"You'll never do better than to marry John," said her outspoken aunt, "with that face o[illegible] yours. You won't find everybody to overlook it."

"I know it," answered Lill, humbly. "That's just the point. He's so good that I don't like to impose upon him."

"Well, for my part, I don't see how it matters, a little beauty more or less. Jacob and me was like two doves together, and there wa'n't a plainer man to be found, and I'm no great shakes, either."

So Miss Lill returned home, and waited five, six, eight years. At the third year the scar had begun to grow dim; at the sixth, it was scarcely more than a shadow; at the end of the eighth, strangers who had not heard of its existence never guessed it had been. Only those who were used to the sight, in certain lights, recognized its ghost. But by this time Lillian was thirty years old; people were beginning to speak of her as *passe;* younger girls were springing up to take her place; yet, for all this, lovers, one after another, flocked back to her standard. The scar had been a false alarm—they were not afraid of shadows. Surely, now that she held fortune in her hand, it was time for Lillian to make a choice. In the meantime, while she deliberated, John came up from Briarbanks to invest some money for Mrs. Jacob.

"She says it is for your wedding dower, Lillian," he explained, gloomily. "I suppose you will marry some day, like other people. I never expect to, since you refused to marry me."

"But, John, I was a sight to behold then and—"

"You are always a pleasant sight to behold."

"And then you know, you were going to marry me—oh! what am I saying?—whether I would or no!"

"And so I am! It's the very thing I came for; the other was only a make-believe, I gue[illegible] Shall it be this day month?"

"But, John, is the scar—"

"Confound the scar. It was only a beauty-spot."

Jan. 1st, and many think it has not provisions sufficient for more than a month. It is evident that there will soon be fearful suffering among the millions within its walls, and it is more than probable that the dangerous elements which cry out now "no armistice," will cry still louder for surrender when the pirch of hunger comes.

In southern France disturbances by the dangerous "reds" are frequen[illegible]. Paris on Monday

---

I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HIM.

"I'll never forgive him—never!"

"Never is a hard word, John," said the sweet-faced wife of John Locke, as she looked up a moment from her sewing.

"He is a mean, dastardly coward, and upon this Holy Bible I—"

"Stop, husband. John! remember he is my brother; and by the love you bear me, forbear to curse him. He has done you wrong, I allow, but oh, John! he is very young and very sorry. The momentary shame you felt yesterday will hardly be wiped out with a curse. It will only injure yourself, John. Oh, please don't say any thing dreadful!"

The sweet-faced woman prevailed; the curse that hung upon the lips of the angry man was not spoken; but he still said, "I'll never forgive him—he has done me a deadly wrong."

The young man who had provoked his bitterness, humbled and repentant, sought in vain for forgiveness from him whom, in a moment of passion, he had injured almost beyond reparation. John Locke steeled his heart against him.

In his store sat the young village merchant, one pleasant morning, constantly, contentedly reading the morning paper. A sound of hurried footsteps approached; but he took no notice of it, until a hatless boy burst into the store screaming at the top of his voice, "Mr. Locke, Johnny is in the river—little Johnny Locke."

To dash down the paper and spring for the street, was the first impulse of the agonized father. On, on, like a maniac, he flew, till he reached the bank of the river, pallid and crazed with anguish. The first sight that met his eyes was little Johnny lying in the arms of his mother, who, with her hair hanging disheveled around her, bent wildly over her child. The boy was just saved. He breathed, and opening his eyes, smiled faintly in his mother's face; while she, with a choking voice, thanked God. Another form lay insensible, stretched near the child. From his head the dark blood flowed from a ghastly wound. The man against whom John Locke had sworn eternal hatred had, at the risk of his own life, been the savior of the child. He had struck a floating piece of driftwood as he came to the surface with the boy, and death seemed inevitable.

John Locke flung himself down on the green sward, and bent over the senseless form. "Save him," he cried, huskily, to the Doctor, who had been summoned; "restore him to consciousness if it be only one little moment—I have something important to say to him."

"He is reviving," replied the Doctor.

The wounded man opened his eyes—they met the anxious glance of the brother-in-law, and the pale lips trembled forth, "Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes; God is witness, as I hope for mercy hereafter, I freely forgive you, and in turn ask your forgiveness for my unchristian conduct."

A feeble pressure of the hand and a beaming smile was all the answer.

Many days the brave young man hung upon a slender thread of life; and never were there more devoted friends than those who hovered over the sick bed. But a vigorous constitution triumphed, and, pale and changed, he walked forth once more among the liv[illegible]

"Oh, if he [illegible] with my unkindness clouding his soul, [illegible]ld I have dared to hope for mercy from [illegible] in Heaven!" said John Locke to his [illegible] they sat talking over the solemn event that had threatened their lives with a living trouble. "Never—now I have tasted the sweetness of forgiveness—never again will I cherish revenge or unkindness toward the erring; for there is new meaning in my soul in the words of our daily prayer, and I see that I have only been calling *judgments upon myself* while I have impiously asked, 'Forgive us our trespasses, *as we forgive those who trespass against us.*'"

A HUSBAND AND FATHER.

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend, some miles distant.

"Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to-day; you will promise me, won't you?" said she, putting her hand upon his brow and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading glance.

"No, Millie, I will not; you may trust me."

And he wrapped his infant boy in a soft blanket, and they proceeded.

The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and pleasant conversation beguiled the way.

"Now, don't forget your promise," whispered the young wife, as she passed up the steps.

Poor thing! she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when it was red. But his love for his wife and babe, whom they both idolized, kept him back, and it was not often that he joined in the bacchanalian revelries.

The party passed off pleasantly, the time for departing drew near, and the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband. A pang shot through the trusting heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated—he had broken his promise.

Silently they rode homeward, save when the drunken man would break into snatches of song, or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed closely on her grieved heart.

"Give me the babe, Millie, I can't trust you with him," said he, as they approached a dark and somewhat swollen stream, which they had to ford.

After some hesitation, she resigned her first-born, her darling babe, closely wrapped in the great blanket, to his arms. Over the dark waters the noble steed safely bore them, and when they reached the bank the mother asked for the child.

With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms, but when she clasped it to her bosom no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not.

A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark waves, then sink forever.

What a spectacle! the idol of his heart gone—gone forever! and that, too, by his own intemperance. The anguish of the mother, and the remorse of the father, are better imagined than described.

Journal from Lying In towards Laguna

H K F COURSES. WINDS. LEEWAY. REMARKS. Tuesday day of 7 July 18

All these 24 hours had
Fresh brezes from Eastward
and Clear weather
All hands Employd in Ships
Duty
no Cargo came on board
George martin came on
Board

Wednesday July 8th All these 24 hours had
Fresh brezes from N and East
Cloudy Took on board one
Lyter load of logwood so Ends

Thursday July 9th all these 24 hours
had fresh brezes from Eastward
And pleasant weather
Took on board one lyter load
and part of another of Logwood
So Ends the day

Course. Distance. Diff. of Lat. Departure. Lat. by D. R. Lat. by Ob. Variation. Diff. of Lon. Lon. in. Lon. by Ob.

Brig almore Lying at the Port of Laguna B Winchenbach master

H K F COURSES. WINDS. LEEWAY. REMARKS. Friday 10 day of July 1863

All these 24 hours had fresh
Brezes from the Eastward
and pleasant
All hands Employd in Ships
Duty painting &c
no Cargo Came on board

Sat 11 July Fresh brezes and fine wether
all hands Employd in Ships
Duty painting &c.

Sunday 12 all these 24 hours had
Fresh brezes from N and East
Some Showers at night
nothing remarkable

Monday July 13 Commences gentle
Brezes from Eastward and
fair weather Commences taking
mahogany on board took on board
Seventeen logs

Course. Distance. Diff. of Lat. Departure. Lat. by D. R. Lat. by Ob. Variation. Diff. of Lon. Lon. in. Lon. by Ob.

have no doubt that you, like myself

MRS. DUSENBURY.

Curled like a kitten, in the depths of Mr. St. Maur's great easy chair, half lost among the crimson cushions, sound asleep, and never dreaming what a frown was distorting papa's brows at sight of her. Mr. St. Maur looked the image of shocked dismay and profound indignation as, coming to the library for a book which he wanted to show to his friend Dusenbury, he found the very young lady for whom they had already waited dinner fully three-quarters of an hour, dozing comfortably in his study chair, and not even dressed for dinner yet. It was some moments before he could articulate for amazement.

"Upon—my—word, really, upon—my—word," he managed to say at last.

She started up at sound of his voice, her dimpled cheeks pink with slumber, her dark fringed eyes bright as newly risen suns, and her soft black curls in a pretty disorder.

"Why, papa, is that you?" she said, yawning behind rosy-tipped fingers, and lazily drooping her white lids again, as though disinclined to be roused from her nap just yet.

"Miss—St. Maur!"

He never called her Miss St. Maur except on very extraordinary occasions, and she roused a little at the words.

"Are you aware that dinner has been waiting for you a full three-quarters of an hour?"

"Has it? well, I'm very sorry you waited, papa," without opening her eyes.

Mr. St. Maur grew slightly red in the face.

"Disobedient and contumacious girl! Are you aware, Ruby St. Maur, that your affianced husband is waiting in the parlor to see you?"

"Affianced who?" Ruby exclaimed, suddenly, sitting up very straight, and opening her bright eyes to their utmost dimensions.

"Mr. Dusenbury, the gentleman I expect you to marry, awaits you in the parlor. Repair at once to your dressing-room, and join us in the shortest possible space of time."

Mr. St. Maur spoke in his sternest, most unanswerable tones, and left the apartment in such a state of indignation that he forgot the book he came after, and returning for it, found that contumacious girl still lingering there. On seeing him, she asked very coolly:

"Papa, who *is* Mr. Dusenbury, anyhow?"

"Mr. Dusenbury is the man you are to marry, and that is enough for you. Off with you!"

"Presently. I can dress enough for Mr. Dusenbury in ten minutes. It's the same *old* hunks that disowned his son because he couldn't make just such a dusty old skeleton of him as he is himself. Isn't it, papa?"

Papa's brows lowered ominously.

"Miss St. Maur, I desire you to repair instantly to your dressing-room. Do you hear?"

"Allons, papa."

She kissed her fingers to him, balancing herself archly on the threshold of the door, and still lingering in roguish defiance.

"Do you know what color the old parchment bundle in there particularly abominates?"

"You'd be sure to wear it, eh?" Mr. St. Maur aid, *boiling over with wrath*. "I desire that u attire *yourself* with your usual care. I'll t you on a diet of bread and water, Miss; see f don't. Dinner has been waiting an hour, I el. you, and I'm literally in a starving condition."

She danced back into the room.

"Dear papa, let me bring you a lunch while you're waiting."

He lifted his cane in mock threatening.

"Off with you, *witch!* *Will* you go?"

She laughed, made a *great* affectation of dodging the uplifted cane, and vanished.

Ten minutes after, true to her boast, she flashed into the parlor, a gorgeous enough little beauty to have turned half a dozen such heads as *that* of the antiquated specimen of the genus homo who sat conversing with Mr. St. Maur, and taking monstrous pinches of snuff between the words.

That must have been the reason they called her Ruby; she was such a gorgeous little creature in herself; all sparkle and flash, and with an almost barbaric fondness for rich and glowing colors, which, however, seemed only the fitting setting for her peculiar style of beauty. Her dress now was a claret-colored satin, clasped at throat and wrist with ornaments of white topaz, and her curls were looped back rom her face with a *gold dart set* with the ame stones.

Dinner was served at once, both gentlemen eming in a famishing condition, and Ruby esiding in such a manner as to call forth most proving glances from her proud and gratified a.

s for papa's dear friend, Mr. Dusenbury, he divided his attentions between the dinner and Miss St. Maur, and was evidently as much bewitched as it was possible for him to be.

"Capital, capital! matters couldn't have gone off better, after all," Mr. St. Maur murmured to himself, after his friend had gone, walking the parlors and rubbing his hands together in great glee. "Dusenbury's a gone case, *that's* evident. Ruby, my dear, you behaved like an angel."

"Did I, papa?" that young lady replied, demurely, glancing at him *from* under her jetty lashes, while the least bit of a smile twitched threateningly at the dimpled corners of her rosy mouth.

"I'm glad to see you haven't got any schoolgirlish notions in your head, Ruby. I was not without fear that you intended to be perverse in this matter. It's a splendid match, child, splendid. Dusenbury's rich as a Jew—most thriving firm, really, in the city—and we're thinking, child, of consolidating our two houses, 'St. Maur, Dusenbury & Co.'—do a magnificent business then, perfectly magnificent. I was afraid Dusenbury would bolt from the scheme. But he won't now, he won't now, if this matter goes on as it's begun. Why, Ruby, you'll be the proudest woman alive when you're Mrs. Dusenbury."

"I dare say I shall, papa; but what's become of the old cormorant's son?"

"Child, child, you mustn't allow yourself to speak in that manner of your intended husband."

"Indeed, he looks like one, papa, and he te like one, and his nose is so long and crooked hat I couldn't help thinking, when he was de[illegible] those chestnuts, that his nose must be

Mr. St. Maur was in the habit of laughing at Ruby's somewhat pert remarks, and he could not resist a smile now, though he tried.

"Mr. Dusenbury's son behaved very badly," he said; "was a bad fellow, I'm afraid, and he's well rid of him."

"I don't believe he was bad a bit, now. His father just wanted to make a withered old hunks of him like himself, and because he couldn't do it he disowned him," Ruby exclaimed, with irate emphasis, and a rosy pout. "I know *one* thing: If *I* ever get the power, Hunt Dusenbury's father shall do him justice!"

Mr. St. Maur stared in a speechless astonishment, from which he did not recover till after Ruby had given him her good night kiss, and swept like an indignant little queen from the room.

"What a strange child she is, really, upon my word," he muttered then.

Miss Ruby St. Maur was a somewhat indolent, luxurious little body. She was very fond of curling herself away among silken cushions, and dreaming sometimes waking visions. She was occupied precisely thus one morning, of which I am going to tell you. She looked like a feminine edition of Cupid asleep among the roses, though she wasn't asleep, or if she was she was decidedly talkative in her slumber.

"Now, then," she murmured, bringing her little rosy palm emphatically down upon the cushions, "if I could just bring that fastidious Hunt to the point, I'd fix matters in a twinkling. What is it to him if papa *has* got money? It isn't papa's *money* he wants—it's *me*, and why he can't say so I'd like to know. I suppose, now, if I was his washerwoman's daughter, he'd find a way to tell me he loved me in very short order, but——"

"Mr. Dusenbury," announced the servant at the door; and, not seeming to have heard, Ruby sat still, and pretended to be very sound asleep indeed.

If this were Mr. Dusenbury, he must have drunk at the fountain of youth since yesterday, for this gentleman could not have been more than twenty-five, and he carried himself with the handsome grace of an Apollo.

As the door closed behind him, he advanced slowly down the parlor, not seeing the sleeping beauty till he came beside her, and pausing then in rapt admiration before so charming a picture.

It was an admirably counterfeited slumber—*the jetty lashes* untremblingly prone upon the velvety cheek, the breath coming at regular intervals through the rosebud mouth. It wasn't much wonder that Mr. Hunt Dusenbury caught *his* breath, and murmured:

"I wish I dare!"

The lips of the fair sleeper moved slightly, and bending to catch the faint utterance, he heard something that sounded wonderfully like his own name with a caressingly expressive prefix.

Mr. Hunt Dusenbury rather doubted the evidence of his own ears, but he acted quite as though he didn't, for, slipping an arm under the little curl-tressed head, he drew it to his shoulder, and when Ruby opened her wide, bright eyes in profound astonishment, he kissed them shut again, murmuring:

"Oh, Ruby, Ruby, my darling, I love you!"

She flushed like a rose under his kisses, but she couldn't resist the temptation to be tantalizing, so she said, poutingly:

"Well, Hunt, what if you do? You know papa has got ever and ever so much money, and I'm all the girl he's got, and I don't know how you can have the audacity to tell me *that*, under the circumstances.

Hunt looked perplexed a minute, but he caught *the mischievous* sparkle of Ruby's roguish eyes, and sealed them again with his lips.

"Confess now," he whispered, laughing; "be good, Ruby, and own up honestly, as I have. If you don't, I'll tell what you said in your sleep just now."

"Oh, I wasn't asleep, Hunt, I only pretended to be."

"You—did?"

Hunt looked horrified incredulity, and made a movement to withdraw his arm, and put the little head back upon the cushion, muttering something that sounded like, "The young coquette!" but Ruby, stealing an arm around his neck, said, half saucy, half earnest:

"Don't scold, now, and *I'll* confess. You see, Hunt, you were *so* long in coming to the point, and—and—somebody else came a wooing last night."

"Somebody else?"

Ruby laughed.

"I sha'n't tell you who; a regular old money-bags, though, from whose clutches I wanted you to rescue me."

"Ruby, I wish I ever *could* tell when you are making fun of me."

The *other* Dusenbury came again very soon—"Money-bags," Ruby called him—and did the honors for him more bewitchingly than ever. How entertaining she was, and *how* delighted Papa St. Maur was.

And then, in a few days, Money-bags came again, and this time he brought Miss St. Maur the most magnificent present—a set of rubies, that made her pretty eyes sparkle with delightful vivacity.

"These," he said, significantly, "are for the future Mrs. Dusenbury."

"Oh!" Ruby said innocently, "I thought they were for ma."

"Do you like them?"

"I never saw anything half so beautiful."

"I'd give you them, and a great deal more besides, if you'd promise to be Mrs. Dusenbury."

Ruby played with the sparkling stones, and looked persistently at her slipper at least two minutes. Then, lifting to her aged suitor a pair of eyes, whose radiance dazzled him so that he didn't know whether he was in his counting-room, and somebody had thrown a brick through the window, or a thunder-storm had come up, and the lightning was playing fitfully around his wrinkled old face.

"If I'm going to be bribed," she said, sweetly, "it must be with something more than a ruby necklace."

"Anything in the world, sweet girl, to the half of all I possess."

"You're not in earnest, Mr. Dusenbury, of course not. You gentlemen are a great deal fonder of making promises than you are of keeping them," Ruby said, archly.

"Never was so much in earnest in my life; get me pen and paper and I'll show you."

Taking him at his word, and tantalizing him with roguishly expressed doubt, Ruby danced away and brought him the required articles. He did not expect to be taken so at his word; but humoring her whim, as he called it, Moneybags drew up, in regular business form, a paper in which he obligated himself to bestow on Miss Ruby St. Maur the half of all he possessed the day she became Mrs. Dusenbury.

Ruby kept up a constant fire of jest and laugh and general witchery, but took possession of the document in triumph, and promised Moneybags that she should claim the fulfillment of the obligation it contained at an early day. Both Mr. St. Maur and Moneybags were in ecstasy.

A week dropped slowly away, and Moneybags quite neglected his business at the counting-room in order to dine with his old friend St. Maur. He really seemed to be getting humanized.

One night Miss St. Maur kept dinner waiting again, till the two gentlemen grew somewhat impatient, and Mr. St. Maur, summoning a servant, sent to inquire after her.

Before the servant returned, however, Ruby herself came—not in dinner attire, however, nor alone; but with bridal flowers in her hat, and her little snowily-gloved hand confidingly resting upon the arm of Mr. Hunt Dusenbury.

"Really, upon my word," began Mr. St. Maur.

"You won't let papa scold, will you?" Ruby said, putting out a coaxing hand to Moneybags, and in a comically audible aside, "Shall we kneel down, Hunt?"

Moneybags looked fiercely at the little olive branch Ruby held out to him about half a minute.

"Humph," he growled, "I suppose you're married?"

"Oh, yes," Ruby said, placidly, "it's all right. I'm Mrs. Dusenbury fast enough."

Moneybags tried to look Plutonian grimness, and frowned till his gray eyebrows bristled. But it wouldn't do. The humor of the thing was too apparent. Besides, he *was* glad of an excuse to welcome back that young hopeful of his. So, melting suddenly, he shook Ruby's small hand cordially, grumbled something about it's being better so, and, turning to Hunt, "Glad to see you, my boy, and if you'll let this young sunbeam you've caught sparkle at the head of my table at home, you may sit at the foot of it, and you may study law all the days of your life for aught I care. There now."

Mr. St. Maur could but follow Moneybags' example, and they all went out to dinner, which still waited, as gay a party as you often see

---

ON THE SANDS.

I wrote on the marge of the sea to-day
A name to my heart most sweet;
And the swift waves washed the words away,
Ere the line could stand complete.

Then I cried to the jealous sea, "Forbear
To mar what in love I trace!
Thy signs are around me everywhere;
Grant mine but a little space.

Forbear in thy pride to dash the name
I love from thy glittering sand;
'Tis a little meed, I ask, of fame,
That on thy brow it may stand."

And I wrote again, with eager haste,
The name I had writ before;
But my labor and love were only waste,
On the shifting, sparkling shore.

The sea, with a victor's mocking shout,
Marched over the sands again;
And the precious name was trodden out,
Like a dream that dies in pain.

And like the vanished trace on the beach
Of the darling name I wrote,
The echoes will be of my tuneful speech,
As into silence they float.

My song, at the sea, is ended now,
And leaves on its sands no name,
God's fingers only furrow its brow,
His breath in its voice is fame!

William C. Richards.

---

master
a B Winchenbach

f July 1863
d fresh brezes
t with Some
s
d
in Ships duty
fresh brezes
e part fresh
and rain
ng Side all
Sundy Jobs
Ends the day
ours had fresh
East and Some
ll hands Employd
s fresh brezes
Squally
load Log wood

Lon Lon. in. Lon. by Ob

t July —— 1863
esh brezes from
ualley
d taking in
nd 27 Logs
Ends the day

all these 24 hours fresh brezes
from N and East Squally

all these 24 hours had fresh
Brezes from N and East Squally Rainy
weather all hands Employd taking
in Cargo So Ends the day

all these 24 hours had
Fresh brezes from S.E and Cloudy
All hands Employd taking in
Cargo

Lat. by Ob. Variation. Diff. of Lon. Lon. in. Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Lyung at towards Laguna B Winchenbach Mas

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. ~~Wednesday~~ 22 day of July 1863
1						All thes 24 hours had
2						Fresh brees from N and East
3						And Cloudy all hands Empy
4						Taking in Cargo So Ends
5						
6						
7						
8					Thursday	23 all these 24 hours had
9						Light brees from S E and
10						Cloudy Took on board one Lighter
11						Load Log wood So Ends these
12						24 hours
1						
2						
3					Friday	24 had gentle brees from
4						N E and South East in the
5						Fore part of the day all hands
6						Empoyd takeing in Cargo Latter
7						Part in getting ready for Sea
8						So Ends the day
9						
10					Sat 25	all thes 24 hours had fresh breeze
11						From Eastward and clear wether at
12						9 AM Pilot Came on board got under way
						And Rounded to Sea at 12 Meridian Pilot Left

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

Journal of a voyage from Laguna Towards N york. Benj Winchenbach Master

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Sunday 26 day of July 1863
1	3		N W	Variable	1 point	Commences Light Breezes from N. E.
2	3					And Clear at 2 AM Tack Ship to
3	3		East			The East at 5 Squally I Sight
4	3					Of the land Tacked Ship to the
5	3					North furld all light Sails
6	2		North			Latter part Clear and Pleasant
7	2					
8	2					
9	2		N E b N			
10	2					
11	2					
12	1		S. E.	Dor		
1	2		N N E			
2	3					
3	4					
4	4					
5	4		N E b N			Lat Obs 19° 46 N
6	4					
7	4					
8	4					
9	3		N N E			
10	3					
11	3					
12	3		Do	Dor Don		

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

have no doubt that you, like mysel

ST. MARK'S EVE.

To all in America I respectfully beg leave to dedicate my tale. To all those who are seeking to enter into the holy estate of matrimony I present the first portion, and those who have already known the troubles and joys, the cares and bliss of a connubial life, will find the latter part applicable to themselves.

I beg of all not to despise it for the homely dress it will be arrayed in. I mean it to be so, the plain common garb fitted for the every day use of life—spun and woven from home-made materials. I am writing this as if I was perfectly sure of its being accepted by that formidable person, "the Editor," who is oftentimes by no means easy to suit. This much by way of preface.

Dora Newby, the subject of my tale (I can not call her heroine), was the only child of her father—a substantial, well-to-do farmer, and a widower. As a matter of course, Dora grew up petted and well-nigh spoiled. She was naturally inclined to be self-willed, petulant and selfish; and the want of a mother's guiding, and a kind, easy father's spoiling, in no little measure increased and strengthened all her failings. She grew up wild and untaught, save what it pleased herself to learn by occasional fits and starts. She grew also prettier with every passing year, until she reached the age of eighteen, and was then a petted, spoiled young woman with plenty of admirers, for she was the village heiress as well as its belle.

Dora did not believe in having only one string to her bow. She wanted more, and she kept two always on hand. A large well-built man named Smurthwaite, and a little smart active one named Benjamin Richmond, were her two favored swains. She tyrannized over both of them, and kept them in a constant state of uncertainty, encouraging now one, now the other, as the humor suited her, and this not for weeks or months only, but for years. Five long years she kept them both attached to her, until their patience was well nigh tired out.

Dora was quick enough to see this, and had half resolved to make up her mind and determine in the favor of one or the other when fate itself decided the matter for her sooner than she intended. Newby Grange was an old-fashioned farmhouse, with all the old appliances of large closets, wide chimneys, and capacious brick oven. This oven was in the sitting-room, and heated by a flue from the large fire of the kitchen. The sitting-room had two bay-windows overlooking the garden, and these bay-windows were the places where her love-making generally went on.

As I have said, five years' courtship had been the hard, unrequited servitude of both her followers, when one day, a Saturday in the sunny month of June, Ben Richmond was seen by the watching, expectant Dora coming up the garden-path to pay his usual weekly visit, with an unusual look of resolve and determination on his face. It was so. The long, hot walk had tired him, and he had come fully determined that day to know his fate, either to be accepted or rejected without any longer fooling. Dora intuitively felt that to-day, at least, she could no longer trifle, and felt annoyed at the thought of being driven up into a corner; and partly from pique, partly from willfulness determined to say no, shortly and flatly, to his request.

All in vain were poor Ben's earnest entreaties and passionate pleadings; all in vain his long, weary waiting, and he gave it up well-nigh in despair.

He made, however, one last attempt, one final appeal, when, in the midst of his talking, they heard the garden gate creak on its hinges, and, looking out, saw the tall form of John Smurthwaite striding up the path.

Now it so happened Smurthwaite had come as well that very day, big with the same resolves that possessed Ben. Here was a to-do. Well did Dora know how Smurthwaite had vowed that if ever he caught Ben in the act of poaching, as he termed it, on his ground he would inflict on him such [illegible] punishment as he would not easily forget. [illegible] was no lack of courage in little Ben, but [illegible] lt and knew he was utterly unable in strength to compete with Smurthwaite. [illegible] s to be done?

[illegible] Ben! fear of punishment, and still greater [illegible] any appearance of cowardice before Dora, tugged hard at his heart. Dora herself decided the matter. She wished no fighting or disturbance, at least in her presence.

"Here, quick, Ben," she said, trying the two cupboard doors in the room, "come in here until he goes." Alas, the doors were both locked and the keys up stairs in her bedroom.

"Whatever shall I do!" she ejaculated; her eye lighted on the old-fashioned oven—the very place, she thought, and opening the door in crept Ben. Scarcely was he safely stowed in when Smurthwaite entered the room.

Long, very long, he sat, and, like Ben before him, plead his cause and urged his suit with no encouragement from Dora. He was interrupted, however, in the midst of his most pathetic appeal by a loud thump, where from he could not tell. "What is that, Dora?" he inquired. "Only the rats," was the answer. Again he began his entreaties, again to be interrupted by another loud kick and the sound of a voice shut up and half smothered.

"For God's sake let me out," it cried; "I am roasting alive!"

Dora remembered all too late that it was baking day, and the servant in the kitchen, all unwotting of the strange occupant of the oven, had drawn out the damper and let in the heat.

Ere Dora could reach the door it flew open and out tumbled Ben, hot and angry, before the astonished gaze of Smurthwaite.

"John," said Ben, as soon as he could speak, take my claim to Dora. I have done with her. always heard love-making was warm work, but ever so hot as I have found it. Good by, Dora, do not choose being made a cake of like to-day;" and he left them. Smurthwaite and Dora both laughed; they could not help it; and as he felt how ludicrous any more attempts at love-making would be, he also very shortly after left. [illegible] never returned again, and so Dora los

Young ladies all, take my advice. Kee ing to your bow, if you find it a good s serviceable one, and do not play with two both break.

For a few months Dora was loverless, whe length, a third appeared in the person of J annote, and, after a short, a very short pr on, was accepted; for time was passing w Dora, and both her former admirers had taken themselves partners less obdurate than hers and Dora did not care to live and die an old ma John Vannote and his wife soon, too soon, ho ver, found out how unsuited they were for eac other—too soon for their happiness, too late, how ver, to remedy it. They were both alike in dis osition, equally selfish, and each loving their own self the best.

It was a sore and grievous disappointment to both John and his wife that no children blessed their union. God withheld this great gift and blessing from them. No little pra[illegible] voice was given them to break the solitude of their fireside; no wee, toddling feet pattered over the floor. This golden link was wanting to unite the fast rusting and irksome fetters with which they had bound themselves together, and great was the trouble of both, and loud Dora's murmuring thereat. And what should have but drawn them closer together for mutual comfort and sympathy became an additional cause of dissatisfaction and discontent.

And so, day by day, the little love each had for the other cooled and was fast dying away. Day by day each one grew more and more intensely selfish, less and less careful of each other's comfort and happiness, and more miserable and wretched—fretting ever more and more at the strength of the chain which bound them together.

I am writing no fanciful, childish story. God knows my purpose and tale is serious enough, and one of too frequent occurrence. In every little act of their daily lives they very soon got to thwart each other. Very quickly no mutual concessions were offered. Scarce a meal passed by without quarreling and squabbling about some little unimportant trifle. Each had the same likings, and each resolved to gratify them at the expense of the other. In a few words their lives became grievous and burdensome, both to themselves and all connected with them; and they very quickly grew to positively dislike each other.

And so the months passed until it came near the eve of St. Mark. Now in the North of England there is a great deal of superstition attached to this night. It is very generally believed that the ghosts of all who will die the ensuing year walk in solemn procession at the midnight hour down the road their coffins will hereafter pass to the church porch. This eve falls on the 24th of April.

Leading to the village church in the place where these two lived were two roads—the one the public road through the village, and another, a by-path, across some fields.

When the 24th of April came round in due course of time, it occurred to John Vannote that he would go that night and see if his wife's ghost would make its appearance. It so happened a similar resolve possessed Dora. Of course neither of them betrayed by word or sign their intention to the other. The day passed and night came. After tea John fidgeted about for some time, and then left the house for the ostensible purpose of foddering and looking after the cattle. Dora, as soon as his back was turned, put on her bonnet and shawl and went out too, on a pretended visit to a neighbor. The night was a moonlight one, but the moon's light was obscured by passing clouds.

As soon as John had finished tending the cattle, half ashamed of his errand, and fearing to meet any of his neighbors, he made his way across the fields to the church yard. Dora, more timid, chose exactly at the same time the road through the village. The one arrived at the churd yard gate just as the other reached the style from the fields into it. Silently and quietly they both, unknown to each other, went into the porch; they reached it and just then the moon shone out for a few moments, full and clear in each other's faces. They both stared at each other—a long, steady look, and then the moon's light was withdrawn behind a cloud; and when it again shone out the church porch was empty—both had as silently returned home, each thinking they had seen the other's ghost.

The table was laid for supper when John Vannote came in, and his wife Dora sitting sewing by the fire. Some hot sausages and mashed potatoes were warming by it—his favorite supper. Astonished at the unwonted attention to his comfort and taste, in silence he drew his chair to the table, and both sat down and proceeded to eat it. One sausage remained after each had been fairly and equally helped. Each of them, heretofore, would have claimed and sought to have it. To Dora's astonishment John very quietly took it and laid it on her plate without a word. As quietly she removed it back to his. The servant looked on astonished at this unaccustomed proceeding on both their parts. Again and again was the same thing done—each attempting to force it on the other, and both nearly quarreling about making the other take it. The same feeling actuated both—each thought the other doomed ere very long to death, and felt, for the short time yet left them to be together, they could afford to be kind to each other. At least such was the tenor of the thoughts of each as they went to rest that night.

"Ah well," thought John, "I wonder when she will go—how soon or how late in the year; won't the house be quiet without her! However, I'll be kind to her and bear with her for the short time she has to live, so that my conscience cannot reproach me when she's gone."

And Dora's thoughts were much the same.

And so week after week passed, and month after month, each giving a little and taking a little—bearing and forbearing with each other; and so the time passed, and the year drew near to its close, and another St. Mark's Eve approached.

One wild, gusty, rainy March night as both were seated over the fire, Dora working and John smoking, his thoughts went wandering over the past year and wondering on into the future. And as he sat and smoked and thought, he felt half sad she would so soon have to leave him; for, after all, thought he, she has been a good wife to me the last ten months. No doubt death has cast his softening shadow over her, and she feels changed by it. Still it puzzled him: there she sat, so healthy-looking, so contented, and so happy—it must be sudden, thought he; ought I not to tell her what I know, and so warn and prepare her for it? I will, he resolved, and just then seeing her look thoughtfully at himself he got ready to speak:

"John," said Dora, suddenly, "I should miss you very much if you were to leave me."

He started and nearly jumped off his chair. His very thoughts of her.

"Dear me, Dora! h[illegible]e, for I was just th

The Two Headaches.

"Such a headache as I have!" groaned Smith, as he entered the breakfast-room, with his hair rumpled, his chest collapsed, and his back rounded out in the shape of the letter C. "Such a headache!"

"Perhaps it was the cake you ate before going to bed," remarked his wife, as she poured the coffee.

"Cake? There's nothing more wholesome than cake before going to bed, especially plum-cake," answered Smith, dropping into a chair.

Mrs. Smith, feeling indisposed at that matutinal hour for an argument, assented.

"Try a little tea," suggested she.

"Tea! an old maid's remedy; no tea for me!"

"Well, coffee."

"I don't think I want anything," groaned Smith. "O dear! I am going to have a day of it."

Mrs. Smith had it on her tongue's end to say, "Well, that is the usual result of a night of it;" but she closed her teeth and bit off the exasperated and truthful rejoinder.

"Isn't this room awful hot?" asked Smith, opening six doors without waiting for a reply, which, if uttered, would have been that she was shivering with the draughts.

Then seating himself at the table: "I think I will have tea, Mrs. Smith; and I well eat a piece of beefsteak, while I am about it—in for a penny in for a pound. O, dear!"

"I think I'll come and sit in your room, Mary," said Smith to his wife after the tea and breakfast had gone down. "It looks nice and pleasant here, and I like to stay with you when I have the headache."

Mary turned her back that he need not see the smile lurking round her mouth at the conclusion of his sentence, and brought a pillow to the sofa for his disorganized head.

"Not that—no, not that; it will only heat my head. O, dear! Mary [solemnly] do you know I think I made a mistake in eating that beefsteak?"

Mary, with a heroism which should place her name in "Fox's Book of Martyrs," did not reply, "I knew it at the time, Smith, and my only chance of preventing you from eating was to refrain from asking you not to eat; so I didn't say so."

"Mary," said Smith, as she seated herself to sewing, "don't you think I should feel better if I had a jug of boiling water at my feet?"

"Perhaps you would," said Mary, dropping her spools and thimble and buttons on the floor to hunt up the jug and hot water herself, for Smith had the opinion that a wife should attend personally to these things, although three great fat servants might sit sucking their thumbs in the kitchen and cooking their heels on the range. "Perhaps you would."

"Mary," asked Smith, after this arrangement was carried out, "don't you think this bottle might be pushed a little closer? I don't feel it, except on one foot."

"Yes," said Mary, dropping her work once more. "Is that right?"

"O, yes," answered Smith, rolling his left eye in ecstacy, as the heat penetrated the soles of his feet; "how nice it is to have you round when I am sick!"

The same funny look came again round the corners of Mary's mouth, but Smith, bless his obtuse soul, didn't see it.

"Mary," said Smith, "I think I could go to sleep now if you would close those curtains and things, and carry that confounded bird down stairs, and shut out the light."

"Yes," said Mary, "and I'll take my sewing in the next room."

"Do," said Smith.

And gathering up her work-basket and Smith's pants, that had several vital buttons missing, and which he wished replaced, Mary departed.

"Mary," said Smith, suddenly appearing at the door of the room, "it's no use. I don't feel a bit better. I'm sure I don't know what to do. Do you really think it was the cake?"

Mary's patience was waning. "I know it, John—it always makes you sick. Don't you recollect I asked you not to eat it at the time?"

"Well, all I can say is," said Smith, "I don't believe it. O, dear! where are the morning papers?"

That was another way of asking Mary to read them to him, which she did, and without saying, as Smith did on similar occasions,—

"Oh! there is nothing in the paper this morning but the same old tariff discussions; in fact, they are quite dull—here they are—perhaps you can pick out something for yourself."

At twelve Smith sank into the arms of Morpheus, and slept till three; but, alas! waking, begged for his wife and a wash-bowl. Both were forthcoming, as also the expected result. The rest of the day, till dark, the blinds were opened and shut, and Mrs. Smith stayed by to see him be sick. About seven in the evening he despairingly signified his wish to retire, adding,—

"I suppose, of course, you don't feel sleepy at all?"

"N-o," said Mary, looking from the window at a lovely moon that was just rising, "n-o, not very."

"Well," said Smith, "don't come, if you don't want to, but I can't sit up any longer, and I have an idea I shall get to sleep."

So Mary went to bed with her bearded baby.

A week had elapsed. Smith was in good health and spirits. He could smoke. The world wasn't a charnel-house after all. Mary was flat on her back with a nervous headache.

"Sick?" asked Smith.

"Shocking pain in my temple," said Mary.

"What a pity," answered Smith, paring his nails at the window, without turning his head. "It's going to be such a lovely day—quite like spring. Have you the least idea where my gray pants are?"

"No," said Mary, faintly from the pillows. "I think in the closet."

"So—strange," said Smith, "about those gray pants; I don't think they've worn very well, do you? And do you know, Mary, about the milk bill, whether it is right or not? And, by the way, did my shoes come home last night? and has that man been to fix the front door?"

"My head aches so bad," said Mary, "that I can't remember any thing. Biddy will tell you."

"Well, I'am sorry for you," said Smith, tying his cravat at the glass. "The very best thing for you is to keep quiet, and I'll take myself out of the way. Sleep is the thing for you."

So Smith put on his heaviest pair of boots, and went all over the house, and let the doors bang, and whistled the "Stars and Stripes," and ate his breakfast, and then came up to her to discuss the respective claims of pork and beef and the chicken for that day's dinner, closing by another recommendation to keep quiet, and not bother herself about anything.

"No better?" asked Smith, reproachfully, at six o'clock that evening; "no better? I thought you'd be well, certainly, by this time, after a day's quiet." Quiet? She had half the whole kitchen retinue after her all day, asking more questions then there are in the Assembly's catechism, and the front door-bell ringing as if by order of the fire department; but she had said nothing at all about that: if she had, Smith would have replied, with that lordly wave of his hand with which men dispose of such matters: "You shouldn't allow such trifles to trouble you."

"No better, then?" Smith inquired, as if in gratitude to him he really deserved a modification of her former reply—"no better? Well, sleep, after all, is the best thing; and, as I can't do anything for you, I think, as it is such a lovely night, that I will stroll out awhile. There, there," said he, patting the end of the blanket, "go to sleep now." And close upon his retiring heels she heard the thundering bang of the front door.

After divers and many comparisons between male and female headaches, Mrs. Smith fell asleep, to be awakened about twelve by Smith, who thump[illegible] in his boots, and advised [illegible] the efficiency of sleep [illegible] headache. Then [illegible] and slept the [illegible] a glimmerin[illegible] the un[illegible] band[illegible]

Journal from Laguna —— towards Newyork B Winckenbach Master

REMARKS. Wednesday 29 day of July 1863

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS.
1	2		E b S	N b W		Commences Light breezes from the
2	3					North and Pleasant at 12 noon
3	4					Tacked Ship to the Eastward at
4	5					at 4 PM Saw the Land bearing
5	5		E S E			East
6	5	–	N W			
7	3	–	N N W	Variables		
8	3					at 5 PM Tacked Ship to the
9	3		N b W ½ W			N.W
10	3					
11	3					
12	3					Middle part fresh breezes from
1	3		N b W			the E N E and hazy
2	3					
3	3		N b E			Latter part the same So
4	3					Ends the 24 hours
5	2		N b E ½ E			
6	2					
7	2					
8	2					
9	2		N b W			Obd Lat 21 50 N
10	2					
11	2					
12	2		Do	Do		

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

REMARKS. Thursday 30 day of July 1863

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS.
1	3		S E ½ E	Variables		Begins Light breezes from the
2	3					Eastward and Variables
3	3					at 12 noon Tacked Ship to S. E.
4	3					
5	3		S E ½ S			
6	3					
7	3					
8	2		N b W			
9	2					Middle part gales from E S E and
10	2					Hazy
11	2					
12	2					
1	2		N N E	Do		Latter part More moderate
2	2					
3	3					
4	3		N. E.			
5	3					
6	3					Lat Obsd 22° 19 N
7	3					
8	3					
9	3		N. E b N			
10	3					
11	3					
12	3		Do	Do		

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

have no doubt that you, like myself

A STEP ON THE GRAVEL.

"Just a knob or two more, for it's cold as winter to-night; then one game at chess, and off to bed. By the way, did you send the girl?"

"Half an hour ago," said my wife. "It is past eleven."

"Humph! Time goes so when one is reading," I said; and then, setting out the men, we prepared for our battle, with the understanding that, as it was late, the moves were to be made quickly and without consideration. And, by the way, these are the games in which I generally come off victor, my very near relative being gifted with a long head, in whose depths she concocts abominable schemes, full of checks and discoveries, fatal to the existence of my poor queen, against whose reign she is disloyal as any Fenian.

The little timepiece had just struck its single alarm note to say that it was midnight, and I had given check with a bishop in a two-edged way, that ensured the loss of my adversary's knight, when she suddenly sat very upright upon her chair, and held up her finger.

"Some one crying?" I said, thinking of kicked-off clothes and shivering little limbs somewhere in the upper regions.

"No," she whispered—"a step on the gravel."

"Nonsense!" I said, for I hate people of nervous temperament to rouse me out of my easy-chair at night, to go shivering down the garden to try if the front gate is locked, and peep behind the laurels for concealed burglars; or to shake me out of a pleasant dream to get up and dress and go down-stairs to try all the doors, or open the window and shout, "I see you there," the same as I did one night, when it was black as Erebus, and a gruff voice from the road answered, "Then you must have blessed good eyesight, sir;" and the ever widening rays of a policeman's bull's-eye were cast in my face. I was sick of being bothered with imaginary noises, for ours was not the house burglars would attack. Our whole stock of plate, in its neat, baise-lined basket, only cost fifty pounds—a wedding present—and I suppose, if brought to the meltting-pot, would not be worth more than half; while as to other valuables, we had each a watch and chain. To be sure my wife had what she called her treasures up stairs—seven of them I think there were; but who in the name of all that's sensible would in these days of no kidnaping, commit a burglary to steal children? Certainly mine were safe, for they would have proved as noisy booty as pigs of a marketable size. So, under the circumstances, I very naturally and testily exclaimed, "Nonsense!"

"But my dear," said my wife, "did you not yourself find a suspicious looking individual lurking about the place early the other morning?"

"Very true, my dear," I answered. "But he said he was a cousin of our Jane, John Thompson by name; and though we don't allow followers, you know girls will have sweethearts lurking about at times. Didn't Jane herself half confess it when you asked her about it?"

"There it is again," exclaimed my wife earnestly, "I'm sure of it. Depend upon it, it's that fellow come back agrin;" and as she spoke I certainly did hear what sounded like the gritting of a foot upon the gravel walk. "There now," she exclaimed in a triumphant whisper, "what's that?"

"Jane has not locked the gate, and it's the policeman."

"But I locked it myself to-night, dear. Some one has climbed over, I'm sure."

"Check!" said I.

"But pray, dear——"

"Don't you see?" I said testily, "check to my queen;" and then I turned sharply round, for there was a light tap upon the window, as if from some one's nail, and, on drawing aside the curtains and moving the blind, I could just detect a man's face close to the glass.

"Hullo!" I exclaimed loudly.

"Hush!" said a voice. "Can I speak to you a minute? Please open the window."

Now, that was all very well, and very civilly spoken; but, under the circumstances, I did not feel disposed to do anything of the kind, and, letting fall the blind, I stood hesitating as to what would be best. If I took up the poker, I felt that I should be a match for any one man if he had evil intentions; but then there might be two or three; but "Pooh—nonsense!" I exclaimed the next moment; "some one is ill, or something of that kind. Besides," I said, "one thing is very certain. It's not John Thompson."

"Where are you going, Edward?" said my wife anxiously, as I moved towards the door.

"Up-stairs, to hold a parley," I replied.

"But you are never going to leave me here by myself?"

"Not unless you wish it, my dear. Come up with me," I said.

So, hand in hand, we went up to the little staircase window over the front door, and throwing it up, I looked out to just dimly distinguish a figure by the drawing-room window.

"Now then," I said, "what's the matter?"

"Hush, pray," whispered a voice that was quite strange to me; and there was again the grating upon the gravel, as the figure came beneath where I was.

"Are you a Christian, sir?" whispered the voice.

Well, that was rather a poser. I go to the church in the morning and to church in the afternoon, pay my rates regularly, and never put less than sixpence in the plate on collection days; so under the circumstances I thought I was, and said so.

"Then pray help a fellow creature in distress, sir. Give me your help."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" I muttered gruffly, "a new dodge;" and my friend must have heard the rattling of a few coppers, for he exclaimed hastily—

"No, sir, not that—not that. I am no beggar. Listen, I have money." And true enough I heard the clinking of what sounded like three or four half-crowns in a person's hand. "I want help, for I am hunted from place to place, and all for patriotism."

"Whew!" I whistled; "the mystery thickens," and I felt my wife clutching my shoulder tightly as she came forward and leaned out.

"If you have the feeling of a man for a fellow creature, give me shelter for the night, and a crust of bread, and I will bless you; my wife and little ones shall pray for you, and thank the generous man who protected the hunted fugitive."

That last bit did it; my wife enlisted upon his side in a moment. Wife and children to pray for me, and so on; she was taken in directly.

"Oh, Edward," she whispered, "it is one of those poor misguided Fenians," and she leaned farther out of the window, so that the visitor could just see her.

"There is a heavy price set upon my head," whispered the voice, "and even now the bloodhounds of the law are upon my track. Let me not ask in vain. But for the sake of those at home, I would not keep up the struggle, for I am faint and weak and unmanned," and there came up something uncommonly like a sob.

"Oh, Edward," whispered my wife, "pray help the poor creature."

"All very fine," I whispered again; "but if his story is true, he has broken the laws; and why should I mix myself up by sheltering one of the mad-brained party? And besides, who's going to let a stranger in at this time of night? How do I know that he is not a thief?"

"Edward!" exclaimed my wife indignantly, "for shame. Suppose you were in the same position?" and then a great deal more passed between myself and my master, terminating in another parley out of the window.

"Well," I said, "what do you wish me to do?"

"Only give me rest for the night, sir," whispered the voice—"concealment till some time on the morrow, for I am tracked;" and I could not help noticing the peculiar Irish-American nasal twang with which he spoke; and, besides, that sounded American, "tracked."

"But are you alone?" I said.

"Quite, on my honor," whispered the man.

"But really, you know," I said, "it don't seem reasonable for me to admit you, a stranger, in the middle of the night. Perhaps you are armed."

"Yes, yes," whispered the voice earnestly. "I am armed, I have a revolver; but I am willing to put my trust in you in every way, if you will not betray me."

"If I wanted to betray you," I said, "I should shout for the police;" and then, leaving the window for a moment, I thought to myself, "I'll test you, now, my fine fellow."

On the landing was a small closet, devoted to my foibles, and in a few seconds I returned with my brass multiplying winch, and the silk twist with which I had landed more than one pike during my fishing expeditions; and then, throwing down a few yards, I said:

"It is not likely that I can admit an armed man; so if you are what you profess to be, fasten your pistol to that line, and let me draw it up."

The line was caught in a moment, and then I felt a few jerks, followed by the voice whispering, "Be careful, for it is loaded," when I drew up and held in my hand what felt in the dark like a revolver.

Well, that seemed conclusive enough; so, closing the window, my wife and I descended to the drawing-room, where by the light I could see that I had hold of a rusty looking pistol, capped, and, I presumed, loaded; but to make sure, I tested it with the ramrod, and then removed a cap, to see if I could detect the powder in the nipple. All right, loaded, not a doubt of it. And now, feeling prepared in case of wrong, and pretty well satisfied as to my visitor's character, I drew up the blind, and opened the French window.

Of course I knew how wrong it was, but really, when a poor hunted wretch appealed to you for help, who could think of betraying him? The very thought of it seemed repugnant; and then I hesitated, for this might be Colonel Kelly himself, for whose capture three hundred pounds were offered.

If I had had a doubt before of my visitor's being a genuine case, it left me as I opened the window, and stood with presented pistol while he came in: a handsome, pale, bearded fellow, just in accordance with the descriptions I had read of Kelly; while his first act was to listen for a moment at the window, close it hastily, and then run to my wife, and kiss her hand.

"For the sake of my wife and children," he said, "save me."

"Why," I exclaimed, "you must be——"

"Hush!" he whispered, turning to me with a faint smile; "mention no names, for your conscience' sake. There is a heavy reward offered for my apprehension, but I feel sure you would not wish to gain it?"

"Oh no, oh no!" exclaimed my wife, who was affected even to tears, while really the poor fellow's state appeared pitiable; worn, jaded, and hunted-looking, he seemed to start at every sound, while his eyes wandered restlessly from side to side, as if seeing danger. We gave him some wine, which he drank with avidity, while some cold chicken and bread seemed to be quite devoured; though he apologized again and again in the most gentlemanly way for his intrusion.

"I have been too anxious and hard-pressed even to eat," he said, "for days past. Every exit seems watched, and how to take a passage I hardly know. Money I am pretty well provided with; and now, if I could only once get clear, though my heart might still be with my cause, I would run no more risks, for the sake of those at home."

I forbore to question him, thinking that the less I knew the better; while from similar feelings, no doubt, the poor fellow said little except upon indifferent subjects, until he seemed to be unable to hold up, but kept on dozing off to sleep, and starting up.

"I cannot help it," he said at last; "for two nights I have not closed my eyes. If I am taken, I am taken, for nature will hold out no more," and he sank back in his chair.

"Lie on the sofa," said my wife gently; and he rose with a grateful smile and lay down, while she arranged the pillows for his head.

"You will not play the part of Jael," he said, "and treat me as she did Sisera?"

"No, indeed," exclaimed my wife, smiling, while he kissed her hand again, too tenderly, I thought, and she blushed. She sticks out to the present moment that she did not; but I'm sure she did, and I didn't like it a bit. Why couldn't he have said "Thank you," without kissing hands? He had only to have done it once more, and, Fenian or no Fenian, I should have turned informer.

Five minutes after he was breathing heavily, in the deep, heavy sleep of a man utterly worn out; and after a whispered consultation, we agreed to leave him where he was, locking the drawing-room door for our own protection, of course, and so that the housemaid should not come in and see him in the morning.

"I mean to take your revolver," I said, aloud; but there came no answer, and—accidentally, of course—I kicked over the poker, which rattled loudly in the fender, when our visitor started up.

"Oh, Edward!" exclaimed my wife.

"We shall lock you in," I said, as I turned down the gas a little way, "and I shall take your revolver away, but we mean no treachery."

"I am weak, faint and utterly worn out," he replied, in his slightly American intonation. "I am in your hands, and if you betray me, the curse of my wife and children will cling to you. But there," he said hastily, "I do not doubt you; the sight of your dear lady's candid face would give me faith."

We left him and retired to bed, after carefully locking the drawing room and passage doors; and in spite of the adventure, I slept pretty soundly, though I must own to having been rather gruff when we went up stairs, and not quite satisfied. But I remember no more till I was in the midst of a dream, wherein half a score of police were breaking into my drawing room with sledge hammers, to get at the Fenian; while all the time it was not the police but the Fenians themselves breaking upon the police van, and I could not make out how it was till I woke to find that it was neither, but the housemaid Jane hammering at our bedroom door, because she could get neither into dining room nor drawing

Of course, there was nothing for it but to get up and go down, which I did, feeling very tired and cross at being roused out of bed soon after six; while my wife must hurry up too, and somehow she managed to be down as soon as I did; though I never knew her to be dressed so quickly before. However, I must say that I was not surprised to find the poor fellow gone, and the French window left just ajar.

"Poor creature," said my wife; "I hope he will escape. "Of course we can do no more, Edward."

"Yes, we can," I said.

"What, dear?" said my wife.

"Go to bed, again," I said; which, by the way, we did not do, but went up to dress again more comfortably, Jane looking very hard at us, as I told her to let us have breakfast as soon as possible.

I was just ready to descend, and was examining the revolver our visitor seemed to have left me for a keepsake, when there was another knock at the bedroom door.

"What is it?" said my wife.

"The plate-basket, if you please, ma'am," said Jane, our house and parlor-maid.

"Oh," said my wife, "I did not bring it up last night, Jane." It being our custom for the maid to bring in the basket every night ready for my wife to take up to our bedroom when we retired.

"Didn't bring it up?" I said, for she had never made such an omission before, and would as soon have thought of leaving her keys about.

"No, dear," she said, "it would have looked so strange and suspicious."

"I'm——" I was going to say something very sad, for a strange suspicion had shot across my mind; but I was interrupted by another knock from the returned Jane.

"Please, 'm, 'taint down-stairs," said Jane.

And it was quite true, the basket was not down-stairs, and we did not see it till the next day, when a boy carried it by the gate, having found it in an unfinished house lower down the road—but it was empty.

"And don't you really think he was a Fenian?" said my wife, "so gentlemanly and——"

"Fenian!" I exclaimed savagely. "A common thief?"

On the following day I had caused an advertisement, describing the plate marked with my initials, to be inserted in the *Hue and Cry*, and had prepared a description of it to be forwarded to every pawnbroker within some miles round. There was not much chance of a thief so adroit falling into so obvious a trap, but to my surprise scarcely a week had elapsed, when a police constable brought me information of the missing property. Two spoons had been offered to a silversmith which were undoubtedly mine, although the initials had been carefully filed off. The man had been detained on suspicion, and my wife and I hastened to the shop to identify him.

"Our Fenian friend will look rather chopfallen at the sight of us, I fancy," said I to my wife as we stepped into our cab.

"An artful villain," exclaimed my wife.

"An impudent scoundrel," I added.

"And what a canting rogue, too," remarked my wife. "But I thought he was a hypocrite when he asked you if you were a Christian."

"No doubt you did, my dear," I replied, for I was in a sarcastic mood; "but you know you afterward thought he was only 'a poor misguided Fenian,' and implored me to take him in."

Recriminations of this kind rarely come to a satisfactory ending, and perhaps it was as well that our cab at this point arrived at the silversmith's door, where we alighted with the constable.

"Now for our Fenian hero," I whispered to my wife; but I looked round the shop, and could see nothing of him. A man was seated on a chair at the further end, guarded, as it seemed, by a stout shopman; but he was not at all like our mysterious visitor. There was not the slightest doubt about it. The stranger was John Thompson, the lurking cousin of our servant Jane.

"I see," said I; "one of the gang, no doubt. Where's your accomplice?"

"I had no accomplice, sir," replied the culprit, falling on his knees. "I did it all myself. Oh, pray have mercy!"

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that you are not in league with that pretended Fenian?"

"Not at all, sir," said the man. "I'll confess everything, if you'll have mercy."

"Go on," I answered sternly, "and let me judge whether you deserve any."

"It was your taking in that stranger, sir, that put it all in my head," he went on. "I was waiting about the garden to see Jane that night, and heard it all."

"But how did that enable you to get at my plate basket?" I asked.

"Ay," chimed in my wife triumphantly, "answer that."

"Why, I was there again waiting about the next morning—I generally did wait about there of a morning—and I saw him escape from the window, and I tapped at the door to tell Jane. But I didn't tell her; for as soon as she let me in I spied that plate-basket, and somehow, I don't know how it was, I think the evil one himself must have put it into my head, but it struck me that if I could carry off those valuables, you'd just lay the blame on your midnight visitor with the revolver, and nothing more be heard of it."

Circumstances confirmed John Thompson's story. He was afterward convicted. This being a first offence, and the whole of the property having been recovered, he received a comparatively mild sentence. Jane, on hearing the news of her "follower's" misconduct, went off into hysterics; and on recovering, received a full pardon on condition of her renouncing followers from that time forward—a promise which she gave, and, I believe, very cheerfully, having, as she said, "had enough of 'em." My wife's recollection of having from the first thought our midnight visitor a rogue and a hypocrite has become less distinct; but, on the whole, we have determined not to let in a mysterious stranger again, should we ever happen to hear another step on the gravel.

---

ckenbach Master

July 18

t breezes and

pleasant

d Ship to

esh breezes

the Same

06 8 N

Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob

August 1863

s from E N E

n light breezes

ate and pleasant

Lat Obs 21 51 N

Lat. by Ob. | Variation. | Diff. of Lon. | Lon. in. | Lon. by Ob.

Journal from Laguna towards New York B Winchenbach master

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Sunday 2 day of August 186
1	3					These 24 Hours begins Light
2	3					Breses from N E and
3	3					Hazy
4	3					
5	3					
6	3					
7	2					
8	2					Middle part breses from East
9	2					
10	2					
11	2			Variables		
12	2	1				
1	2	1				
2	2	1				
3	2	1				
4	2	1				Latter part Light airs from
5	2		NEN			ENE and warm and pleasant
6	2					
7	2					
8	2					
9	1	1	NbE			Obs^d Lat^e 22.00 N
10	1	1				
11	1	1				
12	1	1	Do			

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Monday 3 day of August 1863
1	1			Variables		This day begins Light breses
2	2					Variables and Calms During
3	3					the 24
4	3					
5	3					
6	3					
7	2	1				
8	2	1				
9	3					
10	3					
11	3					
12	2	1		Variables		
1	1					
2	1					
3	1					
4	1					
5	1					
6	1					
7	1					
8	1					
9	1	1				Obs^d Lat^e 22 01 N
10	1	1				
11	1	1				
12	1	1		Do		

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in	Lon. by Ob.

Sweet Margerie,

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

Do you see in the picture? The frame oval, and hangs on the wall of a mag- cently furnished room. The face is fairest and gentlest that ever gave nsive greeting to any lookers-on.

Sweet Margerie! there is a smile on round, red lips—a smile in the own eyes — an almost passionate eetness in the look that enchains your ention.

A rustic gate overhung with a multi- le of luxuriant vines, etc., back in the ol, lovely shade and retirement of vn, trees and garden, made grateful tiny fountains, a quaint, old-fashion- cottage, the porch of which many a rry group has strolled. In the year 12, one in passing might nave been racted by the sight of the lovely ung matron, seated among the flow- , sewing or knitting, her little child girl, with the quaint name of Marger- playing about her—the musical voice the pretty cries of delight, the clear, rbling snatches of cradle songs mak- g the air vocal.

One day a gentleman and his son rode . Just before they came to the shade two great elms, whose green branch- interlaced before the cottage—the te swung open—a gleeful, mischiev- s laugh sounded—a child appeared, r white arms outstretched—her bright rls tossed by the wind and the action running; her face looking archly er her shoulder at the flying from be- nd her. Presently at the gate stood e mother of Margerie, horror in all her atures, her face ghastly white.

“O, for the love of God!” she cried, eously, passionately, then leaned half ling against the gate-post—for the rse, pulled back even upon his nches, and the fair innocent, strick- by sudden terror standing so that if e hoofs came down, one of them might sh through that pretty head, was a ght that might overpower the bravest art. With a masterly hand the rider eeled his horse, still pawing the air, ile the boy, a lad of ten, sprang from s own light pony, caught the child m peril, and gave her to her mother.

“I cannot—move—cannot speak— nnot thank you,” she cried, brokenly, ll clinging like a lily in her pale help- ssness with one hand to the post while ith the other she pressed the little girl her side.

By this time the gentleman had dis- ounted. He came forward, offered his n to the trembling woman, led her to the house, and with a few courte- s words took his leave.

“Papa, did you ever see anything so autiful?” cried Philip, when they ere cantering again.

“Never, upon my honor! Her eyes ere like the violets—her face like the hite rose,” murmured the elder.

“And such lovely hair.”

“I didn't notice—only the color was tawny, golden hue.”

“Do you think she was running ay?”

“Who?”

“That darling little child.”

“O, I didn't notice the child.”

“Her mother, I suppose it was—or pa, it might have been her sister,” d the boy, struck with something in father's voice and manner: “Ger- de Gills has a sister as young as that tle child. I was going to say the mo- r or sister was very handsome. It ms to me I have seen her face some- ere.”

“You have, my boy, recall your mo- r.”

“O, mamma!” cried the boy, delight- y; “she does look like dear mother's niature; why papa, what a strange— at an extraordinary likeness!”

“I wonder who they are?” mused father, his face full of thought.

“General Vandermere would know, a, dear me, how strange, how very, y like mamma.”

General Vandermere did know. Sit- g at his splendid dinner-table—where guests could feast their eyes and re- their senses with exquisite perfume bloom, for the windows opened up- charming garden he told a pretty y.

George Spencer had been a lieuten- in the regular army. On duty when e young, on what was then the tier, a woman had presented herself e fortress. Her pitiful story ran . Her family had been butchered e Indians; out of six children she saved but this one. Wounded and g she begged them to care for the Emily, then a child of twelve. was fifteen years ago,” added the ral; “George is now a fine fellow rty-five, and has been married ten to the then little Emily. That Margerie is a lovely child, don't hink so?”

guest was looking from the win- quite oblivious of the question; his nswered for him.

he is the prettiest darling I ever n my life. I'm quite in love with

“Very well spoken for ten years,” said one of the company.

“Indeed, one may be in love at ten,” cried the boy ingeniously; “papa was, and he married her too,” he added triumphantly.

“Philip!” said a low, pained voice, but his father smiled—a strange smile it was, as the boy's startled eyes met his. They were rising from the table. Philip sought the general to beg that he would make him acquainted at the quaint old cottage.

“But it won't do if you are in love, my boy!” said the general laughingly.

“Why not, pray, sir?”

“Because she is an American lassie, and you are the son of an English nobleman. She has, probably, no fortune to inherit, and you have. Your father expects you to marry among people of his own rank.”

“I don't know, sir,”—the boy had hold of the general's hand as they walked down the stone steps into the garden “I don't know,” more thoughtfully. “My father was so much in love with dear mamma, and he thinks it such a terrible thing to cross young people,” lifting his head in a very manly way, “that I don't think he would object. Besides, this lovely young lady, the wife of the lieutenant, is the very image of dear mamma. Papa was quite struck with her, he was indeed; and he never notices ladies now, no matter how young or beautiful they may be. You know, or perhaps you may not be aware of it, he travels continually, that he may —not exactly forget, of course, that would be quite impossible, and he would not wish it—but he is very melancholy at home, or if long in one place. I should like to marry one with whom I had fallen in love just as papa did.”

“But my dear little man Margerie Spencer is scarcely seven years old.”

“But she will be older, you know.”

“Yes, of course,” laughed the general; “well, well, this is an odd notion of yours, my boy, but is very harmless. You shall be better acquainted with pet Margerie—that's what we old soldiers call her. She does honor to your choice; she is a lovely little flower—but Philip, no breaking of hearts!”

“Oh, sir, I assure you—my father is a man of honor—I—I—I hope I shall grow up like him.”

“No doubt of that, my young friend, your father is in truth and reality, a noble man—one of the finest gentlemen I ever saw. Is it many years since your mother died?”

“It is eight years, sir; I never remember my mother; I was a baby when she died. I am almost sorry that papa has seen this lady, it will make him very melancholy again.”

“It may have quite a contrary effect, my dear boy; but come and look at my portulaccas—my color-beds as I call them. Could any painter catch those tints, do you think?” asked the general.

Meantime, George Spencer, at home and at dinner, listened to the recital of little Margerie's escape. The child was on his knee, repeating with-wide open eyes and an eager manner, how the black horse stood up, “just like a big man, and his body went just so,” flinging her little white hands about. “O, it was awful dear papa; you wouldn't have had any little girl if the big horse had come down.”

“I should think from your description, dear, said George, “that they were visitors of General Vandermere. There's an Englishman, a lord somebody—had he a dark, very dark red moustache of a peculiar shape?”

“Indeed, I can't tell,” sighed his wife, shading her eyes for a moment; “it was a terrible fright, and I'm not over it yet.”

Only a day passed before young Philip found his way to the cottage. He had made up his mind that he was in love with the fair darling, rose Margerie, as the general called her, and it was curious to see his tender way towards her. Beautiful as a dream, the child was, with little moods of thoughtfulness, and earnest brooding over some feeling that stirred her baby heart. They rambled together every day in the garden—sat in the bower to which Philip carried all his toys and his books, and he grew so enamored of the little maid that there occurred between her father and himself, one of the strangest scenes perhaps that ever happened. Philip found Lieutenant George in the little bower one day alone. Going straight up to him, the boy said:

“Sir, I am very fond of your little girl, very fond indeed.”

The father smiled.

“My little Margerie is a pet everywhere,” he replied.

“But, sir, I am fond of her, not as people are generally fond. I am so fond of her, sir, that when she grows up, I should like to marry her.”

“To marry Margarie!” cried the father, quite startled at the proposition.

“Yes; indeed, that is if you don't object.”

“Upon my word, my dear boy, I think you had better wait until you are older before you make such astounding propositions.”

“But, sir, my father fell in love with dear mamma when he was only ten; I am going on for eleven, next month my birthday comes.”

The lieutenant laughed softly.

“Is your father aware of your interest in my—” he bit his lip—“in my daughter?”

“I told him I loved her, sir.”

“And what did he say?”

“That he didn't wonder.”

“Well, I'll tell you what I will do. Come to me with that same proposition when you are twenty, and young as Margerie will be, if you still love her, and she can love you, you may have her.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Philip, gravely, “I will be sure to come. In the meantime, would you object to my sending her letters occasionally, or presents from my home?”

This upset the lieutenant's gravity altogether; he turned away, he coughed, he ran out of the bower, he laughed till he cried when at a safe distance, and hardly knew whether to run the risk of another meeting. Philip was patient, however; he sat there quite composed when the lieutenant looked in at the door, his handkerchief at his mouth.

“You will excuse me, I hope, it was a sudden attack,” he said, with difficulty retaining his gravity.

“Certainly, sir,” said the boy, with charming courtesy. “Have you considered my question?”

The lieutenant came near having another attack, but he conquered it.

“I think I may venture to say that you may sometimes write to—to my daughter,” he replied, “the presents had perhaps best be withheld.”

“Thank you, sir, you are most kind,” said Philip, his handsome face lighting up; we leave this country in six months —in nine years, with your consent, I will return.”

And thus the matter was concluded. Pet Margerie grew, and grew like the rose in the fairy tale. At fourteen she was the pride of the country, she was so tall, fair and lovely. Even then her parents had much ado to keep the lovers off. And Margerie still cherished the memory of Philip. In childish tenderness she had promised to be his little wife. Twice a year she received long letters, and of late she looked for them with eagerness and read them with delight. One present had come in spite of the prohibition—it was probably from the father, though in the son's name—a magnificent harp. Margerie learned to use it; she had a sweet, powerful voice, and to hear her sing and play was the great ambition of more than one promising young fellow.

At last the nine years had passed. Gen. Vandermere had brought back two guests from the city—Lord Sunderland and his son Philip, now a handsome young fellow of twenty. As they passed the little old-fashioned cottage, Philip looked eagerly out. It wore a deserted look. The vines fell from their loopings, languid for want of care. Weeds grew in the garden walks, the garden looked tangled and faded. No windows were open; the porch seemed as if it had never been tenanted.

A turn in the road brought them to the south window. Sad sight—the red flag of the auctioneer fluttered from the top. Philip grew deathly white.

“Poor George!” said the general with a sigh, “we buried him a year ago; he left things in a sad state, and the house must be sold. But we intend, a few of us, to bid for it, make up the amount between us, and give it to the widow. There is one scoundrel though, who, because she won't marry him, intends to make us pay dearly. I've no doubt he'll bid all he is worth and more too.”

“But Margerie?” murmured Philip, with white lips.

“She is there, poor child, with her mother and a brave lass she is. If they can keep the property they will do well, for Margerie gets almost any price for lessons. Her harp has been a treasure indeed. I called poor George extravagant when it came, but bless me, what would they have done without it?”

Father and son looked at each other; there were tears in Philip's eyes. Again he was a boy of ten—and that lovely little vision stood, like an angel, unfearing—looking up at the dread death that might be—and he had caught her in his arms.

At that moment a white-robed figure passed from the house into the garden. Philip's heart throbbed with delight. It was the love of his childhood—now the worshiped idol of his manhood—more beautiful than a dream, his own rose Margerie.

“What is the house worth?” asked Philip's father.

“About five thousand dollars.”

“Only a thousand pounds!” cried Philip, eagerly.

“Yes, only a thousand pounds,” mused his father, with a strangely intent look. “This matter interests me; can I have the property at private sale? I'll buy it now—this hour.”

Gen. Vandermere seemed astonished for a moment; he looked from the eager face of the younger to that of the elder man.

“Of course we can have it,” said Philip.

“Yes, but we hoped to have the pleasure—you surely do not intend to occupy it. What a great disappointment though—Barks will never get over it. Yes, of course you can have it; and sell it again at—”

“We don't wish to sell it,” put in Philip, impatiently.

“No, it will give me the greatest pleasure of my life to buy it for the widow of a poor soldier.”

“There was poor George!” said the general with emotion, “died of wounds —a ball in the thigh that could never be got out. Had a splendid funeral—buried with all the honors. Here we are at home.”

Before the morning of another day the deeds of the house were transferred to the widow of Lieutenant George, who was almost overcome by this unexpected turn of fortune.

Very pale she was, and beautiful almost as that day, nine years ago, when she leaned lily-like against the rustic gate-post, as she came down into the room where Philip and his father sat, in her deep mourning.

Presently she went up stairs. Where was Margerie? O, how lovely; for gratitude, and a shy, sweet hope, brought the child-like beauty of other days to her innocent face.

“My darling!” cried her mother; “my heart tells me how it will be. Give me a little time; don't leave me till I get accustomed to the thought. This Englishman will take you from me —he will carry you with him, my one sweet flower; how can I live without you?”

“I shall never leave you, dear,” said Margerie, quietly, her cheeks rose-flushed. “Heaven will not part us—my mother has the first claim on my love, and—”

She hid her charming face in her mother's bosom—but did not finish the sentence.

The reader anticipates; why should I paint the meeting? rapturous at least on one side. In time both mother and daughter were wooed and won; in time both were transplanted to a home rich in all the associations of the honored past.

The man of whom I write, the son who has become a power in the land, would be recognized were I to name him. His beautiful wife—the two beautiful matrons, became the pride and glory of the circle in which they moved. Philip never regretted his choice, and it is a standing motto in his family, that the Sunderlands “love early, and love.”

---

ariables

ed Ship to

Standing Northward

22° 20 N

Lon.	Lon. in	Lon. by Ob.

---

have no doubt that you, like mysel

Journal from Laguna — towards New York. B Wauchenbach

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Thursday 6 day of August 18
1	3		S.E			Commences Light breezes
2	3					And variables and
3	3					Continues so during
4	3					These 24 hours
5	3		SE½E			at 12 noon tacked Ship to
6	3					S.E.
7	2					a Sail in Sight
8	2					
9	2					
10	2	1				
11	2	1				at 8 AM Tacked Ship to the S.E
12	2	1				
1	2	1				
2	2	1				
3	2	1				
4	2	1				
5	2		N b E			
6	2					
7	2					
8	2					Latd Obsd 21° 20
9	2	1	SE b S			
10	2	1				
11	2					
12	2					

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

H	K	F	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEEWAY.	REMARKS. Friday 7 day of August 18
1	2		S. E.	N. E		Commences Light breezes from N.E
2	2					And hazy at 8 PM Tacked Ship
3	3					To the North
4	3					
5	3		SE b E			at 9 AM Saw a Barque Standing
6	3					Westward
7	3					
8	3					
9	2	1	North	E N E		
10	2	1				
11	2	1				
12	2	1				Latter part Ends fresh breezes
1	2					From E N E. with flying Clouds
2	1	1				
3	3		N b W			
4	3					
5	3					
6	3					
7	3					
8	3					Absd Latd 22 55 N
9	3		North			
10	3					
11	3					
12	3		Do	Do		

Course.	Distance.	Diff. of Lat.	Departure.	Lat. by D. R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation.	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.

have no doubt that you, like mysel
to-day

t is also stated that Lopez was
The Allies were

July 28	Lat	21 07	Longe	90° 50	
" 29	"	21 50	"	90° 01	39
" 30	"	22° 19	"	90° 06	
31	"	22° 06	"	89° 52	
Augt 1	"	21° 51	"	89° 22	
" 2	"	22° 04	"	89° 12	
" 3	"	22 01	"	88° 52	
" 4	"	22° 18	"	88° 37	
" 5	"	22° 00	"	88° 05	
" 6	"	22° 20	"	87° 43	
" 7	"	22 54	"	87° 40	

South Waldoboro August 6-1876

G88.17.2